



**THE  
WRITINGS OF MANKIND**









# The Epsilon Sigma Alpha Sorority

Authorized Text

## THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND

*Selections from the Writings of All Ages, with Extensive  
Historical Notes, Comment and Criticism, Giving the  
Customs, Habits, Characters; the Arts, Philoso-  
phies and Religions, of Those Nations  
That Have Contributed Most  
to Civilization*

By

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AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE"  
"JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND", ETC.

TWENTY VOLUMES

*Illustrated*

VOLUME NINE

ITALY



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## CHAPTER XIII

SECOND PERIOD (CONTINUED)

1476-1675

CHIVALRIC AND ROMANTIC POETRY

**T**HE LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE. Charlemagne's place in history is well known. His character, his success at arms, the men who assisted him and the final outcome of his endeavors are all familiar to students. His place in literature is no less important, but there he is the center of a series of legends which have been popular in all the countries of Central Europe, but which vary from the truth as widely as the other myths of the Middle Ages of which we have read in a preceding chapter.

The development of the Italian chivalric epic is extremely interesting, both on its own

account and because in it can be traced the story of the great classic epics. The legends which surround the fall of Troy must have grown to perfection in much the same way as the story of Charlemagne and his paladins. The historic Charlemagne has been in the romantic epic so confounded with Charles Martel, who delivered France from the Saracens, that the tales of the former are an agglomeration of incidents which might have happened to either, while the glory which should have surrounded the two great leaders has been made to shine upon the heads of characters which time has proven to be purely fictitious.

For the origin of the Italian stories we must revert to the *Song of Roland*, which appeared probably in the eleventh century and was put in writing not later than the middle of the twelfth by the French, who claim in the *Chanson de Roland* their national epic. That this was sung by troubadours and thus found its way into Italy there can be no doubt, and that the writers of Italian poetry utilized the material they found in it is indisputable. The extreme hatred which was borne toward the Saracens was instrumental in giving to them a character for cruelty and wickedness which they did not possess, but which so caught the imagination of the Europeans that the deeds of Charlemagne and Charles Martel against the Saracens caught the public attention as did no others.

As Arthur had his twelve Knights of the Table Round, so Charlemagne had his twelve paladins, chief and leader of whom was Roland, the prime figure in the masterpieces of Italian classic poetry. His companion and friend, with whom he quarreled but once and then only to be more warmly reconciled, was Oliver (Olivier). The lives of the paladins terminated in the terrible battle of Roncesvalles, in which in fiction Charlemagne's entire army was engaged and which resulted in the utter defeat and the death of most of his favorite knights. As a matter of fact, Roncesvalles was a minor skirmish in which the rear guard of Charlemagne's army, returning from Spain, was cut off and massacred. Leaving a further consideration of the growth of the legend to its proper place in French literature, we will consider now its development in Italy.

II. PULCI. Luigi Pulci was born at Florence and became a member of that group of literati which was under the patronage of Lorenzo the Magnificent. He was of noble family which claimed to trace its descent from an ancestor who came into Tuscany with Charlemagne, and the second of three brothers, all of whom possessed some poetical skill. He was born on the third of December, 1432. He appears to have been slender in person, with small eyes and a ruddy face; he married a lady named Lucrezia degli Albizzi; journeyed in Lombardy and elsewhere; died miserably in Padua and was refused Christian burial, if



we may believe the reports which have come down to us. Few facts of his life are known with certainty, but that he was one of the most intimate of Lorenzo's friends is certain, and as he was sixteen years older than his patron, it is probable that the latter looked up to him with respect for the advice and instruction he had received in youth. In one of his poems Lorenzo has said:

"And where's Luigi Pulci? I saw him."

"Oh, in the wood there. Gone, depend upon it,  
To vent some fancy in his brain—some whim,  
That will not let him rest till it's a sonnet."

When Lorenzo was seventeen and traveling through the courts of Italy, Pulci wrote to him as follows:

If you were with me, I should produce heaps of sonnets as big as the clubs they make of the cherry-blossoms for May-day. I am always muttering some verse or other betwixt my teeth; but I say to myself, "My Lorenzo is not here—he who is my only hope and refuge;" and so I suppress it.

Pulci was quiet and retiring in disposition and spent much of his time in solitude, meditating on his poems, which, however, sparkled with wit and glowed with humor; and it is probable that Lorenzo was charmed by the volatility of the poet's writings rather than by the quiet melancholy of his real life.

III. THE "MORGANTE MAGGIORE." Pulci gave to his epic the title of *Morgante Maggiore* (*Morgante the Elder*); but in spite of that

fact while Morgante, the giant, is a prominent actor in the early part of the poem, he dies before it is half completed, Orlando being the real hero, with the wretched Gan, Count of Poitiers and son of Charlemagne, the villain of the piece. Briefly the story is this:

Orlando, offended by the jealousy of Gan, quits the court of Charlemagne in disgust, and the rest of the paladins start out to seek him. On the way Orlando meets and converts the giant Morgante, who aids him in many wandering adventures, among which is the capture of Babylon. The other paladins, especially Rinaldo, the cousin of Orlando, have their separate adventures, in all of which the treachery and hatred of Gan is more or less mingled with the provoking trust which Charlemagne has in his son. At length, to crown the villainy, Orlando with the other paladins is lured into the pass of Roncesvalles, where he and almost all his companions are slain by Gan's treacherous ally, Marsilius, King of Spain. But justice meets the plotters even in the hour of triumph, and they perish by the halter, like common malefactors.

There is little originality in the adventures, as the germs of most of them already had been produced, and occasionally there is a tiresome prolixity in the descriptions and speeches; nevertheless, the poem is written in a pure Tuscan and in a style which is highly appreciated by readers of that tongue. There are few love episodes in the epic, and they are not

particularly good, but the tenderness of Pulci's nature is manifested in the friendship of the paladins one for another and the gracious way in which they perform those little acts of kindness and consideration which make up so large a part of life. Another charm in the poem is its wit, a quality with which Pulci is ever bubbling over, but the curious mingling of a certain wild humor with even the solemn scenes has been severely criticized, especially by those who see in it an offense against the seriousness of Christianity. However, Pulci is not the only one who joins fun to religion, and in these more modern times we are inclined to look leniently upon such acts, thinking that a man may be just as good and just as wholesome if he does not take all of life too seriously.

We shall meet the main incidents in the story elsewhere, so that it does not seem worth while to quote at length from this earliest of the romantic epics, but it would be unfair to leave Pulci without trying to give a glimpse of the very peculiarity which we have last discussed. Accordingly, we quote, not from the poem, but from Leigh Hunt's prose story.

Orlando has left the court and begun his wanderings. The following extract relates the circumstances under which he met and converted Morgante:

Now above the abbey was a great mountain, inhabited by three fierce giants, one of whom was named Passamonte, another Alabastro, and the third Morgante; and these gaints used to disturb the abbey by throwing things

down upon it from the mountain with slings, so that the poor little monks could not go out to fetch wood or water. Orlando knocked, but nobody would open till the abbot was spoken to. At last the abbot came himself, and opening the door bade him welcome. The good man told him the reason of the delay, and said that since the arrival of the giants they had been so perplexed that they did not know what to do. "Our ancient fathers in the desert," quoth he, "were rewarded according to their holiness. It is not to be supposed that they lived only upon locusts; doubtless, it also rained manna upon them from heaven; but here one is regaled with stones, which the giants pour on us from the mountain. These are our nice bits and relishes. The fiercest of the three, Morgante, plucks up pines and other great trees by the roots, and casts them on us." While they were talking thus in the cemetery, there came a stone which seemed as if it would break Romdel's back.

"For God's sake, cavalier," said the abbot, "come in, for the manna is falling."

"My dear abbot," answered Orlando, "this fellow, methinks, does not wish to let my horse feed; he wants to cure him of being restive; the stone seems as if it came from a good arm."

"Yes," replied the holy father, "I did not deceive you. I think, some day or other, they will cast the mountain itself on us."

Orlando quieted his horse, and then sat down to a meal; after which he said: "Abbot, I must go and return the present that has been made to my horse." The abbot with great tenderness endeavored to dissuade him, but in vain; upon which he crossed him on the forehead, and said: "Go then; and the blessing of God be with you."

Orlando scaled the mountain, and came where Passamonte was, who, seeing him alone, measured him with his eyes, and asked him if he would stay with him for a page, promising to make him comfortable. "Stupid Saracen," said Orlando, "I come to you, according to the will of God, to be your death, and not your footboy."

You have displeased his servants here, and are no longer to be endured, dog that you are!"

The giant, finding himself thus insulted, ran in a fury to his weapons; and returning to Orlando, slung at him a large stone, which struck him on the head with such force, as not only made his helmet ring again, but felled him to the earth. Passamonte thought he was dead. "What could have brought that paltry fellow here?" said he, as he turned away.

But Christ never forsakes his followers. While Passamonte was going away, Orlando recovered, and cried aloud: "How now, giant? do you fancy you have killed me? Turn back, for unless you have wings, your escape is out of the question, dog of a renegade!" The giant, greatly marveling, turned back; and stooping to pick up a stone, Orlando, who had Cortana naked in his hand, cleft his skull; upon which, cursing Mahomet, the monster tumbled, dying and blaspheming, to the ground. Blaspheming fell the sour-hearted and cruel wretch; but Orlando, in the meanwhile, thanked the Father and the Word.

The paladin went on, seeking for Alabastro, the second giant; who, when he saw him, endeavored to pluck up a great piece of stony earth by the roots. "Ho, ho!" cried Orlando, "you too are for throwing stones, are you?" Then Alabastro took his sling, and flung at him so large a fragment as forced Orlando to defend himself, for if it had struck him, he would no more have needed a surgeon; but collecting his strength, he thrust his sword into the giant's breast, and the loggerhead fell dead.

Now Morgante, the only surviving brother, had a palace made, after giant's fashion, of earth, and boughs, and shingles, in which he shut himself up at night. Orlando knocked, and disturbed him from his sleep, so that he came staring to the door like a madman, for he had had a bewildering dream.

"Who knocks there?" quoth he.

"You will know too soon," answered Orlando; "I am come to make you do penance for your sins, like your

brothers. Divine Providence has sent me to avenge the wrongs of the monks upon the whole set of you. Doubt it not; for Passamonte and Alabastro are already as cold as a couple of pilasters."

"Noble knight," said Morgante, "do me no ill; but if you are a Christian, tell me in courtesy who you are."

"I will satisfy you of my faith," replied Orlando; "I adore Christ; and if you please, you may adore him also."

"I have had a strange vision," replied Morgante, with a low voice: "I was assailed by a dreadful serpent, and called upon Mahomet in vain; then I called upon your God who was crucified, and he succored me, and I was delivered from the serpent; so I am disposed to become a Christian."

"If you keep in this mind," returned Orlando, "you shall worship the true God, and come with me and be my companion, and I will love you with perfect love. Your idols are false and vain; the true God is the God of the Christians. Deny the unjust and villainous worship of your Mahomet, and be baptized in the name of my God, who alone is worthy."

"I am content," said Morgante.

Then Orlando embraced him, and said, "I will lead you to the abbey."

"Let us go quickly," replied Morgante, for he was impatient to make his peace with the monks.

Orlando rejoiced, saying: "My good brother, and devout withal, you must ask pardon of the abbot; for God has enlightened you and accepted you, and he would have you practice humility."

"Yes," said Morgante, "thanks to you, your God shall henceforth be my God. Tell me your name, and afterwards dispose of me as you will." And he told him that he was Orlando.

"Blessed Jesus be thanked," said the giant, "for I have always heard you called a perfect knight; and as I said, I will follow you all my life long."

An adventure which befell Orlando and Morgante illustrates how in all the tales of that period more or less magic appears, and also gives a very good example of Pulci's humor:

The paladin and the giant quitted the abbey, the one on horseback and the other on foot, and journeyed through the desert till they came to a magnificent castle, the door of which stood open. They entered, and found rooms furnished in the most splendid manner—beds covered with cloth of gold, and floors rejoicing in variegated marbles. There was even a feast prepared in the saloon, but nobody to eat it, or to speak to them.

Orlando suspected some trap, and did not quite like it; but Morgante thought nothing worth considering but the feast. "Who cares for the host," said he, "when there's such a dinner? Let us eat as much as we can, and bear off the rest. I always do that when I have the picking of castles."

They accordingly sat down, and being very hungry with their day's journey, devoured heaps of the good things before them, eating with all the vigor of health, and drinking to a pitch of weakness. They sat late in this manner enjoying themselves, and then retired for the night into rich beds.

But what was their astonishment in the morning at finding that they could not get out of the place! There was no door. All the entrances had vanished, even to any feasible window.

"We must be dreaming," said Orlando.

"My dinner was no dream, I'll swear," said the giant. "As for the rest, let it be a dream if it pleases."

Continuing to search up and down, they at length found a vault with a tomb in it; and out of the tomb came a voice saying: "You must encounter with me, or stay here for ever. Lift, therefore, the stone that covers me."

"Do you hear that?" said Morgante; "I'll have him out, if it's the devil himself. Perhaps it's two devils, Filthy-dog and Foul-mouth, or Itching and Evil-tail."

"Have him out," said Orlando, "whoever he is, even were it as many devils as were rained out of heaven into the center."

Morgante lifted up the stone, and out leaped, surely enough, a devil in the likeness of a dried-up dead body, black as a coal. Orlando seized him, and the devil grappled with Orlando. Morgante was for joining him, but the paladin bade him keep back. It was a hard struggle, and the devil grinned and laughed, till the giant, who was a master of wrestling, could bear it no longer: so he doubled him up, and, in spite of all his efforts, thrust him back into the tomb.

"You'll never get out," said the devil, "if you leave me shut up."

"Why not?" inquired the paladin.

"Because your giant's baptism and my deliverance must go together," answered the devil. "If he is not baptized, you can have no deliverance; and if I am not delivered, I can prevent it still, take my word for it."

Orlando baptized the giant. The two companions then issued forth, and hearing a mighty noise in the house, looked back, and saw it all vanished. •

"I could find it in my heart," said Morgante, "to go down to those same regions below, and make all the devils disappear in like manner. Why shouldn't we do it? We'd set free all the poor souls there. Egad, I'd cut off Minos' tail—I'd pull out Charon's beard by the roots—make a sop of Phlegyas, and a sup of Phlegethon—unseat Pluto—kill Cerberus and the Furies with a punch of the face apiece—and set Beelzebub scampering like a dromedary."

"You might find more trouble than you wot of," quoth Orlando, "and get worsted besides. Better keep the straight path, than thrust your head into out-of-the-way places."



Morgante took his lord's advice, and went straight-forward with him through many great adventures, helping him with loving good-will as often as he was permitted, sometimes as his pioneer, and sometimes as his finisher of troublesome work, such as a slaughter of some thousands of infidels. Now he chucked a spy into a river—now felled a rude ambassador to the earth (for he didn't stand upon ceremony)—now cleared a space round him in battle with the clapper of an old bell which he had found at the monastery—now doubled up a king in his tent, and bore him away, tent and all, and a paladin with him, because he would not let the paladin go.

In the course of these services, the giant was left to take care of a lady, and lost his master for a time; but the office being at an end, he set out to rejoin him, and, arriving at a crossroad, met with a very extraordinary personage.

This was a giant huger than himself, swarthy-faced, horrible, brutish. He came out of a wood, and appeared to be journeying somewhere. Morgante, who had the great bell-clapper above mentioned in his hand, struck it on the ground with astonishment, as much as to say, "Who the devil is this?" and then set himself on a stone by the way-side to observe the creature.

"What's your name, traveler?" said Morgante, as it came up.

"My name's Margutte," said the phenomenon. "I intended to be a giant myself, but altered my mind, you see, and stopped halfway; so that I am only twenty feet or so."

"I'm glad to see you," quoth his brother-giant. "But tell me, are you Christian or Saracen? Do you believe in Christ or in Apollo?"

"To tell you the truth," said the other, "I believe neither in black nor blue, but in a good capon, whether it be roast or boiled. I believe sometimes also in butter, and, when I can get it, in new wine, particularly the rough sort; but, above all, I believe in wine that's good

and old. Mahomet's prohibition of it is all moonshine. I am the son, you must know, of a Greek nun and a Turkish bishop; and the first thing I learned was to play the fiddle. I used to sing Homer to it. I was then concerned in a brawl in a mosque, in which the old bishop somehow happened to be killed; so I tied a sword to my side, and went to seek my fortune, accompanied by all the possible sins of Turk and Greek. People talk of the seven deadly sins; but I have seventy-seven that never quit me, summer or winter; by which you may judge of the amount of my venial ones. I am a gambler, a cheat, a ruffian, a highwayman, a pickpocket, a glutton (at beef or blows); have no shame whatever; love to let everybody know what I can do; lie, besides, about what I can't do; have a particular attachment to sacrilege; swallow perjuries like figs; never give a farthing to anybody, but beg of everybody, and abuse them into the bargain; look upon not spilling a drop of liquor as the chief of all the cardinal virtues; but must own I am not much given to assassination, murder being inconvenient; and one thing I am bound to acknowledge, which is, that I never betrayed a messmate."

"That's as well," observed Morgante; "because you see, as you don't believe in anything else, I'd have you believe in this bell-clapper of mine. So now, as you have been candid with me, and I am well instructed in your ways, we'll pursue our journey together."

IV. BOIARDO. Matteo Maria Boiardo (1434-1494), the Count of Scandiano, was born in Modena and educated at the University of Ferrara. Soon after completing his studies at the university he was introduced to the Duke d' Este, under whose patronage and that of his successor Boiardo was promoted to several prominent offices, and in 1478 was made governor of Reggio and in 1481 of Modena. His

fame rests upon his romantic poem *Orlando Innamorato*, of which the third part remained unfinished at the death of the author.

Before 1545 the *Orlando* had been printed sixteen times, and was translated into French as early as the sixteenth century. Sixty years after the death of the author, Berni in his *rifacimento* (remaking) gave to the whole poem a tone of burlesque, which, however destructive to Boiardo's intent, was highly popular with the Italians. In variety and novelty of adventures, in the richness of its descriptions, the reality of its characters and the interest in its hero, the poem excelled the *Morgante*, and still deserves the consideration of students of literature quite apart from its connection with the masterpiece of Ariosto. In the history of Italian literature the work marks the blending of the popular tales of Charlemagne with the legends of the Arthurian or Breton cycle, a creation, accordingly, of the chivalric romance of which Ariosto became the master.

The plot of the *Orlando Innamorato* is worked out in an ingenious and graceful manner:

Argalia and his sister Angelica, the children of the King of Cathay, come to visit the court of Charlemagne. The former has an enchanted lance, by virtue of which he might have overthrown all the paladins of Charlemagne, but in fighting with the pig-headed Saracen, Ferau, the latter persists in using his sword in a man-

ner not according to the rules of fencing, and Argalia is glad to escape, leaving his lance behind him. It falls into the hands of Astolfo, the English knight, who has not hitherto shown any great skill in battle or in tournament, but who possesses the English characteristic of not knowing when he is beaten. By means of the lance, however, he performs most valorous deeds and delivers Charlemagne from an invasion by the King of Sericana, who is attempting to secure Rinaldo's famous steed, Bajardo, and Orlando's equally famous sword, Durindana. Orlando and Rinaldo, however, are absent in pursuit of Angelica, who has returned to her native country. The former, though receiving no share of her affections, becomes her devoted slave, while Rinaldo and Angelica are moved alternately to love and hate, by love potions administered from time to time. All are engaged in a perfect maze of adventures, interwoven most cunningly into the plot and full of endless surprise and perpetual novelty. Just after the wandering heroes return to Charlemagne's court to meet a new invasion of an African king, the narrative was ended by Boiardo's death.

The truly-human nature of the characters excites a great interest, in spite of the wildly-improbable character of the incidents, and the poem rises in some passages to a height that rivals the best in epic verse. As an excellent specimen of Boiardo's style, we subjoin the following translation of a few stanzas:

In the glade's heart a youth upon the sward,  
All nude, disported him with song and jest;  
Three ladies fair, to serve their love and lord,  
Danced round him, they, too, nude and all undrest.  
Unmeet for sword and shield, for watch and ward,  
He seemed, with eyes of brown, and sunny crest.  
That yet the dim upon his cheek had sprouted,  
By some might be averred, by others doubted.

Of roses, violets, and all blossoms pied,  
Full baskets holding, they their merry game  
Of love and frolic on the greensward plied,  
When Montalbano's Lord upon them came.  
"Behold the traitor!" with one voice they cried;  
"Behold the recreant!" did all exclaim.  
"Him, who all joy contemned of sense enraptured,  
Now in his own despite our snare hath captured."

And with their baskets, when these words were said,  
They on Rinaldo flung themselves amain;  
One violets threw, another roses red,  
Lilies and hyacinths they strewed like rain;  
Each blow unto his heart keen anguish sped,  
The marrow of his bones was searched with pain,  
With burning aches they sting where'er they settle,  
As though of fire were leaf and flower and petal.

The youth who nude had figured on the scene,  
When all his basket he had emptied out,  
With a tall lily-stem full-branched with green,  
Rinaldo on Mambrino's helm did flout.  
No help availed that baron bold, I ween,  
Felled like a four-year child beneath the clout,  
Scarce touched the earth, ere he who thus had mauled  
him,  
Caught by the heels and round the meadow hauled him.

Each of those ladies three a garland wore,  
Of roses twined, deep damask or snow-white;

Each from her head its garniture now tore,  
 Since other weapons failed them for the fight,  
 And though the knight cried mercy o'er and o'er,  
 They ceased not, e'er when tired, to scourge and smite,  
 And dragged him round, and did with blows belabor,  
 Until the noonday sun shone on their labor.

Nor hauberk stout, nor iron plate of mail,  
 Those blows could fend, or parry their fierce might;  
 But all his flesh was bruised with wound and wale,  
 Beneath his arms, and with such fire alight,  
 That souls condemned, in the infernal vale,  
 Must of a surety suffer pains more slight  
 Than those in which this baron sore did languish,  
 When like to die of utter fear and anguish.

Nor could he tell if gods or men were those,  
 Nor prayers availed, nor aught such foes could rout;  
 And thus continued they, nor took repose,  
 Till on their shoulders wings began to sprout,  
 Of white and gold, vermilion blent with rose;  
 While from each plume a living eye looked out,  
 Not peacock-orbed, or other fowl's in seeming,  
 But like a lovely maiden's softly gleaming.

Then straight did they uplift themselves in flight,  
 And one by one unto high heaven upsoared,  
 Rinaldo, on the lawn, in dôleful plight,  
 Now left alone, with tears his state deplored,  
 O'erwhelmed so sore with pain and woe that quite  
 His senses ebbed away, in grief outpoured;  
 And in the end such anguish did invade him,  
 That, as one dead, down on the sward he laid him.

V. ARIOSTO. One of the most popular poets of Italy was Lodovico Giovanni Ariosto, who was born in 1474 at Reggio, near which place Boiardo was born. Niccolo Ariosto, the father,

was captain of the citadel of Reggio and master of the household to two successive dukes of Este. Lodovico was the eldest of ten children, five of whom were boys and five girls. In his early childhood he showed a great fondness for theatrical performances, and is said to have composed even in boyhood one or two dramas of considerable merit. At fifteen his father started him in the study of law, but Lodovico took it up unwillingly and at the end of five years was still so opposed to the profession that his father permitted him to give it up, after which for four or five years the young poet, who had already attracted attention by his lyrics, lived a gay and unrestrained life among his friends. These days were regarded by him as the happiest of his life, and when in his twenty-first year he lost his father and found the large family in much reduced circumstances and dependent on his exertions, he became very much discouraged; in his fits of gloom he wished to die, but pulled himself out of his melancholy and lived to see the children all comfortably settled in life, largely through his exertions. In 1503 he was taken into the household of Cardinal Ippolito d' Este, and afterwards he entered the service of the Duke of Ferrara. While with these men he was very busy in diplomatic embassies to Rome and in attending to the affairs of his patrons, but still in the intervals of these activities he found time to begin and complete his great work, the one on which rests his fame, the *Orlando*



*From Painting by Giorgione*  
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ARIOSTO  
1474-1533





*Furioso*. In 1521 he was appointed governor of a mountainous province, where his energies were devoted principally to clearing the country of bandits and attempting to enforce laws that never had been observed. This was not a profitable assignment, and at his request he was recalled. In 1532 he published a finally-revised *Orlando*, in forty-six cantos. A year later he died at Ferrara, and was buried in the church of San Benedetto.

Like Dante and Petrarch, Ariosto had his divinity, or heroine; but she returned his love most ardently. Although as a youth he had passed through several attachments, his feelings finally centered on Alessandra Strozzi, who in the period of her first acquaintance with Ariosto must have been about twenty-six years of age and a woman of beautiful face, elegant manners and charming discourse. Ariosto has told us that it was on his return from Rome in 1515 that he visited Florence and at the grand festival held in honor of St. John the Baptist he met Alessandra and thereafter the magnificence of Florence left few traces on his memory, for he had seen nothing as fair as his lady. The portrait he drew of Alessandra in her festal attire and all her matronly loveliness, for she was the widow of Tito Strozzi, a noble Florentine and a Latin poet of distinction, is wonderfully vivid and realistic. He describes her black dress, embroidered with wreaths of vine-leaves and bunches of grapes in purple and gold, and

“between her serene forehead and the band that divides in two her rich and golden tresses” was a sprig of laurel in bud:

In golden braids, her fair  
And richly flowing hair  
Was gather'd in a subtle net behind,—  
(A subtle net and rare!)  
And cast sweet shadows there  
Over her neck, whilst parted ringlets, twined  
In beauty, from her forehead fell away,  
And hung adown her cheek where roses lay,  
Touching the ivory pale (how pale and white),  
Of both her rounded shoulders, left and right.  
O crafty Loves! no more ye need your darts;  
For well ye know, how many thousand hearts  
(Willing captives on that day),  
In those golden meshes lay!

So enamored was Ariosto that he forgot the flight of time, and remained in Florence for six months at the house of his friend, the brother-in-law of Alessandra, so that he had ample opportunity to meet her daily without attracting public attention to his love. In fact, so little did the people know of his affair that it was not until long after that they learned of his marriage, and even now its exact date cannot be determined. No children were ever born to them, and she survived him for many years.

To the eye of Ariosto the chief beauty of Alessandra lay in her rich, fair hair, and when, during an illness, she was compelled to cut off the long tresses, Lodovico was indignant and relieved his feeling in three of his most grace-

ful sonnets, of one of which we give the following prose translation :

When I think, as I do, a thousand, thousand times a day, upon those golden tresses, which neither wisdom nor necessity, but hasty folly, tore, alas ! from that fair head, I am enraged,—my cheek burns with anger,—even tears gush forth, bathing my face and bosom ;—I could die to be revenged on the impious stupidity of that rash hand ! O Love, if such wrong goes unpunished, thine be the reproach ! Remember how Bacchus avenged on the Thracian king, his clusters torn from his sacred vines : wilt thou, who art greater far than he, do less ? Wilt thou suffer the loveliest and dearest of thy possessions to be audaciously ravished, and yet bear it in silence ?

Long after Ariosto had met Alessandra, he revisited the building where he first saw her, and in another pretty sonnet addresses her as follows (prose translation) :

Well do ye remember, ye scenes, when I left ye a captive sick at heart, and pierced with Love's sweet pain : but ye know not perhaps how sweetly I died, and was restored again to life : how my gentlest Lady, seeing that my soul had forsaken me, sent me hers in return to dwell with me forever !

Alessandra is strikingly introduced into one of the cantos of the *Orlando*, and yet with the same secrecy that characterizes her every mention, for while curiosity is aroused and interest excited by every means known to his art, the poet disappoints his readers and conceals her identity ; but still enough was said so that critics were able to identify her :

The paladin Rinaldo, while traveling in Italy, arrives at a splendid palace on the banks

of the Po. A minute description of the palace is given, and among other riches with which it is adorned are statues of the most celebrated women of the age, all of whom are mentioned by name, but among them stands the effigy of one so transcendently beautiful and so pre-eminent in intellect and majesty that, although her features are partially concealed by a veil and she is clothed in modest black, wearing neither jewels nor chains of gold, she eclipses all the beauties around her, as the evening star outshines all others. At her side stands the image of a poet, who in humble verse had dared to celebrate her virtues and her beauty. "But," Ariosto says, "I know not why he alone should be placed there, nor what he had done to be so honored; of all the rest the names were sculptured beneath; but of these two the names remained unknown."

Ariosto's works brought him little return, although several were published during his life and he had abundant hopes of a good income, but neither of his patrons was at all generous, and it was not until just after the poet's death that his completed *Orlando* sprang into such popularity that it sold in large numbers and brought big returns to the book-sellers. It is said that after he came from the governorship of his Tuscan province he visited Mantua, where he was crowned with laurel by Emperor Charles V; but it does not appear that the Emperor made him any other gift or with any certainty that the ceremony actually took

place. However, at about that time the Marquis of Vasto settled on him an annuity of one hundred golden ducats, the only reward of any importance that was ever given him directly in consequence of his being a poet. This gift, presented in October of the year 1531, in the same month in which the final *Orlando* was published, must have seemed a godsend to the impoverished writer.

In appearance Ariosto was tall and stout, with dark complexion, bright black eyes, black curly hair, aquiline nose and broad, stooping shoulders. He was thoughtful in aspect, moved with deliberation, and though his temperament was naturally melancholy, he was a cheerful companion and rarely yielded to his unpleasant apprehensions. He was a typical poet in youth, volatile, fond of the women and extremely attractive to them. Among his friends he counted the greatest men and women of the age. Raphael addressed to him a sonnet; Titian painted his likeness; Vittoria Colonna was his friend; while Bembo, Berni, Sannazaro, the Medici family and Machiavelli were all among his acquaintances. In diet he was peculiarly abstemious, and seems to have cared for nothing except the plainest food. In fact, he once remarked that he would have gotten along very nicely if he had lived in the age when acorns were man's only food. His brothers and sisters idolized him, and Gabriel, one of the brothers, wrote these lines concerning him:

Devoted tenderness adorned the bard,  
And grateful modesty and grave regard  
To his least word, and justice arm'd with right,  
And patience counting every labor light,  
And constancy of soul, and meekness too,  
That neither pride nor worldly wishes knew.  
You might have thought him born when there concur  
The sweet star and the strong, Venus and Jupiter.

Ariosto's religion was liberal and did not permit him to disturb the beliefs of others, except that he felt a great contempt for bigotry and was a powerful derider of wickedness, wherever he saw it. Dante's tales of the other world amused him, though his admiration for the poem was unbounded. He remarked that he had found no hell so bad as the hearts of tyrants; he placed implicit confidence in the kindly intentions of the Creator, and quite expected to meet his friends in a higher world. He left two sons, both illegitimate and by different mothers, but each became a successful man, one a canon in the cathedral of Ferrara, the other an officer in the army.

VI. THE "ORLANDO FURIOSO." The *Orlando Furioso* is a sequel to Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, although the latter is nowhere mentioned in the former. Ariosto, writing for his contemporaries, knew that all would recognize at once the fact. Leigh Hunt writes as follows:

The great charm, however, of the *Orlando Furioso* is not in its knight-errantry, or its main plot, or the cunning interweavement of its minor ones, but in its endless variety, truth, force, and animal spirits; in its fidelity to actual nature while it keeps within the bounds

of the probable, and its no less enchanting verisimilitude during its wildest sallies of imagination. At one moment we are in the midst of flesh and blood like ourselves; at the next with fairies and goblins; at the next in a tremendous battle or tempest; then in one of the loveliest of solitudes; then hearing a tragedy, then a comedy; then mystified in some enchanted palace; then riding, dancing, dining, looking at pictures; then again descending to the depths of the earth, or soaring to the moon, or seeing lovers in a glade, or witnessing the extravagancies of the great jealous hero Orlando; and the music of an enchanting style perpetually attends us, and the sweet face of Angelica glances here and there like a bud; and there are gallantries of all kinds, and stories endless, and honest tears, and joyous bursts of laughter, and beardings for all base opinions, and no bigotry, and reverence for whatsoever is venerable, and candor exquisite, and the happy interwoven names of "Angelica and Medoro," young forever.

The glowing panegyric, if not merited in all respects, certainly does not exaggerate to any great extent the feeling that Italians and literary men of other nations have held toward the great production.

The object of Ariosto was to glorify the house of Este, and while Roland is the real literary hero, yet by allusions and skillful management of details the poet manages to give the Count d' Este a conspicuous place in the poem.

VII. EXTRACTS FROM THE "ORLANDO FURIOSO." The *Orlando Furioso* is based upon three distinct, but often interwoven, narratives: the war between Charlemagne and the Saracens; the love of Orlando for Angelica, and his



madness when he learns of her faithlessness; and the marriage of Ruggiero and Bradamante, the fabulous ancestors of the house of Este. Ariosto subordinates the personages of Orlando, Rinaldo and Angelica, the chief characters of the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boiardo, and devotes his skill to keeping Ruggiero and Bradamante apart, that in the end they may be united.

Angelica, having seen the rout of the Christians, flies and is met by Rinaldo, who pursues her. She finds King Sacripant, who acts as her guide, but he is unhorsed by Bradamant. Flying again, Angelica meets a hermit, who falls in love with her. We quote from the translation of W. S. Rose:

So turned her horse into the gloomy chase,  
And drove him through rough path and tangled ally.  
And oftentimes bent back her bloodless face,  
And saw Rinaldo from each thicket sally.  
Nor flying long had urged the frantic race,  
Before she met a hermit in a valley,  
Devotion in his aspect was expressed,  
And his long beard descended on his breast.

Wasted he was as much by fasts as age,  
And on an ass was mounted, slow and sure;  
His visage warranted that never sage  
Had conscience more precise or passing pure.  
Though in his arteries time had stilled the rage  
Of blood, and spake him feeble and demure,  
At sight of the delightful damsel, he  
Was inly stirred for very charity.

The lady prayed that kindly friar, that he  
Would straight conduct her to some haven near,

For that she from the land of France might flee,  
 And never more of loathed Rinaldo hear.  
 The hermit, who was skilled in sorcery,  
 Ceased not to soothe the gentle damsel's fear,  
 And with the promise of deliverance, shook  
 His pocket, and drew forth a secret book.

This opened, quick and mighty marvel wrought;  
 For not a leaf is finished by the sage,  
 Before a spirit, by his bidding brought,  
 Waits his command in likeness of a page:  
 He, by the magic writ constrained and taught,  
 Hastes where the warriors face to face engage,  
 In the cool shade—but not in cool disport—  
 And steps between, and stops their battle short.

"In courtesy," he cried, "let either show  
 What his foe's death to either can avail,  
 And what the guerdon conquest will bestow  
 On him who in the battle shall prevail,  
 If Roland, though he has not struck a blow,  
 Or snapt in fight a single link of mail,  
 To Paris-town conveys the damsel gay,  
 Who has engaged you in this bitter fray.

"Within an easy mile I saw the peer  
 Pricking to Paris with that lady bright;  
 Riding, in merry mood, with laugh and jeer,  
 And mocking at your fierce and fruitless fight.  
 Sure it were better, while they yet are near,  
 To follow peer and damsel in their flight:  
 For should he once in Paris place his prize,  
 The lady never more shall meet your eyes."

You might have seen those angry cavaliers  
 Change at the demon's tale for rage and shame;  
 And curse themselves as wanting eyes and ears,  
 To let their rival cheat them of the dame.  
 Towards his horse the good Rinaldo steers,

Breaking forth piteous sighs which seem of flame;  
And, if he join Orlando—ere they part—  
Swears in his fury he will have his heart.

So, passing where the prompt Bayardo stood,  
Leaps on his back, and leaves, as swift as wind,  
Without farewell, his rival in the wood;  
Much less invites him to a seat behind.  
The goaded charger, in his heat of blood,  
Forces whate'er his eager course confined,  
Ditch, river, tangled thorn, or marble block;  
He swims the river, and he clears the rock.

Let it not, sir, sound strangely in your ear  
Rinaldo took the steed thus readily,  
So long and vainly followed far and near;  
For he, endued with reasoning faculty,  
Had not in vice lured on the following peer,  
But fled before his cherished lord, that he  
Might guide him whither went the gentle dame,  
For whom, as he had heard, he nursed a flame.

For when Angelica, in random dread,  
From the pavilion winged her rapid flight,  
Bayardo marked the damsel as she fled,  
His saddle lightened of Mount Alban's knight;  
Who then on foot an equal combat sped,  
Matched with a baron of no meaner might;  
And chased the maid by woods, and floods, and strands,  
In hopes to place her in the warrior's hands.

And, with desire to bring him to the maid,  
Galloped before him still with rampant play;  
But would not let his master mount, afraid  
That he might make him take another way.  
So luring on Rinaldo through the shade,  
Twice brought him to his unexpected prey;  
Twice foiled in his endeavor: once by bold  
Ferraú; then Sacripant, as lately told.

Now good Bayardo had believed the tiding  
 Of that fair damsel, which produced the accord;  
 And in the devil's cunning tale confiding,  
 Renewed his wonted service to his lord.  
 Behold Rinaldo then in fury riding,  
 And pushing still his courser Paris-ward!  
 Though he fly fast, the champion's wishes go  
 Faster; and wind itself had seemed too slow.

At night Rinaldo rests his steed, with pain  
 To meet Anglante's lord he burned so sore;  
 And lent such credit to the tidings vain  
 Of the false courier of that wizard hoar:  
 And that day and the next, with flowing rein,  
 Rode, till the royal city rose before  
 His eyes; where Charlemagne had taken post,  
 With the sad remnant of his broken host.

The siege of Paris by the Moors is thus described by Ariosto:

With old Sobrino, on the left of Seine,  
 Pulian and Dardinel d'Almontes meet,  
 With Oran's giant king, to swell the train:  
 Six cubits is the prince, from head to feet.  
 But why move I my pen with greater pain  
 Than these men move their arms? for in his heat  
 King Rodomont exclaims, blaspheming sore,  
 Nor can contain his furious spirit more,

As swarming to assail the pastoral bowl,  
 With sound of stridulous wing, through summer sky,  
 Or relics of a feast, their luscious dole,  
 Repair the ready numbers of the fly;  
 As starlings to the vineyard's crimsoning pole  
 With the ripe clusters charged—heaven's concave high  
 Filling, as they advanced, with noise and shout,  
 Fast hurried to the storm the Moorish rout.

Upon their walls the Christians in array,  
With lance, sword, axe, and stone and wild-fire tost,  
The assaulted city guard without dismay,  
And little reck the proud barbarian's boast:  
Nor when death snatches this or that away,  
Does any one in fear refuse his post.  
Into the fosse below the paynim foes  
Return, amid a storm of strokes and blows.

Nor in this war is iron plied alone,  
But mighty masses and whole bulwarks fall,  
And top of towers, huge piece of bastion,  
And with much toil disrupted, solid wall;  
While streams of boiling water pouring down,  
Insufferably the advancing paynims gall:  
An ill-resisted rain, which, in despite  
Of helmet, makes its way, and blinds the sight.

And this than iron spear offended more:  
Then how much more the mist of lime-dust fine!  
Then how the emptied vessel, burning sore  
With niter, sulphur, pitch, and turpentine!  
Nor idle lie the fiery hoops in store,  
Which, wreathed about with flaming tresses, shine.  
These at the foeman scaled, upon all hands,  
Form cruel garlands for the paynim bands.

Meanwhile, up to the walls the second crew  
Fierce Sarza's king has driven, accompanied  
By bold Ormida and Buraldo, who  
The Garamantes and Marmonda guide;  
Clarindo and Loridano; nor from view,  
It seems, will Setta's valiant monarch hide:  
Morocco's king and he of Cosca go  
With these, that men their martial worth may know.

With crimson Rodomont his banner stains,  
And in the vermeil field a lion shows;  
Who, bitted by a maid, to curb and reins

His savage mouth disdains not to unclose.  
 Himself in the submissive lion feigns  
 The haughty Rodomont, and would suppose  
 In her who curbs him with the bit and string,  
 Doralice, daughter to Grenada's king;

Whom Mandricardo took, as I before  
 Related, and from whom, and in what wise.  
 Even she it was, whom Sarza's monarch more  
 Loved than his realm,—beyond his very eyes:  
 And valor showed for her and courteous lore,  
 Not knowing yet she was another's prize.  
 If he had,—then,—then first,—the story known,  
 Even what he did that day, he would have done.

At once the foes a thousand ladders rear,  
 Against the wall by the assailants shored,  
 Two manned each round; the second, in the rear,  
 Urged on the first; the third the second gored.  
 One mounts the wall through valor, one through fear,  
 And all attempt perforce the dangerous ford;  
 For cruel Rodomont, of Argier, slays  
 Or smites the wretched laggard who delays.

'Tis thus, 'mid fire and ruin, all essay  
 To mount the wall; but others to assure  
 Themselves, some safer passage seek, where they  
 Will have least pain and peril to endure.  
 Rodomont only scorns by any way  
 To wend, except by what is least secure;  
 And in that desperate case, where others made  
 Their offerings, cursed the god to whom they prayed.

He in a cuirass, hard and strong, was drest:  
 A dragon-skin it was with scaly quilt,  
 Which erst secured the manly back and breast  
 Of his bold ancestor, that Babel built;  
 Who hoped the rule of heaven from God to wrest,  
 And him would from his golden dome have spilt.

Perfect, and for this end alone, were made  
Helmet and shield as well as trenchant blade.

Nor Rodomont to Nimrod yields in might,  
Proud and untamed; and who would not forbear  
To scale the lofty firmament till night,  
Could he in this wide world descry the stair.  
He stood not, he, to mark the bulwark's plight,  
Nor if the fosse of certain bottom were.  
He past, ran,—rather flew across the moat,  
Plunging in filth and water to his throat.

Dripping and foul with water and with weeds,  
'Mid fire and stone, and arbalests, and bows,  
On drives the chief; as through the marshy reeds,  
The wild-swine of our own Mallea goes;  
Who makes large day-light wheresoe'er he speeds,  
Parting the sedge with breast and tusk and nose.  
The paynim, safe in buckler lifted high,  
Scorns not the wall alone, but braves the sky.

Rodomont has no sooner gained the shore,  
Than on the wooden bartizan he stands,  
Within the city walls, a bridge that bore  
(Roomy and large) King Charles's Christian  
bands.

Here many a skull is riven, here men take more  
Than monkish tonsure at the warrior's hands:  
Heads fly and arms; and to the ditch a flood  
Runs streaming from the wall of crimson blood.

He drops the shield; and with two-handed sway  
Wielding his sword, Duke Arnulph he offends,  
Who came from whence, into the briny bay,  
The water of the rapid Rhine descends.  
No better than the sulphur keeps away  
The advancing flame, the wretch his life defends.  
He his last shudder gives, and tumbles dead;  
Cleft downwards, a full palm from neck and head.

At one back-stroke sir Spineloccio true,  
 Anselmo, Prando, and Oldrado fell;  
 The narrow place and thickly-swarming crew  
 Make the wide-circling blow so fully tell.  
 The first half Flemings were, the residue  
 Are Normans, who the list of slaughter swell.  
 Orghetto of Maganza, he from brow  
 To breast divides, and thence to paunch below.

Down from the wall Andropono and Moschine  
 He cast into the ditch: a priest the first;  
 The second, but a worshiper of wine,  
 Drained, at a draught, whole runlets in his thirst;  
 Aye wanted simple water to decline,  
 Like viper's blood or venom: now immersed  
 In this, he perishes amid that slaughter;  
 And, what breeds most affliction, dies by water.

Lewis the Provençal is cleft in two;  
 Arnold of Thoulouse through the breast before;  
 Hubert of Tours, Sir Dionysius, Hugh,  
 And Claud, pour forth their ghosts in reeking gore.  
 Odo, Ambaldo, Satallon ensue,  
 And Walter next; of Paris are the four—  
 With others, that by me unmentioned fall,  
 Who cannot tell the name and land of all.

The crowd, by Rodomont of Sarza led,  
 The ladders lift, and many places scale.  
 Here the Parisians make no further head,  
 Who find their first defense of small avail.  
 Full well they know that danger more to dread  
 Within awaits the foeman who assail;  
 Because between the wall and second mound  
 A fosse descends, wide, horrid, and profound.

Besides, that ours, with those upon the height,  
 War from below, like valiant men and stout,  
 New files succeed to those who fall in fight,



Where, on the interior summit, stand the rout,  
Who gall with lances, and a whistling flight  
Of darts, the mighty multitude without;  
Many of whom, I ween, that post would shun,  
If it were not for royal Ulien's son.

But he still heartened some, and chid the rest,  
And forced them forward to their sore alarm.  
One paynim's head he cleft, and other's breast,  
Who turned about to fly; and of the swarm  
Some shoved and pushed and to the encounter prest  
Close-grappled by the collar, hair, or arm:  
And downwards from the wall such numbers threw,  
The ditch was all too narrow for the crew.

While so the foes descend, or rather fling  
Themselves into the perilous profound;  
And thence by many ladders try to spring  
Upon the summit of the second mound,  
King Rodomont, as if he had a wing  
Upon his every member, from the ground  
Upraised his weight, and vaulted clean across,  
Loaded with all his arms, the yawning fosse.

The moat of thirty feet, not less, he cleared,  
As dexterously as leaps the greyhound fleet,  
Nor at his lighting louder noise was heard  
Than if he had worn felt beneath his feet.  
He now of *this*, now *that*, the mantle sheared;  
As though of pewter, not of iron beat,  
Or rather of soft rind their arms had been:  
So matchless was his force and sword so keen!

This while, not idle, those of ours had laid  
Snares in the inner moat, a well-charged mine:  
Where broom and thick fascines, all over paid  
With swarthy pitch, in plenty intertwine.  
Yet is not this by any eye surveyed,  
Though they from bank to bank that hollow line,

Filling the bottom well-nigh to the brink;  
And countless vessels the defenders sink.

Charged with salt-peter, oil, or sulphur pale,  
One and the other, or with such like gear;  
While ours, intent the paynims that assail  
The town, should pay their daring folly dear,  
(Who from the ditch on different parts would scale  
The inner bulwark's platform) when they hear  
The appointed signal which their comrades raise,  
Set, at fit points, the wildfire in a blaze.

For that the moat was full from side to side,  
The scattered flames united into one,  
And mounted to such height, they well-nigh dried  
The watery bosom of the moon; a dun  
And dismal cloud above extending wide,  
Dimmed every glimpse of light, and hid the sun:  
A fearful crash, with a continued sound,  
Like a long peal of thunder, shook the ground.

A horrid concert, a rude harmony  
Of deep lament, and yell and shriek, which came  
From those poor wretches in extremity,  
Perishing through their furious leader's blame,  
Was heard, as in strange concord, to agree  
With the fierce crackling of the murderous flame.  
No more of this, no more!—Here, sir, I close  
My canto, hoarse, and needing short repose.

The friendship of Medoro and Cloridano,  
two faithful followers of Dardinello:

Two Moors among the paynim army were,  
From stock obscure in Ptolomita grown;  
Of whom the story, an example rare  
Of constant love, is worthy to be known.  
Medore and Cloridane were named the pair;  
Who, whether Fortune pleased to smile or frown,

Served Dardinello with fidelity,  
And late with him to France had crost the sea.

Of nimble frame and strong was Cloridane,  
Throughout his life a follower of the chase.  
A cheek of white, suffused with crimson grain,  
Medoro had, in youth, a pleasing grace;  
Nor bound on that emprise, 'mid all the train,  
Was there a fairer or more jocund face.  
Crisp hair he had of gold, and jet-black eyes;  
And seemed an angel lighted from the skies.

These two were posted on a rampart's height,  
With more to guard the encampment from surprise,  
When 'mid the equal intervals, at night,  
Medoro gazed on heaven with sleepy eyes.  
In all his talk, the stripling, woeful wight,  
Here cannot choose, but of his lord devise,  
The royal Dardinel; and evermore  
Him left unhonored on the field, deplore.

Then, turning to his mate, cries, "Cloridane,  
I cannot tell thee what a cause of woe  
It is to me, my lord upon the plain  
Should lie, unworthy food for wolf or crow!  
Thinking how still to me he was humane,  
Meseems, if in his honor I forego  
This life of mine, for favors so immense  
I shall but make a feeble recompense.

"That he may not lack sepulture, will I  
Go forth, and seek him out among the slain;  
And haply God may will that none shall spy  
Where Charles's camp lies hushed. Do thou  
remain;  
That, if my death be written in the sky,  
Thou may'st the deed be able to explain.  
So that if Fortune foil so far a feat,  
The world, through Fame, my loving heart may weet."

Amazed was Cloridane a child should show  
 Such heart, such love, and such fair loyalty;  
 And fain would make the youth his thought forego,  
 Whom he held passing dear: but fruitlessly  
 Would move his steadfast purpose; for such woe  
 Will neither comforted nor altered be.  
 Medoro is disposed to meet his doom,  
 Or to inclose his master in the tomb.

Seeing that naught would bend him, naught would move.  
 "I too will go," was Cloridane's reply:  
 "In such a glorious act myself will prove;  
 As well such famous death I covert, I.  
 What other thing is left me, here above,  
 Deprived of thee, Medoro mine? To die  
 With thee in arms is better, on the plain,  
 Than afterwards of grief, shouldst thou be slain."

And thus resolved, disposing in their place  
 Their guard's relief, depart the youthful pair,  
 Leave fosse and palisade, and in small space  
 Are among ours, who watch with little care;  
 Who, for they little fear the paynim race,  
 Slumber with fires extinguished everywhere.  
 'Mid carriages and arms they lie supine,  
 Up to the eyes immersed in sleep and wine.

A moment Cloridano stopt, and cried,  
 "Not to be lost are opportunities.  
 This troop, by whom my master's blood was shed,  
 Medoro, ought not I to sacrifice?  
 Do thou, lest any one this way be led,  
 Watch everywhere about, with ears and eyes;  
 For a wide way, amid the hostile horde,  
 I offer here to make thee with my sword."

So said he, and his talk cut quickly short,  
 Coming where learned Alpheus slumbered nigh;  
 Who had the year before sought Charles's court,

In med'cine, magic, and astrology  
Well versed : but now in art found small support,  
Or rather found that it was all a lie.  
He had foreseen that he his long-drawn life  
Should finish on the bosom of his wife.

And now the Saracen with wary view  
Had pierced his weasand with the pointed sword.  
Four others he near that Diviner slew,  
Nor gave the wretches time to say a word.  
Sir Turpin in his story tells not who,  
And Time has of their names effaced record.  
Palidon of Moncalier next he speeds;  
One who securely sleeps between two steeds.

Next came the warrior where, with limbs outspread,  
Pillowed on barrel, lay the wretched Gryll :  
This he had drained, and undisturbed by dread,  
Hoped to enjoy a peaceful sleep and still.  
The daring Saracen lopt off his head,  
Blood issues from the tap-hole, with a rill  
Of wine ; and he, well drenched with many a can,  
Dreams that he drinks, dispatched by Cloridan.

Rearing th' insidious blade, the pair are near  
The place where round King Charles's pavilion  
Are tented warlike paladin and peer,  
Guarding the side that each is camped upon,  
When in good time the paynims backward steer,  
And sheathe their swords, the impious slaughter done ;  
Deeming impossible, in such a number,  
But they must light on one who does not slumber.

And though they might escape well charged with prey,  
To save themselves they think sufficient gain.  
Thither by what he deems the safest way  
(Medoro following him) went Cloridane  
Where in the field, 'mid bow and falchion lay,  
And shield and spear, in pool of purple stain,

Wealthy and poor, the king and vassal's corse,  
And overthrown the rider and his horse.

The horrid mixture of the bodies there  
Which heaped the plain where roved these comrades  
sworn,

Might well have rendered vain their faithful care

Amid the mighty piles, till break of morn,  
Had not the moon, at young Medoro's prayer,  
Out of a gloomy cloud put forth her horn.

Medoro to the heavens upturns his eyes  
Towards the moon, and thus devoutly cries:

"O holy goddess! whom our fathers well  
Have styled as of a triple form, and who  
Thy sovereign beauty dost in heaven, and hell,  
And earth, in many forms reveal; and through  
The greenwood holt, of beast and monster fell,  
—A huntress bold—the flying steps pursue,  
Show where my king, amid so many lies,  
Who did, alive, thy holy studies prize."

At the youth's prayer from parted cloud outshone  
(Were it the work of faith or accident)  
The moon, as fair, as when Endymion  
She circled in her naked arms: with tent,  
Christian or Saracen, was Paris-town  
Seen in that gleam, and hill and plain's extent.  
With these Mount Martyr and Mount Lery's height,  
This on the left, and that upon the right.

The silvery splendor glistened yet more clear,  
There where renowned Almontes's son lay dead.  
Faithful Medoro mourned his master dear,  
Who well agnized the quartering white and red,  
With visage bathed in many a bitter tear  
(For he a rill from either eyelid shed),  
And piteous act and moan, that might have whist  
The winds, his melancholy plaint to list;

But with a voice suppress—not that he aught  
Regards if any one the noise should hear,  
Because he of his life takes any thought,  
Of which loathed burden he would fain be clear;  
But lest his being heard should bring to naught  
The pious purpose which has brought them here—  
The youths the king upon their shoulders stowed;  
And so between themselves divide the load.

Hurrying their steps, they hastened, as the might,  
Under the cherished burden they conveyed;  
And now approaching was the lord of light,  
To sweep from heaven the stars, from earth the shade,  
When good Zerbino, he whose valiant sprite  
Was ne'er in time of need by sleep down-weighed,  
From chasing Moors all night, his homeward way  
Was taking to the camp at dawn of day.

He has with him some horsemen in his train,  
That from afar the two companions spy.  
Expecting thus some spoil or prize to gain,  
They, every one, toward that quarter hie.  
“Brother, behoves us,” cried young Cloridane,  
“To cast away the load we bear, and fly;  
For 'twere a foolish thought (might well be said)  
To lose *two* living men, to save *one* dead;”

And dropt the burden, weening his Medore  
Had done the same by it, upon his side;  
But that poor boy, who loved his master more,  
His shoulders to the weight alone applied:  
Cloridane hurrying with all haste before,  
Deeming him close behind him or beside:  
Who, did he know his danger, him to save  
A thousand deaths, instead of one, would brave.

Those horsemen, with intent to make the two  
Yield themselves prisoners to their band, or die,  
Some here, some there, disperse the champaign through,

And every pass and outlet occupy.  
 The captain, little distant from his crew,  
 Is keener than the rest the chase to ply;  
 And, when he sees them hurrying in such guise,  
 Is certain that the twain are enemies.

The closest path, amid the forest gray,  
 To save himself, pursued the youth forlorn;  
 But all his schemes were marred by the delay  
 Of that sore weight upon his shoulders borne.  
 The place he knew not, and mistook the way,  
 And hid himself again in sheltering thorn.  
 Secure and distant was his mate, that through  
 The greenwood shade with lighter shoulders flew.

So far was Cloridane advanced before,  
 He heard the boy no longer in the wind;  
 But when he marked the absence of Medore,  
 It seemed as if his heart was left behind.  
 "Ah! how was I so negligent" (the Moor  
 Exclaimed), "so far beside myself, and blind,  
 That, I, Medoro, should without thee fare,  
 Nor know when I deserted thee or where?"

So saying, in the wood he disappears,  
 Plunging into the maze with hurried pace;  
 And thither, whence he lately issued, steers,  
 And, desperate, of death returns in trace.  
 Cries and the tread of steeds this while he hears,  
 And word and threat of foeman, as in chase;  
 Lastly Medoro by his voice is known,  
 Disarmed, on foot, 'mid many horse, alone.

A hundred horsemen who the youth surround,  
 Zerbino leads, and bids his followers seize  
 The stripling; like a top the boy turns round  
 And keeps him as he can: among the trees,  
 Behind oak, elm, beech, ash, he takes his ground,  
 Nor from the cherished load his shoulders frees.



Wearied, at length, the burden he bestowed  
Upon the grass, and stalked about his load.

As in her rocky cavern the she-bear,  
With whom close warfare Alpine hunters wage,  
Uncertain hangs about her shaggy care,  
And growls in mingled sound of love and rage,  
To unsheath her claws, and blood her tushes bare,  
Would natural hate and wrath the beast engage;  
Love softens her, and bids from strife retire,  
And for her offspring watch, amid her ire.

Cloridane, who to aid him knows not how,  
And with Medoro willingly would die,  
But who would not for death this being forego,  
Until more foes than one should lifeless lie,  
Ambushed, his sharpest arrow to his bow  
Fits, and directs it with so true an eye,  
The feathered weapon bores a Scotchman's brain,  
And lays the warrior dead upon the plain.

Together, all the others of the band  
Turned thither, whence was shot the murderous  
reed;  
Meanwhile he launched another from his stand,  
That a new foe might by the weapon bleed,  
Whom (while he made of *this* and *that* demand,  
And loudly questioned who had done the deed)  
The arrow reached—transfixed the wretch's throat  
And cut his question short in middle note.

Zerbino, captain of those horse, no more  
Can at the piteous sight his wrath refrain;  
In furious heat he springs upon Medore,  
Exclaiming, "Thou of this shalt bear the pain."  
One hand he in his locks of golden ore  
Enwreaths, and drags him to himself amain;  
But as his eyes that beauteous face survey,  
Takes pity on the boy, and does not slay.

To him the stripling turns, with suppliant cry,  
 And, "By thy God, sir knight," exclaims, "I pray,  
 Be not so passing cruel, nor deny  
 That I in earth my honored king may lay:  
 No other grace I supplicate, nor I  
 This for the love of life, believe me, say.  
 So much, no longer, space of life I crave,  
 As may suffice to give my lord a grave.

"And if you needs must feed the beast and bird,  
 Like Theban Creon, let their worst be done  
 Upon these limbs; so that by me interred  
 In earth be those of good Almontes's son."  
 Medoro thus his suit, with grace, preferred,  
 And words to move a mountain; and so won  
 Upon Zerbino's mood, to kindness turned,  
 With love and pity he all over burned.

This while, a churlish horseman of the band,  
 Who little deference for his lord confest,  
 His lance uplifting, wounded overhand  
 The unhappy suppliant in his dainty breast.  
 Zerbino, who the cruel action scanned,  
 Was deeply stirred, the rather that, opprest,  
 And livid with the blow the churl had sped,  
 Medoro fell as he was wholly dead.

So grieved Zerbino, with such wrath was stung,  
 "Not unavenged shalt thou remain," he cries;  
 Then full of evil will in fury sprung  
 Upon the author of the foul emprise.  
 But he his vantage marks, and, from among  
 The warriors, in a moment slips and flies.  
 Cloridan, who beholds the deed, at sight  
 Of young Medoro's fall, springs forth to fight;

And casts away his bow, and, 'mid the band  
 Of foemen, whirls his faulchion, in desire  
 Rather of death, than hoping that his hand

May snatch a vengeance equal to his ire.  
Amid ~~so~~ many blades, he views the sand  
Tinged with his blood, and ready to expire,  
And feeling he the sword no more can guide,  
Lets himself drop by his Medoro's side.

The Scots pursue their chief, who pricks before,  
Through the deep wood, inspired by high disdain,  
When he has left the one and the other Moor,  
*This* dead, *that* scarce alive, upon the plain.  
There for a mighty space lay young Medore,  
Spouting his life-blood from so large a vein  
He would have perished, but that thither made  
A stranger, as it chanced, who lent him aid.

Angelica saves the life of Medoro and falls  
in love with him:

By chance arrived a damsel at the place,  
Who was (though mean and rustic was her wear)  
Of royal presence and of beauteous face,  
And lofty manners, sagely debonnaire.  
Her have I left unsung so long a space,  
That you will hardly recognize the fair  
Angelica: in her (if known not) scan  
The lofty daughter of Catay's great khan.

Angelica, when she had won again  
The ring Brunello had from her conveyed,  
So waxed in stubborn pride and haught disdain,  
She seemed to scorn this ample world, and strayed  
Alone, and held as cheap each living swain,  
Although amid the best by fame arrayed;  
Nor brooked she to remember a gallant  
In Count Orlando or King Sacripant:

And above every other deed repented,  
That good Rinaldo she had loved of yore;  
And that to look so low she had consented,  
(As by such choice dishonored) grieved her sore.

Love, hearing this, such arrogance resented,  
 And would the damsel's pride endure no more.  
 Where young Medoro lay he took his stand,  
 And waited her, with bow and shaft in hand.

When fair Angelica the stripling spies,  
 Nigh hurt to death in that disastrous fray,  
 Who for his king, that there unsheltered lies,  
 More sad than for his own misfortune lay,  
 She feels new pity in her bosom rise,  
 Which makes its entry in unwonted way.  
 Touched was her naughty heart, once hard and curst,  
 And more when he his piteous tale rehearsed.

And calling back to memory her art,  
 For she in Ind had learned chirurgery,  
 (Since it appears such studies in that part  
 Worthy of praise and fame are held to be,  
 And, as an heirloom, sires to sons impart,  
 With little aid of books, the mystery),  
 Disposed herself to work with simples' juice,  
 Till she in him should healthier life produce.

And recollects an herb had caught her sight  
 In passing thither, on a pleasant plain:  
 What (whether dittany or pancy hight)  
 I know not; fraught with virtue to restrain  
 The crimson blood forth-welling, and of might  
 To sheathe each perilous and piercing pain.  
 She found it near, and having pulled the weed,  
 Returned to seek Medoro on the mead.

Returning, she upon a swain did light,  
 Who was on horseback passing through the wood.  
 Strayed from the lowing herd, the rustic wight  
 A heifer missing for two days pursued.  
 Him she with her conducted, where the might  
 Of the faint youth was ebbing with his blood:  
 Which had the ground about so deeply dyed  
 Life was nigh wasted with the gushing tide.

Angelica alights upon the ground,  
And he, her rustic comrade, at her hest.  
She hastened 'twixt two stones the herb to pound,  
Then took it, and the healing juice exprest:  
With this did she foment the stripling's wound,  
And even to the hips, his waist and breast;  
And (with such virtue was the salve endued)  
It stanch'd his life-blood, and his strength renewed.

And into him infused such force again,  
That he could mount the horse the swain conveyed;  
But good Medoro would not leave the plain  
Till he in earth had seen his master laid.  
He, with the monarch, buried Cloridane,  
And after followed whither pleased the maid.  
Who was to stay with him, by pity led,  
Beneath the courteous shepherd's humble shed.

Nor would the damsel quit the lowly pile  
(So she esteemed the youth) till he was sound;  
Such pity first she felt, when him erewhile  
She saw outstretched and bleeding on the ground.  
Touched by his mien and manners next, a file  
She felt corrode her heart with secret wound;  
She felt corrode her heart, and with desire,  
By little and by little warmed, took fire.

The shepherd dwelt between two mountains hoar,  
In goodly cabin, in the greenwood shade,  
With wife and children; in short time before,  
The brand-new shed had builded in the glade.  
Here of his grisly wound the youthful Moor  
Was briefly healed by the Catayan maid;  
But who in briefer space, a sorer smart  
Than young Medoro's, suffered at her heart.

She makes known her love for him, and they  
are married, after which they remain here  
happily for a month:

Amid such pleasures, where, with tree o'ergrown,  
 Ran stream, or bubbling fountain's wave did spin,  
 On bark or rock, if yielding were the stone,  
 The knife was straight at work, or ready pin.  
 And there, without, in thousand places lone,  
 And in as many places graved, within,  
 Medoro and Angelica were traced,  
 In divers ciphers quaintly interlaced.

When she believed they had prolonged their stay  
 More than enow, the damsel made design  
 In India to revisit her Catay,  
 And with its crown Medoro's head entwine.  
 She had upon her wrist an armlet, gay  
 With costly gems, in witness and in sign  
 Of love to her by Count Orlando borne,  
 And which the damsel for long time had worn.

No love which to the paladin she bears,  
 But that it costly is and wrought with care,  
 This to Angelica so much endears,  
 That never more esteemed was matter rare;  
 This she was suffered, in the isle of tears,  
 I know not by what privilege, to wear,  
 When, naked, to the whale exposed for food  
 By that inhospitable race and rude.

She, not possessing wherewithal to pay  
 The kindly couple's hospitality,—  
 Served by them in their cabin, from the day  
 She there was lodged, with such fidelity,—  
 Unfastened from her arm the bracelet gay,  
 And bade them keep it for her memory.  
 Departing hence, the lovers climb the side  
 Of hills, which fertile France from Spain divide.

Orlando, upon discovering the infidelity of  
 Angelica, goes mad:

The course in pathless woods, which without rein  
 The Tartar's charger had pursued astray,

Made Roland for two days, with fruitless pain,  
Follow him, without tidings of his way.  
Orlando reached a rill of crystal vein,  
On either bank of which a meadow lay ;  
Which, stained with native hues and rich, he sees,  
And dotted o'er with fair and many trees.

The mid-day fervor made the shelter sweet  
To hardy herd as well as naked swain ;  
So that Orlando well beneath the heat  
Some deal might wince, opprest with plate and chain.  
He entered for repose the cool retreat,  
And found it the abode of grief and pain ;  
And place of sojourn more accursed and fell  
On that unhappy day, than tongue can tell.

Turning him round, he there on many a tree  
Beheld engraved, upon the woody shore,  
What as the writing of his deity  
He knew, as soon as he had marked the lore.  
This was a place of those described by me,  
Whither oft-times, attended by Medore,  
From the near shepherd's cot had wont to stray  
The beauteous lady, sovereign of Catay.

In a hundred knots, amid these green abodes,  
In a hundred parts, their ciphered names are dight ;  
Whose many letters are so many goads,  
Which Love has in his bleeding heart-core pight.  
He would discredit in a thousand modes,  
That which he credits in his own despite ;  
And would perforce persuade himself, *that* rind  
Other Angelica than his had signed.

"And yet I know these characters," he cried,  
"Of which I have so many read and seen ;  
By her may this Medoro be belied,  
And me, she, figured in the name, may mean."  
Feeding on such like phantasies, beside  
The real truth, did sad Orlando lean

Upon the empty hope, though ill contented,  
Which he by self-illusions had fomented.

But stirred and aye rekindled it, the more  
That he to quench the ill suspicion wrought,  
Like the incautious bird, by fowler's lore,  
Hampered in net or lime; which, in the thought  
To free its tangled pinions and to soar,  
By struggling is but more securely caught.  
Orlando passes thither, where a mountain  
O'erhangs in guise of arch the crystal fountain.

. . . . .

Here from his horse the sorrowing countly lit,  
And at the entrance of the grot surveyed  
A cloud of words, which seemed but newly writ,  
And which the young Medoro's hand had made.  
On the great pleasure he had known in it,  
This sentence he in verses had arrayed;  
Which to his tongue, I deem, might make pretense  
To polished phrase; and such in ours the sense:—

"Gay plants, green herbage, rill of limpid vein,  
And, grateful with cool shade, thou gloomy cave,  
Where oft, by many wooed with fruitless pain,  
Beauteous Angelica, the child of grave  
King Galaphron, within my arms has lain;  
For the convenient harborage you gave,  
I, poor Medoro, can but in my lays,  
As recompense, forever sing your praise.

"And any loving lord devoutly pray,  
Damsel and cavalier, and every one,  
Whom choice or fortune hither shall convey,  
Stranger or native,—to this crystal run,  
Shade, caverned rock, and grass, and plants, to say,  
'Benignant be to you the fostering sun  
And moon, and may the choir of nymphs provide,  
That never swain his flock may hither guide.' "



In Arabic was writ the blessing said,  
Known to Orlando like the Latin tongue,  
Who, versed in many languages, best read  
Was in this speech; which oftentimes from wrong  
And injury and shame had saved his head,  
What time he roved the Saracens among.  
But let him boast not of its former boot,  
O'erbalanced by the present bitter fruit.

Three times, and four, and six, the lines impressed  
Upon the stone that wretch perused, in vain  
Seeking another sense than was expressed,  
And ever saw the thing more clear and plain;  
And all the while, within his troubled breast,  
He felt an icy hand his heart-core strain.  
With mind and eyes close fastened on the block,  
At length he stood, not differing from the rock.

Then well-nigh lost all feeling; so a prey  
Wholly was he to that o'ermastering woe.  
This is a pang, believe the experienced say  
Of him who speaks, which does all griefs outgo.  
His pride had from his forehead passed away,  
His chin had fallen upon his breast below;  
Nor found he, so grief-barred each natural vent,  
Moisture for tears, or utterance for lament.

Stified within, the impetuous sorrow stays,  
Which would too quickly issue; so to abide  
Water is seen, imprisoned in the vase,  
Whose neck is narrow and whose swell is wide;  
What time, when one turns up the inverted base,  
Toward the mouth, so hastes the hurrying tide,  
And in the strait encounters such a stop,  
It scarcely works a passage, drop by drop.

He somewhat to himself returned, and thought  
How possibly the thing might be untrue:  
That some one (so he hoped, desired, and sought

To think) his lady would with shame pursue;  
 Or with such weight of jealousy had wrought  
 To overwhelm *his* reason, as should him undo;  
 And that he, whosoe'er the thing had planned,  
 Had counterfeited passing well her hand.

With such vain hope he sought himself to cheat,  
 And manned some deal his spirits and awoke;  
 Then prest the faithful Brigliadoro's seat,  
 As on the sun's retreat his sister broke.  
 Not far the warrior had pursued his beat,  
 Ere eddying from a roof he saw the smoke;  
 Heard noise of dog and kine, a farm espied,  
 And thitherward in quest of lodging hied.

Languid, he lit, and left his Brigliador  
 To a discreet attendant; one undrest  
 His limbs, one doffed the golden spurs he wore,  
 And one bore off, to clean, his iron vest.  
 This was the homestead where the young Medore  
 Lay wounded, and was here supremely blest.  
 Orlando here, with other food unfed,  
 Having supt full of sorrow, sought his bed.

The more the wretched sufferer seeks for ease,  
 He finds but so much more distress and pain,  
 Who everywhere the loathed hand-writing sees,  
 On wall, and door, and window: he would fain  
 Question his host of this, but holds his peace,  
 Because, in sooth, he dreads too clear, too plain  
 To make the thing, and this would rather shroud,  
 That it may less offend him, with a cloud.

Little availed the count his self-deceit;  
 For there was one who spake of it unsought:  
 The shepherd-swain, who to allay the heat  
 With which he saw his guest so troubled, thought  
 The tale which he was wonted to repeat—  
 Of the two lovers—to each listener taught;

A history which many loved to hear,  
He now, without reserve, 'gan tell the peer.

“How at Angelica's persuasive prayer,  
He to his farm had carried young Medore,  
Grievously wounded with an arrow; where  
In little space she healed the angry sore.  
But while she exercised this pious care,  
Love in her heart the lady wounded more,  
And kindled from small spark so fierce a fire,  
She burnt all over, restless with desire;

“Nor thinking she of mightiest king was born,  
Who ruled in the East, nor of her heritage,  
Forced by too puissant love, had thought no scorn  
To be the consort of a poor foot-page.”  
His story done, to them in proof was borne  
The gem, which, in reward for harborage,  
To her extended in that kind abode,  
Angelica, at parting, had bestowed.

In him, forthwith, such deadly hatred breed  
That bed, that house, that swain, he will not  
stay  
Till the morn break, or till the dawn succeed,  
Whose twilight goes before approaching day.  
In haste, Orlando takes his arms and steed,  
And to the deepest greenwood wends his way.  
And when assured that he is there alone,  
Gives utterance to his grief in shriek and groan.

Never from tears, never from sorrowing,  
He paused; nor found he peace by night or day;  
He fled from town, in forest harboring,  
And in the open air on hard earth lay.  
He marveled at himself, how such a spring  
Of water from his eyes could stream away,  
And breath was for so many sobs supplied;  
And thus oft-times, amid his mourning, cried:—

"These are no longer real tears which rise,  
 And which I scatter from so full a vein.  
 Of tears my ceaseless sorrow lacked supplies;  
 They stopt when to mid-height scarce rose my pain.  
 The vital moisture rushing to my eyes,  
 Driven by the fire within me, now would gain  
 A vent; and it is this which I expend,  
 And which my sorrows and my life will end.

"No; these, which are the index of my woes,  
 These are not sighs, nor sighs are such; they fail  
 At times, and have their season of repose:  
 I feel, my breast can never less exhale  
 Its sorrow: Love, who with his pinions blows  
 The fire about my heart, creates this gale.  
 Love, by what miracle dost thou contrive,  
 It wastes not in the fire thou keep'st alive?

"I am not—am not what I seem to sight:  
 What Roland was, is dead and under ground,  
 Slain by that most ungrateful lady's spite,  
 Whose faithlessness inflicted such a wound.  
 Divided from the flesh, I am his sprite,  
 Which in this hell, tormented, walks its round,  
 To be, but in its shadow left above,  
 A warning to all such as trust in love."

All night about the forest roved the count,  
 And, at the break of daily light, was brought  
 By his unhappy fortune to the fount,  
 Where his inscription young Medoro wrought.  
 To see his wrongs inscribed upon that mount  
 Inflamed his fury so, in him was naught  
 But turned to hatred, frenzy, rage, and spite;  
 Nor paused he more, but bared his falchion bright,

Cleft through the writing; and the solid block,  
 Into the sky, in tiny fragments sped.  
 Woe worth each sapling and that caverned rock

Where Medore and Angelica were read!  
So scathed, that they to shepherd or to flock  
Thenceforth shall never furnish shade or bed.  
And that sweet fountain, late so clear and pure,  
From such tempestuous wrath was ill secure.

For he turf, stone, and trunk, and shoot, and lop  
Cast without cease into the beauteous source;  
Till, turbid from the bottom to the top,  
Never again was clear the troubled course.  
At length, for lack of breath, compelled to stop,  
(When he is bathed in sweat, and wasted force,  
Serves not his fury more) he falls, and lies  
Upon the mead, and, gazing upward, sighs.

Wearied and woe-begone, he fell to ground,  
And turned his eyes toward heaven; nor spake he  
aught,

Nor ate, nor slept, till in his daily round  
The golden sun had broken thrice, and sought  
His rest anew; nor ever ceased his wound  
To rankle, till it marred his sober thought.  
At length, impelled by frenzy, the fourth day,  
He from his limbs tore plate and mail away.

So fierce his rage, so fierce his fury grew,  
That all obscured remained the warrior's sprite;  
Nor, for forgetfulness, his sword he drew,  
Or wondrous deeds, I trow, had wrought the knight;  
But neither this, nor bill, nor axe to hew,  
Was needed by Orlando's peerless might.  
He of his prowess gave high proofs and full,  
Who a tall pine uprooted at a pull.

He many others, with as little let  
As fennel, wall-wort-stem, or dill uptore;  
And ilex, knotted oak, and fir upset,  
And beech and mountain ash, and elm-tree hoar.  
He did what fowler, ere he spreads his net,  
Does, to prepare the champaign for his lore,

By stubble, rush, and nettle stalk; and broke,  
Like these, old sturdy trees and stems of oak.

The shepherd swains, who hear the tumult nigh,  
Leaving their flocks beneath the greenwood tree,  
Some here, some there, across the forest hie,  
And hurry thither, all, the cause to see.  
But I have reached such point, my history,  
If I o'erpass this bound, may irksome be.  
And I my story will delay to end  
Rather than by my tediousness offend.

Guided by the Apostle John, Astolfo, the  
English knight, goes to the moon in quest of  
Orlando's brains:

Much that not lawfully could here be shown,  
Taking him by the hand, to him he read.  
"To you, though come from France, may be unknown  
What there hath happened," next the apostle said;  
"Learn, your Orlando, for he hath foregone  
The way wherein he was enjoined to tread,  
Is visited of God, that never shends  
Him whom he loveth best, when he offends:

"He, your Orlando, at his birth endowed  
With sovereign daring and with sovereign might,  
On whom, beyond all usage, God bestowed  
The grace, that weapon him should vainly smite,  
Because he was selected from the crowd  
To be defender of his Church's right.  
As he elected Sampson, called whilere  
The Jew against the Philistine to cheer;

"He, your Orlando, for such gifts has made  
Unto his heavenly Lord an ill return:  
Who left his people, when most needing aid,  
Then most abandoned to the heathens' scorn.  
Incestuous love for a fair paynim maid  
Has blinded so that knight, of grace forlorn,

That twice and more in fell and impious strife  
The count has sought his faithful cousin's life.

"Hence God hath made him mad, and, in this vein,  
Belly, and breast, and naked flank expose;  
And so diseased and troubled is his brain,  
That none, and least himself, the champion knows.  
Nebuchadnezzar whilom to such pain  
God in his vengeance doomed, as story shows;  
Sent, for seven years, of savage fury full,  
To feed on grass and hay, like slaving bull.

"But yet, because the Christian paladine  
Has sinned against his heavenly Maker less,  
He only for three months, by will divine,  
Is doomed to cleanse himself of his excess.  
Nor yet with other scope did your design  
Of wending hither the Redeemer bless,  
But that through us the mode you should explore,  
Orlando's missing senses to restore.

" 'Tis true to journey further ye will need,  
And wholly must you leave this nether sphere;  
To the moon's circle you I have to lead,  
Of all the planets to our world most near.  
Because the medicine, that is fit to speed  
Insane Orlando's cure, is treasured here.  
This night will we away, when over head  
Her downward rays the silver moon shall shed."

In talk the blest apostle is diffuse  
On this and that, until the day is worn:  
But when the sun is sunk i' the salt sea ooze,  
And overhead the moon uplifts her horn,  
A chariot is prepared, erewhile in use  
To scour the heavens, wherein of old was borne  
From Jewry's misty mountains to the sky,  
Sainted Elias, rapt from mortal eye.

Four goodly coursers next, and redder far  
Than flame, to that fair chariot yokes the sire;

Who, when the knight and he well seated are,  
 Collects the reins; and heavenward they aspire.  
 In airy circles swiftly rose the car,  
 And reached the region of eternal fire;  
 Whose heat the saint by miracle suspends,  
 While through the parted air the pair ascends.

The chariot, towering, threads the fiery sphere,  
 And rises thence into the lunar reign.  
 This, in its larger part they find as clear  
 As polished steel, when undefiled by stain;  
 And such it seems, or little less, when near,  
 As what the limits of our earth contain:  
 Such as our earth, the last of globes below,  
 Including seas, which round about it flow.

Here doubly waxed the paladin's surprise,  
 To see that place so large, when viewed at hand;  
 Resembling but a little hoop in size,  
 When from the globe surveyed whereon we stand,  
 And that he both his eyes behoved to strain,  
 If he would view Earth's circling seas and land;  
 In that, by reason of the lack of light,  
 Their images attained to little height.

Here other river, lake, and rich champaign  
 Are seen, than those which are below descried;  
 Here other valley, other hill and plain,  
 With towns and cities of their own supplied;  
 Which mansions of such mighty size contain,  
 Such never he before or after spied.  
 Here spacious holt and lonely forest lay,  
 Where nymphs for ever chased the panting prey.

He, that with other scope had thither soared,  
 Pauses not all these wonders to peruse:  
 But led by the disciple of our Lord,  
 His way towards a spacious vale pursues;  
 A place wherein is wonderfully stored  
 Whatever on our earth below we lose.



Collected there are all things whatsoe'er,  
Lost through time, chance, or our own folly, here.

Nor here alone of realm and wealthy dower,  
O'er which aye turns the restless wheel, I say:  
I speak of what it is not in the power

Of Fortune to bestow, or take away.  
Much fame is here, whereon Time and the Hour,  
Like wasting moth, in this our planet prey.  
Here countless vows, here prayers unnumbered lie,  
Made by us sinful men to God on high.

The lover's tears and sighs; what time in pleasure  
And play we here unprofitably spend;  
To this; of ignorant men the eternal leisure,  
And vain designs, aye frustrate of their end.  
Empty desires so far exceed all measure,  
They o'er that valley's better part extend.  
There wilt thou find, if thou wilt thither post,  
Whatever thou on earth beneath hast lost.

He, passing by those heaps, on either hand,  
Of this and now of that the meaning sought;  
Formed of swollen bladders here a hill did stand,  
Whence he heard cries and tumults, as he thought.  
These were old crowns of the Assyrian land  
And Lydian—as that paladin was taught—  
Grecian and Persian, all of ancient fame;  
And now, alas! well-nigh without a name.

Golden and silver hooks to sight succeed,  
Heaped in a mass, the gifts which courtiers bear,  
—Hoping thereby to purchase future meed—  
To greedy prince and patron; many a snare,  
Concealed in garlands, did the warrior heed,  
Who heard, these signs of adulation were;  
And in cicalas, which their lungs had burst,  
Saw fulsome lays by venal poets versed.

Loves of unhappy end in imagery  
Of gold or jeweled bands he saw exprest

Then eagles' talons, the authority  
 With which great lords their delegates invest:  
 Bellows filled every nook, the fume and fee  
 Wherein the favorites of kings are blest:  
 Given to those Ganymedes that have their hour,  
 And reft, when faded is their vernal flower.

O'erturned, here ruined town and castle lies,  
 With all their wealth: "The symbols" (said his guide)  
 "Of treaties and of those conspiracies,  
 Which their conductors seemed so ill to hide."  
 Serpents with female faces, felonies  
 Of coiners and of robbers, he descried;  
 Next broken bottles saw of many sorts,  
 The types of servitude in sorry courts.

He marks a mighty pool of porridge spilled,  
 And asks what in that symbol should be read,  
 And hers 'twas charity, by sick men willed  
 For distribution, after they were dead.  
 He passed a heap of flowers, that erst distilled  
 Sweet savors, and now noisome odors shed;  
 The gift (if it may lawfully be said)  
 Which Constantine to good Sylvester made.

A large provision, next, of twigs and lime  
 —Your witcheries, O women!—he explored.  
 The things he witnessed, to recount in rhyme  
 Too tedious were; were myriads on record,  
 To sum the remnant ill should I have time.  
 'Tis here that all infirmities are stored,  
 Save only Madness, seen not here at all,  
 Which dwells below, nor leaves this earthly ball.

He turns him back, upon some days and deeds  
 To look again, which he had lost of yore;  
 But, save the interpreter the lesson reads,  
 Would know them not, such different form they wore.  
 He next saw that which man so little needs,  
 As it appears—none pray to Heaven for more;

I speak of sense ; whereof a lofty mount  
Aloné surpast all else which I recount.

It was as 'twere a liquor soft and thin,  
Which, save well corked, would from the vase have  
drained ;  
Laid up, and treasured various flasks within,  
Larger or lesser, to that use ordained.  
That largest was which of the paladin,  
Anglantes' lord, the mighty sense contained ;  
And from those others was discerned, since writ  
Upon the vessel was ORLANDO'S WIT.

The names of those whose wits therein were pent  
He thus on all those other flasks espied.  
Much of his own, but with more wonderment,  
The sense of many others he descried,  
Who, he believed, no dram of theirs had spent ;  
But here, by tokens clear was satisfied,  
That scantily therewith were they purveyed ;  
So large the quantity he here surveyed.

Some waste on love, some seeking honor, lose  
Their wits, some, scouring seas, for merchandise,  
Some, that on wealthy lords their hope repose,  
And some, befooled by silly sorceries ;  
These upon pictures, upon jewels those ;  
These on whatever else they highest prize.  
Astrologers' and sophists' wits mid these,  
And many a poet's too, Astolpho sees.

Since his consent the apostle signified  
Who wrote the obscure Apocalypse, his own  
He took, and only to his nose applied,  
When (it appeared) it to its place was gone ;  
And henceforth, has Sir Turpin certified,  
That long time sagely lived King Otho's son ;  
Till other error (as he says) again  
Deprived the gentle baron of his brain.

The fullest vessel and of amplest round  
 Which held the wit Orlando erst possessed,  
 Astolpho took; nor this so light he found,  
 As it appeared, when piled among the rest.  
 Before, from those bright spheres, now earthward bound,  
 His course is to our lower orb addressed,  
 Him to a spacious palace, by whose side  
 A river ran, conducts his holy guide.

Roger (Ruggiero), fighting for Leo, son of the Emperor Constantine, conquers and marries Bradamant, who has vowed not to marry a man less strong than herself.

The *Orlando Furioso* closes with the account of the struggle between Roger and Rodomont, in which the latter is killed:

Rodomont's lance which smote in the career  
 Upon mid-shield, yet harmed it little; so  
 Perfect was famous Hector's iron gear.  
 Hardened by Vulcan's hand, and safe from blow,  
 As well against the shield his leveled spear  
 Rogero guides, and that good buckler—though  
 Well steeled within and out, with bone between,  
 And nigh a palm in thickness—pierces clean:  
 And—but his lance resists not that fierce shock,  
 And at the first assault its splinters fly,  
 And bits and fragments of the shivered stock  
 Seem fledged with feathers, they ascend so high;  
 Were his arms hewn from adamant rock,  
 The spear would pierce the paynim's panoply;  
 And end that battle: but it breaks withal,  
 And on their croups both staggering coursers fall.  
 With bridle and with spur the martial pair  
 Raise their proud horses nimbly from the ground;  
 And having broke their spears, with faulchions bare  
 Return, to bandy fierce and cruel wound.

Wheeling with woundrous mastery, here and there,  
The bold and ready coursers in a round,  
The warriors with their biting swords begin  
To try where either's armor is most thin.

Rodomont had not that hard dragon-hide  
Which heretofore had cased the warrior's breast;  
Nor Nimrod's trenchant sword was at his side;  
Nor the accustomed helm his temples prest.  
For on that bridge which spanned the narrow tide  
A loser to Dordona's lady, vest  
And arms suspended from the votive stone  
He left: as I, meseems, erewhile have shown.

Clad was the king in other goodly mail;  
Yet not like that first panoply secure:  
But neither this, nor that, nor harder scale  
Could Balisarda's deadly dint endure;  
Against which neither workmanship avail,  
Enchantment, temper, nor prime steel and pure.  
So here so there Rogero plied his sword,  
He more than once the paynim's armor bored.

When Rodomont beholds in that fierce close  
His widely crimsoned arms, nor can restrain  
The greater portion of those griding blows  
From biting to the quick, through plate and chain,  
He with more fury, with more rage o'erflows,  
Than in mid winter the tempestuous main,  
Flings down his shield, and with both hands outright  
Lays at Rogero's helm with all his might.

With that excessive force, wherewith the gin,  
Erected in two barges upon Po,  
And raised by men and wheels, with deafening din  
Descends upon the sharpened piles below,  
With all his might he smote the paladin  
With either hand; was never direr blow:  
Him the charmed helmet helped, or—such its force—  
The stroke would have divided man and horse.

As if about to fall, the youthful lord  
 Twice nodded, opening legs and arms; anew  
 Rodomont smote, in that he would afford  
 His foe no time his spirits to renew:  
 Then threatened other stroke; but that fine sword  
 Bore not such hammering, and in shivers flew;  
 And the bold Saracen, bereft of brand,  
 Was in the combat left with unarmed hand.

But not for this doth Rodomont refrain:  
 He swoops upon the Child, unheeding aught:  
 So sore astounded is Rogero's brain;  
 So wholly overclouded is his thought.  
 But him the paynim well awakes again,  
 Whom by the neck he with strong arm has caught,  
 And gripes and grapples with such mighty force,  
 He falls on earth, pulled headlong from his horse.

Yet leaps from earth as nimbly, moved by spleen  
 Far less than shame; for on his gentle bride  
 He turned his eyes, and that fair face serene  
 Now troubled the disdainful warrior spied.  
 She in sore doubt her champion's fall had seen;  
 And well nigh at that sight the lady died.  
 Rogero, quickly to revenge the affront,  
 Clutches his sword and faces Rodomont.

He at Rogero rode, who that rude shock  
 Shunned warily, retiring from his ground,  
 And, as he past, the paynim's bridle took  
 With his left hand, and turned his courser round;  
 While with his right he at his rider struck,  
 Whom he in belly, flank, and breast would wound;  
 And twice sore anguish felt the monarch, gored  
 In flank and thigh by good Rogero's sword.

Rodomont, grasping still in that close fight  
 The hilt and pommel of his broken blade,  
 Laid at Rogero's helmet with such might,  
 That him another stroke might have dismayed:

But good Rogero, who should win of right,  
Seizing his arm, the king so rudely swayed,  
Bringing his left his better hand to speed,  
That he pulled down the paynim from his steed.

Through force or skill, so fell the Moorish lord,  
He stood his match, I rather ought to say  
Fell on his feet; because Rogero's sword  
Gave him, 'twas deemed, advantage in the fray.  
Rogero stands aloof, with wary ward,  
As fain to keep the paynim king at bay.  
For the wise champion will not let a wight  
So tall and bulky close with him in fight;

Rogero flank and thigh dyed red beheld,  
And other wounds; and hoped he would have failed  
By little and by little, as it welled;  
So that he finally should have prevailed.  
His hilt and pommel in his fist yet held  
The paynim, which with all his might he scaled  
At young Rogero; whom he smote so sore,  
The stripling never was so stunned before.

In the helmet-cheek and shoulder-bone below  
The Child was smit, and left so sore astound,  
He, tripping still and staggering to and fro,  
Scarce kept himself from falling to the ground.  
Rodomont fain would close upon his foe;  
But his foot fails him, weakened by the wound  
Which pierced his thigh: he overtasked his might  
And on his kneepan fell the paynim knight.

Rogero lost no time, and with fierce blows  
Smote him in face and bosom with his brand;  
Hammered, and held the Saracen so close,  
To ground he bore that champion with his hand.  
But he so stirred himself, again he rose:  
He gripes Rogero so, fast locked they stand.  
Seconding their huge vigor by address,  
They circle one another, shake, and press.

His wounded thigh and gaping flank had sore  
 Weakened the vigor of the Moorish king:  
 Rogero had address; had mickle lore;  
 Was greatly practiced in the wrestlers' ring:  
 He marked his vantage, nor from strife forbore;  
 And, where he saw the blood most freely spring,  
 And where most wounded was the warrior, prest  
 The paynim with his feet, his arms, and breast.

Rodomont filled with spite and rage, his foe  
 Takes by the neck and shoulders, and now bends  
 Towards him, and now pushes from him; now  
 Raises from earth, and on his chest suspends;  
 Whirls here and there and grapples; and to throw  
 The stripling sorely in that strife contends.  
 Collected in himself, Rogero wrought,  
 To keep his vantage taxing strength and thought.

So shifting oft his hold, about the Moor  
 His arms the good and bold Rogero wound;  
 Against his left flank shoved his breast, and sore  
 Strained him with all his strength engirdled round,  
 At once he past his better leg before  
 Rodomont's knees and pushed, and from the ground  
 Uplifted high in air the Moorish lord;  
 Then hurled him down head foremost on the sward.

Such was the shock wherewith King Rodomont  
 With battered head and spine the champaign smote,  
 That, issuing from his wounds as from a font,  
 Streams of red blood the crimsoned herbage float.  
 Rogero, holding Fortune by the front,  
 Lest he should rise, with one hand griped his throat,  
 With one a dagger at his eyes address;  
 And with his knees the paynim's belly prest.

As sometimes where they work the golden vein  
 Within Pannonian or Iberian cave,  
 If unexpected ruin whelm the train  
 By impious avarice there condemned to slave,



So with the load they lie opprest, with pain

A passage can their prisoned spirit have:

No less opprest the doughty paynim lay,

Pinned to the ground in that disastrous fray.

Rogero at his vizor doth present

His naked poniard's point, with threatening cry,

"That he will slay him, save he yields, content

To let him live, if he for grace apply."

But Rodomont, who rather than be shent

For the least deed of shame, preferred to die,

Writhed, struggled, and with all his vigor tried

To pull Rogero down, and naught replied.

As mastiff that below the deer-hound lies,

Fixed by the gullet fast, with holding bite,

Sorely bestirs himself and vainly tries,

With lips besmeared with foam and eyes alight,

And cannot from beneath the conqueror rise,

Who foils his foe by force, and not despite;

So vainly strives the monarch of Argier

To rise from underneath the cavalier.

Yet Rodomont so twists and strives, he gains

The freedom of his better arm anew;

And with the right hand, which his poniard strains,

For he had drawn his deadly dagger too,

Would wound Rogero underneath the reins:

But now the wary youth the error knew

Through which he might have died, by his delay

That impious Saracen forthwith to slay;

And smiting twice or thrice his horrid front,

Raising as high as he could raise in air

His dagger, buried it in Rodomont;

And freed himself withal from further care.

Loosed from the more than icy corse, to font

Of fetid Acheron, and hell's foul repair,

The indignant spirit fled, blaspheming loud;

Erewhile on earth so haughty and so proud.



## CHAPTER XIV

SECOND PERIOD (CONTINUED)

1476-1675

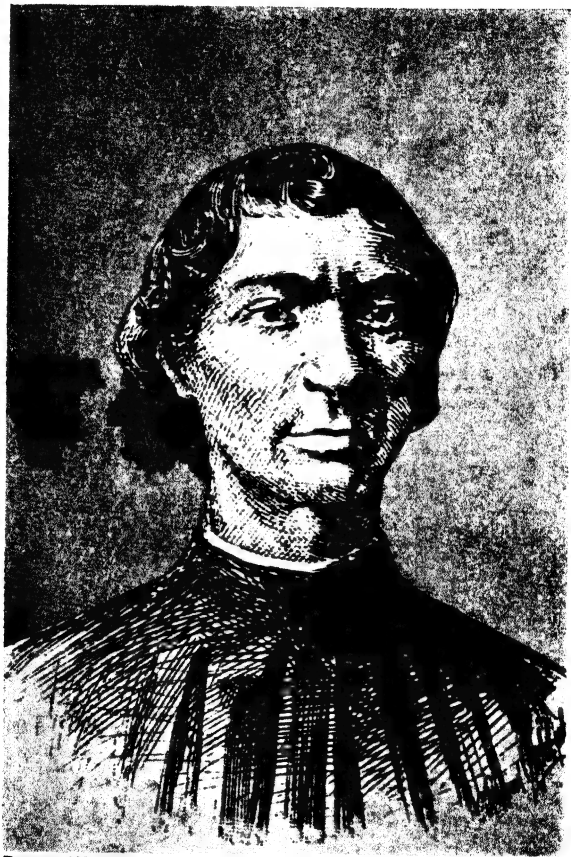
PROSE

**S**ANNAZARO. To begin at the beginning of the revival in Italian prose we must go back to Jacopo Sannazaro, born about 1455, a Neapolitan of Spanish descent. He was a protege of the court, and an exceptionally faithful one, for when the Aragonese dynasty was utterly wrecked, he accompanied his fallen master to France and remained there in exile till the latter died, finally returning to Naples and devoting himself thereafter to writing. In 1528 his beautiful villa at Mergellina was destroyed in the French war, and two years later he died at the house of a friend whom he had tried to defend against her husband's attempts to divorce her. As a writer, he cannot be con-

sidered in the first rank, but as a man he ranked high above most courtesans of his day and produced one work which has been epoch-making. We allude to his *Arcadia*, written in great part probably between 1481 and 1486. The *Arcadia*, written originally in a somewhat hybrid diction, was later consciously remodeled by the author to conform to Boccaccio's vocabulary, syntax and style; thus it became one of the early examples of what is known as "classicism" in the theory of Italian grammar.

Its excellent prose demonstrated the fact that the Tuscan dialect had passed beyond the limits of the province and was become the medium of the best literature in all departments, although Sannazaro himself persisted in writing Latin poems and in using more Latin words than necessity required.

The *Arcadia* is a mixture of prose and verse, abounding with beautiful descriptions and having a charmingly-melodious versification. The Italian climate and Italian landscapes lend themselves naturally to the pastoral idea, and the language is peculiarly fitted to express the feelings of the shepherds, whom we persist in considering as simple and childish in their natures. Sannazaro, however, was a slave to the classics, took his shepherd models from the pages of antiquity, borrowed the mythology of the Greeks, and introduced fauns, nymphs and satyrs without number. He gave them the manners of ancient times, but did not content himself merely with dialogue, throwing into



*From an Old Print*

MACHIAVELLI

1469-1527

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF FLORENCE."



their conversation dramatic actions which make the *Arcadia* another of the forerunners of the drama. In spite of all its defects there is enough of true feeling in the work to overcome the wearisomeness of some of its passages and to move the reader to a sympathetic interest in the people.

As it was perhaps the only piece of prose during the fifteenth century which later critics crowned as a classic, it acquired great popularity and fixed a standard of pastoral writing which has been extensively followed outside of Italy. English writers have borrowed its spirit and some of the episodes entire; the Portuguese modeled some of their works upon it; Shakespeare found therein the name for Ophelia; and traces of it show plainly in the poems of Keats.

II. MACHIAVELLI. Niccolo Machiavelli was born at Florence, on the third of May, 1469. Both his parents were members of the old Florentine nobility, and his father was a lawyer of some distinction. The youth of Niccolo lay in the days when Florence was a great Italian power under the guidance of Lorenzo the Magnificent, during which time the young man may have fallen under the influence of two opposing forces, one that of the splendor-loving Lorenzo and the other that directed by the fiery religious teacher and fervent ascetic, Savonarola. It is not probable, however, that the latter affected Machiavelli deeply, though at one time Savonarola was one of the greatest

powers in Florence and one of the most interesting characters in history. His career, however, affected literature so slightly that we have passed it by, although the temptation has been strong to make something of the great reformer. Machiavelli was undoubtedly very much like the youth of his age, of whom he writes :

They were freer than their forefathers in dress and living, and spent more in other kinds of excesses, consuming their time and money in idleness, gaming, and women ; their chief aim was to appear well dressed and to speak with wit and acuteness, whilst he who could wound others the most cleverly was thought the wisest.

As a boy he was a deep student of the classics, though possibly he read them in large part in translations. Of the importance of good reading he writes to his son :

I have received your letter, which has given me the greatest pleasure, especially because you tell me you are quite restored to health, than which I could have no better news ; for if God grant life to you, and to me, I hope to make a good man of you if you are willing to do your share. . . . This will turn out well for you, but it is necessary for you to study ; since, then, you have no longer the excuse of illness, take pains to study letters and music, for you see what honor is done to me for the little skill I have. Therefore, my son, if you wish to please me, and to bring success and honor to yourself, do right and study, because others will help you if you help yourself.

The second period of Machiavelli's life dates from his twenty-ninth year, and is that in which he was the prominent servant of the Republic

of Florence, which flourished from the expulsion of the Medici until their return in 1512. During this time Machiavelli's life was that of a public servant and open to the inspection of all, so that our knowledge of it is complete on that side at least. Intimately acquainted with all the statesmen and soldiers of his time, his experience was altogether unusual in the various missions which he undertook to different principalities and rulers in the interests of his State. In 1499 he was sent to visit Caterina Sforza, and in 1500 he went to France to interview Louis XII in order to obtain terms for continuing the war against Pisa. In 1502 his mission was to Duke Valentino, the formidable Borgia, who was the chief actor in the events that arose out of the ambitions of Pope Alexander VI. By some critics Cesare Borgia is regarded as the "hero" of *The Prince*, but others doubt the accuracy of this, for in the text Machiavelli cites the Duke as a type of the man who rises on the fortune of others and falls with them; who acts in every way except that which might be expected from a prudent man; who is prepared for all events excepting the one which happens; and who, when with all his abilities he is unable to carry out his schemes, remarks that it was by an unforeseen fatality and not his fault that he was unsuccessful. In 1503, on the death of Pope Pius III, Machiavelli was sent to Rome to watch the election of a successor, and saw the choice of the College fall on him who became Julius



II, to the disappointment of Cesare Borgia. It is not necessary for our purpose to go further with the various missions and enterprises in which Machiavelli was engaged, but it is sufficient to say that on diplomatic missions later he visited Julius II, Louis XII of France several times, and Emperor Maximilian, and was engaged in those events which arose out of the League of Cambray. When in 1511 Julius drove the French out of Italy, it was the signal for the fall of the Republic of Florence and the return of the Medici.

This brings us to the third period of Machiavelli's life, during which he was under a political cloud, accused of complicity in a plot against the Medici, imprisoned, tortured, but finally released by the influence of the new Medicean Pope, Leo X. On his release from prison he retired to his little property at San Casciano, near Florence, where he devoted himself to literature, while hoping to be reinstated again to political favor. Probably the Medici feared the ambitious man, for they failed to restore him to his old time dignities, although they gave him commissions of various sorts, among which the most important was the writing of the *History of Florence*. Prior to this time he had completed *The Prince*, of which he speaks in a letter dated in December, 1513, written to Francesco Vettori. In this extremely interesting epistle he describes his daily occupations with his family and neighbors, and then continues:

The evening being come, I return home and go to my study; at the entrance I pull off my peasant-clothes, covered with dust and dirt, and put on my noble court dress, and thus becomingly re-clothed I pass into the ancient courts of the men of old, where, being lovingly received by them, I am fed with that food which is mine alone; where I do not hesitate to speak with them, and ask for the reason of their actions, and they in their benignity answer me; and for four hours I feel no weariness, I forget every trouble, poverty does not dismay, death does not terrify me; I am possessed entirely by those great men. And because Dante says:—

“Knowledge doth come of learning well retained,  
Unfruitful else,”

I have noted down what I have gained from their conversation, and have composed a small work on *Principalities*, where I pour myself out as fully as I can in meditation on the subject, discussing what a principality is, what kinds there are, how they can be acquired, how they can be kept, why they are lost: and if any of my fancies ever pleased you, this ought not to displease you: and to a prince, especially to a new one, it should be welcome: therefore I dedicate it to his Magnificence Giuliano. Filippo Casavecchio has seen it; he will be able to tell you what is in it, and of the discourses I have had with him; nevertheless, I am still enriching and polishing it.

The little book to which he refers is *The Prince*, and the letter concludes:

And as to this little thing his book when it has been read it will be seen that during the fifteen years I have given to the study of statecraft I have neither slept nor idled; and men ought ever to desire to be served by one who has reaped experience at the expense of others. And of my loyalty none could doubt, because having always kept faith I could not now learn how to break it; for he

who has been faithful and honest, as I have, cannot change his nature; and my poverty is a witness to my honesty.

*The Prince*, dedicated to Lorenzo de' Medici, was completed just after the first fall of his family, so the *History of Florence* he dedicated to the head of the same house just before the battle of Pavia, which destroyed French rule in Italy and enabled the Florentines once more to throw off the yoke of the Medici. At this time Machiavelli was absent from Florence, but he hastened his return, hoping to regain his former office of Secretary to the Ten, but soon after he reached Florence he was taken ill and died on the twenty-second of June, 1527.

Machiavelli was undoubtedly a man of keen observation directed over a wide field, of great acuteness and of unflagging industry. Whatever passed before him, his keen eye caught, and later his fertile brain, aided by his supreme literary gift, enabled him to make of himself the first eminent genius in Italy and almost the first man to write in a modern way upon historical and political subjects. He was not a successful politician, and many of his embassies were failures; his attempts to fortify Florence failed; his soldiers astonished everybody by their cowardice. In his own affairs he was timid and almost groveling toward his superiors; he neglected friends who had favored him; and in spite of the favors he received from the Medici, history looks with suspicion upon his acts toward them.

It is only as a literary man that his success was unqualified, but even through his writings he created for himself such a reputation that the word *Machiavellian* is still synonymous with treachery and double-dealing. It is not probable that he deserved the reputation which he has acquired in later years, and there is really little in his writings that marks him as different from his contemporaries. Judged by our standard, the ethics of *The Prince* is subject to criticism, but Machiavelli was treating for the first time of the science of politics as he understood it and drawing his inferences from his experience with the many governments which he knew, and his conclusions are in accord with his facts. The problems which confronted him were the eternal problems between the ruler and the ruled, problems which can never become wholly out of date, and the sinister aspect which modern writers have given to his opinions is owing to a moral reformation which he could not possibly have foreseen. He discussed the means of political success for rulers, and morality did not enter into consideration. He had not seen his ideal of a prince carried out on the colossal scale which Napoleon showed the world, and had no intimation of the standard of righteousness by which modern rulers are criticized. What invests his writings with the greatest interest now, aside from their artistic qualities, is his treatment of the problems which are confronting us to-day.

The writings of Machiavelli consists of *The Prince* and the *History of Florence*, of both of which we shall speak at greater length; of plays and poems, which, while they do not detract from his reputation, need not attract present consideration; of the art of war; discourses on Livy's *Decades*; a sketch of the murders committed by the Duke Valentino, and a critical biography of Castruccio Castracani.

III. THE "CASTRUCCIO CASTRACANI." While in the history of chaotic Italy Castracani may not be considered a great ruler, yet he was one of those bold, ardent and vigorous men who rose into a power which was dissipated at their death, and as such is a type worthy of consideration. In a short time he raised himself from comparative obscurity to the leadership of the Ghibellines in Tuscany, gained the control of Lucca, Pistoia, Pisa and a number of other North Italian cities, forced favorable treaties from the Florentines, and at one time had reason to hope that he might add even their wealthy and powerful city to his domains. His methods were in harmony with the times, and they are not glozed over in the laudatory biography. He died at the very height of his power, in his forty-fourth year.

The following extracts are from Machiavelli's work. The first sketches the youth of Castruccio:

The family of Castracani was formerly numbered among the noble families of Lucca, but in the days of

which I speak it had somewhat fallen in estate, as so often happens in this world. To this family was born a son Antonio, who became a priest of the order of San Michele of Lucca, and for this reason was honored with the title of Messer Antonio. He had an only sister, who had been married to Buonaccorso Cenami, but Buonaccorso dying she became a widow, and not wishing to marry again went to live with her brother. Messer Antonio had a vineyard behind the house where he resided, and as it was bounded on all sides by gardens, any person could have access to it without difficulty. One morning, shortly after sunrise, Madonna Dianora, as the sister of Messer Antonio was called, had occasion to go into the vineyard as usual to gather herbs for seasoning the dinner, and hearing a slight rustling among the leaves of a vine she turned her eyes in that direction, and heard something resembling the cry of an infant. Whereupon she went towards it, and saw the hands and face of a baby who was lying wrapped up in paper, and who seemed to be crying for its mother. Partly wondering and partly fearing, yet full of compassion, she lifted it up and carried it to the house, where she washed it and clothed it with clean linen as is customary, and showed it to Messer Antonio when he returned home. When he heard what had happened and saw the child he was not less surprised or compassionate than his sister. They discussed between themselves what should be done, and seeing that he was a priest and that she had no children, they finally determined to bring it up. They had a nurse for it, and it was reared and loved as if it were their own child. They baptized it, and gave it the name of Castruccio after their father. As the years passed Castruccio grew very handsome, and gave evidence of wit and discretion, and learnt with a quickness beyond his years those lessons which Messer Antonio imparted to him. Messer Antonio intended to make a priest of him, and in time would have inducted him into his canonry and other benefices, and all his instruction was given with this object; but

Antonio discovered that the character of Castruccio was quite unfitted for the priesthood. As soon as Castruccio reached the age of fourteen he began to take less notice of the chiding of Messer Antonio and Madonna Dianora and no longer to fear them; he left off reading ecclesiastical books, and turned to playing with arms, delighting in nothing so much as in learning their uses, and in running, leaping, and wrestling with other boys. In all exercises he far excelled his companions in courage and bodily strength, and if at any time he did turn to books, only those pleased him which told of wars and the mighty deeds of men. Messer Antonio beheld all this with vexation and sorrow.

There lived in the city of Lucca a gentleman of the Guinigi family, named Messer Francesco, whose profession was arms and who in riches, bodily strength, and valor excelled all other men in Lucca. He had often fought under the command of the Visconti of Milan, and as a Ghibelline was the valued leader of that party in Lucca. This gentleman resided in Lucca and was accustomed to assemble with others most mornings and evenings under the balcony of the Podesta, which is at the top of the square of San Michele, the finest square in Lucca, and he had often seen Castruccio taking part with other children of the street in those games of which I have spoken. Noticing that Castruccio far excelled the other boys, and that he appeared to exercise a royal authority over them, and that they loved and obeyed him, Messer Francesco became greatly desirous of learning who he was. Being informed of the circumstances of the bringing up of Castruccio he felt a greater desire to have him near to him. Therefore he called him one day and asked him whether he would more willingly live in the house of a gentleman, where he would learn to ride horses and use arms, or in the house of a priest, where he would learn nothing but masses and the services of the Church. Messer Francesco could see that it pleased Castruccio greatly to hear horses and arms spoken of even though he stood silent, blushing modestly;

but being encouraged by Messer Francesco to speak, he answered that, if his master were agreeable, nothing would please him more than to give up his priestly studies and take up those of a soldier. This reply delighted Messer Francesco, and in a very short time he obtained the consent of Messer Antonio, who was driven to yield by his knowledge of the nature of the lad, and the fear that he would not be able to hold him much longer.

Thus Castruccio passed from the house of Messer Antonio the priest to the house of Messer Francesco Guinigi the soldier, and it was astonishing to find that in a very short time he manifested all that virtue and bearing which we are accustomed to associate with a true gentleman. In the first place he became an accomplished horseman, and could manage with ease the most fiery charger, and in all jousts and tournaments, although still a youth, he was observed beyond all others, and he excelled in all exercises of strength and dexterity. But what enhanced so much the charm of these accomplishments, was the delightful modesty which enabled him to avoid offense in either act or word to others, for he was deferential to the great men, modest with his equals, and courteous to his inferiors. These gifts made him beloved, not only by all the Guinigi family, but by all Lucca. When Castruccio had reached his eighteenth year, the Ghibellines were driven from Pavia by the Guelphs, and Messer Francesco was sent by the visconti to assist the Ghibellines, and with him Castruccio, in charge of his forces. Castruccio gave ample proof of his prudence and courage in this expedition, acquiring greater reputation than any other captain, and his name and fame were known, not only in Pavia, but throughout all Lombardy.

Castruccio, having returned to Lucca in far higher estimation than he left it, did not omit to use all the means in his power to gain as many friends as he could, neglecting none of those arts which are necessary for that purpose. About this time Messer Francesco died,



leaving a son thirteen years of age named Pagolo, and having appointed Castruccio to be his son's tutor and administrator of his estate. Before he died Francesco called Castruccio to him, and prayed him to show Pagolo that goodwill which he (Francesco) had always shown to *him*, and to render to the son the gratitude which he had not been able to repay to the father. Upon the death of Francesco, Castruccio became the governor and tutor of Pagolo, which increased enormously his power and position, and created a certain amount of envy against him in Lucca in place of the former universal goodwill, for many men suspected him of harboring tyrannical intentions. Among these the leading man was Giorgio degli Opizi, the head of the Guelph party. This man hoped after the death of Messer Francesco to become the chief man in Lucca, but it seemed to him that Castruccio, with the great abilities which he already showed, and holding the position of governor, deprived him of his opportunity; therefore he began to sow those seeds which should rob Castruccio of his eminence. Castruccio at first treated this with scorn, but afterwards he grew alarmed, thinking that Messer Giorgio might be able to bring him into disgrace with the deputy of King Ruberto of Naples and have him driven out of Lucca.

Castruccio's characteristic treatment of the Poggio family, for engaging in an insurrection after he had made himself master of Lucca, is shown in the following extract:

There resided in the city of Lucca the Poggio family, who were so powerful that they could not only elevate Castruccio, but even advance him to the dignity of prince; and it appearing to them they had not received such rewards for their services as they deserved, they incited other families to rebel and to drive Castruccio out of Lucca. They found their opportunity one morning, and arming themselves, they set upon the lieutenant whom Castruccio had left to maintain order and killed

him. They endeavored then to raise the people in revolt, but Stefano di Poggio, a peaceable old man who had taken no hand in the rebellion, intervened and compelled them by his authority to lay down their arms; and he offered to be their mediator with Castruccio to obtain from him what they desired. Therefore they laid down their arms with no greater intelligence than they had taken them up. Castruccio, having heard the news of what had happened at Lucca, at once put Pagolo Guinigi in command of the army, and with a troop of cavalry set out for home. Contrary to his expectations, he found the rebellion at an end, yet he posted his men in the most advantageous places throughout the city. As it appeared to Stefano that Castruccio ought to be very much obliged to him, he sought him out, and without saying anything on his own behalf, for he did not recognize any need for doing so, he begged Castruccio to pardon the other members of his family by reason of their youth, their former friendships, and the obligations which Castruccio was under to their house. To this Castruccio graciously responded, and begged Stefano to reassure himself, declaring that it gave him more pleasure to find the tumult at an end than it had ever caused him anxiety to hear of its inception. He encouraged Stefano to bring his family to him, saying that he thanked God for having given him the opportunity of showing his clemency and liberality. Upon the word of Stefano and Castruccio they surrendered, and with Stefano were immediately thrown into prison and put to death.

The account of Castruccio's death is interesting, in that it shows Machiavelli's method of reasoning from events and his habit of putting speeches into the mouths of his characters, as the historian Livy had done.

But Fortune growing envious of the glory of Castruccio took away his life just at the time when she should

have preserved it, and thus ruined all those plans which for so long a time he had worked to carry into effect, and in the successful prosecution of which nothing but death could have stopped him. Castruccio was in the thick of the battle the whole of the day; and when the end of it came, although fatigued and over-heated, he stood at the gate of Fucecchio to welcome his men on their return from victory and personally thank them. He was also on the watch for any attempt of the enemy to retrieve the fortunes of the day; he being of the opinion that it was the duty of a good general to be the first man in the saddle and the last out of it. Here Castruccio stood exposed to a wind which often rises at mid-day on the banks of the Arno, and which is often very unhealthy; from this he took a chill, of which he thought nothing, as he was accustomed to such troubles; but it was the cause of his death. On the following night he was attacked with high fever, which increased so rapidly that the doctors saw it must prove fatal. Castruccio, therefore, called Pagolo Guinigi to him, and addressed him as follows:

“If I could have believed that Fortune would have cut me off in the midst of the career which was leading to that glory which all my successes promised, I should have labored less, and I should have left thee, if a smaller state, at least with fewer enemies and perils, because I should have been content with the governorships of Lucca and Pisa. I should neither have subjugated the Pistoians, nor outraged the Florentines with so many injuries. But I would have made both these peoples my friends, and I should have lived, if no longer, at least more peacefully, and have left you a state without doubt smaller, but one more secure and established on a surer foundation. But Fortune, who insists upon having the arbitrament of human affairs, did not endow me with sufficient judgment to recognize this from the first, nor the time to surmount it. Thou hast heard, for many have told thee, and I have never concealed it, how I entered the house of thy father whilst yet a boy—a

stranger to all those ambitions which every generous soul should feel—and how I was brought up by him, and loved as though I had been born of his blood; how under his governance I learned to be valiant and capable of availing myself of all that fortune, of which thou hast been witness. When thy good father came to die, he committed thee and all his possession to my care, and I have brought thee up with that love, and increased thy estate with that care, which I was bound to show. And in order that thou shouldst not only possess the estate which thy father left, but also that which my fortune and abilities have gained, I have never married, so that the love of children should never deflect my mind from that gratitude which I owed to the children of thy father. Thus I leave thee a vast estate, of which I am well content, but I am deeply concerned, inasmuch as I leave it thee unsettled and insecure. Thou hast the city of Lucca on thy hands, which will never rest contented under thy government. Thou hast also Pisa, where the men are of nature changeable and unreliable, who, although they may be sometimes held in subjection, yet they will ever disdain to serve under a Lucchese. Pistoia is also disloyal to thee, she being eaten up with factions and deeply incensed against thy family by reason of the wrongs recently inflicted upon them. Thou hast for neighbors the offended Florentines, injured by us in a thousand ways, but not utterly destroyed, who will hail the news of my death with more delight than they would the acquisition of all Tuscany. In the Emperor and in the princes of Milan thou canst place no reliance, for they are far distant, slow, and their help is very long in coming. Therefore, thou hast no hope in anything but in thine own abilities, and in the memory of my valor, and in the prestige which this latest victory has brought thee; which, as thou knowest how to use it with prudence, will assist thee to come to terms with the Florentines, who, as they are suffering under this great defeat, should be inclined to listen to thee. And whereas I have sought to make them my enemies, because I believed that war

with them would conduce to my power and glory, thou hast every inducement to make friends of them, because their alliance will bring thee advantages and security. It is of the greatest importance in this world that a man should know himself, and the measure of his own strength and means; and he who knows that he has not a genius for fighting must learn how to govern by the arts of peace. And it will be well for thee to rule thy conduct by my counsel, and to learn in this way to enjoy what my life-work and dangers have gained; and in this thou wilt easily succeed when thou hast learnt to believe that what I have told thee is true. And thou wilt be doubly indebted to me, in that I have left thee this realm and have taught thee how to keep it."

Finally, the anecdotes and reflections with which he closes the biography are worth reading, though we know that Castracani little deserved the high rank which his biographer gave him:

From what has been related here it will be seen that Castruccio was a man of exceptional abilities, not only measured by men of his own time, but also by those of an earlier date. In stature he was above the ordinary height, and perfectly proportioned. He was of a gracious presence, and he welcomed men with such urbanity that those who spoke with him rarely left him displeased. His hair was inclined to be red, and he wore it cut short above the ears, and, whether it rained or snowed, he always went without a hat. He was delightful among friends, but terrible to his enemies; just to his subjects; ready to play false with the unfaithful, and willing to overcome by fraud those whom he desired to subdue, because he was wont to say that it was the victory that brought the glory, not the methods of achieving it. No one was bolder in facing danger, none more prudent in extricating himself. He was accustomed to say that men ought to attempt everything and fear nothing; that God is a lover

of strong men, because one always sees that the weak are chastised by the strong. He was also wonderfully sharp or biting though courteous in his answers; and as he did not look for any indulgence in this way of speaking from others, so he was not angered when others did not show it to him. It has often happened that he has listened quietly when others have spoken sharply to him, as on the following occasions. He had caused a ducat to be given for a partridge, and was taken to task for doing so by a friend, to whom Castruccio said, "You would not have given more than a penny." "That is true," answered the friend. Then said Castruccio to him, "A ducat is much less to me." Having about him a flatterer on whom he had spat to show that he scorned him, the flatterer said to him, "Fishermen are willing to let the waters of the sea saturate them in order that they may take a few little fishes, and I allow myself to be wetted by spittle that I may catch a whale;" and this was not only heard by Castruccio with patience but rewarded. When told by a priest that it was wicked for him to live so sumptuously, Castruccio said, "If that be a vice then you should not fare so splendidly at the feasts of our saints." Passing through a street he saw a young man as he came out of a house of ill fame blush at being seen by Castruccio, and said to him, "Thou shouldst not be ashamed when thou comest out, but when thou goest into such places." A friend gave him a very curiously tied knot to undo and was told, "Fool, do you think that I wish to untie a thing which gave so much trouble to fasten." Castruccio said to one who professed to be a philosopher, "You are like the dogs who always run after those who will give them the best to eat," and was answered, "We are rather like the doctors who go to the houses of those who have the greatest need of them." Going by water from Pisa to Leghorn, Castruccio was much disturbed by a dangerous storm that sprang up, and was reproached for cowardice by one of those with him, who said that he did not fear anything. Castruccio answered that he did not wonder at that, since every

man valued his soul for what it was worth. Being asked by one what he ought to do to gain estimation, he said, "When thou goest to a banquet take care that thou dost not seat one piece of wood upon another." To a person who was boasting that he had read many things, Castruccio said, "He knows better than to boast of remembering many things." Some one bragged that he could drink much without becoming intoxicated. Castruccio replied, "An ox does the same." Being blamed for eating very dainty foods, he answered, "Thou dost not spend as much as I do?" and being told that it was true, he continued, "Then thou art more avaricious than I am gluttonous." Being invited by Taddeo Bernardi, a very rich and splendid citizen of Lucca, to supper, he went to the house and was shown by Taddeo into a chamber hung with silk and paved with fine stones representing flowers and foliage of the most beautiful coloring. Castruccio gathered some saliva in his mouth and spat it out upon Taddeo, and seeing him much disturbed by this, said to him, "I knew not where to spit in order to offend thee less." Being asked how Caesar died he said, "God willing I will die as he did." Being one night in the house of one of his gentlemen where many ladies were assembled, he was reproved by one of his friends for dancing and amusing himself with them more than was usual in one of his station, so he said, "He who is considered wise by day will not be considered a fool at night." A person came to demand a favor of Castruccio, and thinking he was not listening to his plea threw himself on his knees to the ground, and being sharply reproved by Castruccio, said, "Thou art the reason of my acting thus for thou hast thy ears in thy feet," whereupon he obtained double the favor he had asked. Castruccio used to say that the way to hell was an easy one, seeing that it was in a downward direction and you traveled blindfolded. Being asked a favor by one who used many superfluous words, he said to him, "When you have another request to make, send some one else to make it." Having been wearied by a similar man with a long

oration who wound up by saying, "Perhaps I have fatigued you by speaking so long," Castruccio said, "You have not, because I have not listened to a word you said." . . . To an envious man who laughed, he said, "Do you laugh because you are successful or because another is unfortunate?" Whilst he was still in the charge of Messer Francesco Guinigi, one of his companions said to him, "What shall I give you if you will let me give you a blow on the nose?" Castruccio answered, "A helmet." Having put to death a citizen of Lucca who had been instrumental in raising him to power, and being told that he had done wrong to kill one of his old friends, he answered that people deceived themselves; he had only killed a new enemy. Castruccio praised greatly those men who intended to take a wife and then did not do so, saying that they were like men who said they would go to sea, and then refused when the time came. He said that it always struck him with surprise that whilst men in buying an earthen or glass vase would sound it first to learn if it were good, yet in choosing a wife they were content with only looking at her. He was once asked in what manner he would wish to be buried when he died, and answered, "With the face turned downwards, for I know when I am gone this country will be turned upside down." . . . He was once asked when should a man eat to preserve his health, and replied, "If the man be rich let him eat when he is hungry; if he be poor, then when he can." Seeing one of his gentlemen make a member of his family lace him up, he said to him, "I pray God that you will let him feed you also." Seeing that some one had written upon his house in Latin the words, "May God preserve this house from the wicked," he said, "The owner must never go in." Passing through one of the streets he saw a small house with a very large door, and remarked, "That house will fly through the door." He was having a discussion with the ambassador of the King of Naples concerning the property of some banished nobles, when a dispute arose between them, and the ambassador asked



him if he had no fear of the King. "Is this King of yours a bad man or a good one?" asked Castruccio, and was told that he was a good one, whereupon he said, "Why should you suggest that I should be afraid of a good man?"

I could recount many other stories of his sayings both witty and weighty, but I think that the above will be sufficient testimony to his high qualities. He lived forty-four years, and was in every way a prince. And as he was surrounded by many evidences of his good fortune, so he also desired to have near him some memorials of his bad fortune; therefore the manacles with which he was chained in prison are to be seen to this day fixed up in the tower of his residence, where they were placed by him to testify for ever to his days of adversity. As in his life he was inferior neither to Philip of Macedon, the father of Alexander, nor to Scipio of Rome, so he died in the same year of his age as they did, and he would doubtless have excelled both of them had Fortune decreed that he should be born, not in Lucca, but in Macedonia or Rome.

IV. THE "HISTORY OF FLORENCE." Machiavelli commenced his history at the instance of Giulio de' Medici, and by the year 1525 it was completed and presented to the Cardinal. Possibly because the author saw the approaching change in the fortunes of the Medici family he was anxious for the authorization and publication of his book before the revolution, and accordingly did not carry out his expressed intention to bring the history down to his own day but closed it at 1492, with the death of Lorenzo de' Medici. A history by Machiavelli of later events of which he was an eye-witness would have been invaluable, and it is to be regretted that he never found the opportunity to

complete his project. This history has more of a purpose than that of mere narration, and its author uses every quality of his art to bring to the minds of his countrymen the views he has for their future. Many of the propositions which he lays down in *The Prince* he states in similar words in the *History*, when he finds an appropriate illustration. As we have intimated, many of the questions are those with which we still have to deal: the influence of religion upon politics and the necessity of a readjustment of their relationship; the necessity for armies and armed men, if the people are to preserve their position and liberty; the insecurity or worthlessness of treaties when not supported by force of arms; the unification of nations; the futility of conspiracy, and the influence of the individual in the solution of affairs.

The history is very readable, but we have opportunity for three extracts only. The first is a good example of the reflections in which the author indulges as he is carrying on his narrative of events:

Nations, as a rule, when making a change in their system of government pass from order to disorder, and afterwards from disorder to order, because nature permits no stability in human affairs. When nations reach their final perfection and can mount no higher they commence to descend; and equally when they have descended and reached a depth where they can fall no lower, necessity compels them to rise again. Thus states will always be falling from prosperity to adversity, and from adversity they will ascend again to prosperity. Because

valor brings peace, peace idleness, idleness disorder, and disorder ruin; once more from ruin arises good order, from order valor, and from valor success and glory. Hence it has been observed by wise men that arms take precedence of letters, and that captains are more needed in cities and countries than philosophers, because a state that has good and valiant armies achieves victories, and victories secure peace; and further, that the fortitude of brave armies cannot be corrupted by any surer means than by letters, nor can idleness find entrance into cities except by this great and dangerous deceit. This was perfectly well recognized by Cato, when the philosophers Diogenes and Carneades were sent as envoys from the Athenians to the Roman Senate; for Cato, finding that the Roman youths followed admiringly the philosophers, and knowing the evil that would result to the country from this plausible idleness, passed a law that no philosophers should be allowed to enter Rome. By means such as these countries have been brought to ruin, but where men have learnt wisdom by suffering they have returned to good government, unless they have remained overwhelmed by some extraordinary disaster. These are the causes which have made Italy, first under the ancient Tuscans and then under the Romans, at one time happy and at another miserable. Although nothing has been rebuilt upon the ruins of Rome that could in any way renew her glory, as under some vigorous domination might have been effected, nevertheless there has arisen so much valor in some of the new cities and empires which have sprung from the Roman ruins that whilst no one of them has dominated the others, yet they have worked in harmony to free and defend themselves from the barbarians. Among these powers the Florentines, if they have been deficient in territory, have not been so either in energy or influence; for their situation in the midst of Italy, with their wealth and readiness to take the offensive, has placed them equally happy either to sustain a war brought against them or to secure a victory to those allied with them. But among these new principalities

possessing high military qualities, peace could not be kept for any length of time; yet there was little of the harshness of war in their quarrels, because as there are none of the conditions of peace where principalities are constantly attacking each other, so there are none of the conditions of war where men are not killed, cities sacked, or territories laid waste. In those days war was carried on in such a desultory way that men entered upon it without any fear of its consequences, carried it on without danger, and concluded it without loss. So that whilst in other lands valor is enervated by long spells of peace, in Italy it was dissipated by the miserable way in which wars were waged, as can be clearly recognized in the events which will be related between 1434 and 1494, where it will again be seen that in the end a way was once more opened for the barbarians, and Italy was once more brought under their rule. If the deeds of our princes at home and abroad are not worth studying for their valor and dignity, as were those of their ancestors, yet they have other attributes which are not less worthy of consideration, which will show that even the noblest people can be held in check by a feeble and ill-regulated soldiery. If in the following description of the affairs of these corrupt communities one has nothing to relate of the fortitude of their soldiers, the valor of their captains, or the patriotism of their citizens, one will see with what deceit and with what craft and guile the princes, soldiers, and leaders of republics have achieved for themselves a reputation they have never deserved. It will be no less useful to study these actions than those of antiquity; for whilst the latter may inspire noble minds to follow them, the former will incite us to spurn and avoid them.

The second extract is an account of the conspiracy of the Pazzi family, one of the most exciting events in the rule of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and in illustration of the author's idea that conspiracies are rarely successful:

Nevertheless Lorenzo, in the hey-day of his youth and power, wished to have the decision of everything, and desired that the people should recognize his hand in everything; but the Pazzi, with all their wealth and pride of race, would not sit still under such injuries, and began to think of revenge. The first to make any move against the Medici was Francesco. This gentleman was very sensitive and high spirited, and he determined either to regain the position of which he had been deprived or to lose all he had in the attempt. As he was on bad terms with the government of Florence he resided in Rome, and having plenty of means, traded from there after the manner of Florentine merchants. He was very friendly with the Count Girolamo, and together they often discussed the Medici. After having deplored the situation of affairs they came to the conclusion that the only way in which the one could enjoy his government and the other be restored to his country was to overturn the government of Florence, and this they considered they were unable to accomplish without the death of Lorenzo and Giuliano. They believed also that the Pope and the King of Naples would assent when it was proved how easily the murders could be perpetrated. Having come to this determination they communicated their plans to Francesco Salviati, the Archbishop of Pisa, who being an ambitious man, and having been only a short time previously injured by the Medici, willingly agreed. They debated between themselves how to accomplish it, and decided to draw Messer Jacopo Pazzi into their schemes in order to insure success, as without it they feared they would fail. Francesco de' Pazzi went to Florence with a view to securing this aid, whilst the count and the archbishop remained in Rome to secure the Pope to their side, when the time should arrive for communicating their designs to him. Francesco found Messer Jacopo very cautious, and far more difficult than was expected; he therefore let the friends in Rome know that more influence would be needed to bring Jacopo into their plans. Whereupon the archbishop and count communicated the whole affair to

Giovanni Batista da Montesecco, the condottiere of the Pope. This soldier was highly esteemed and under many obligations to the Pope and the count, but he at once pointed out that the affair was one of extreme difficulty and danger; the archbishop strove to minimize these difficulties, and to assure him of the aid which the Pope and King would give to the enterprise, of the hatred which the people of Florence bore to the Medici, of the number of relatives which the Salviati and Pazzi would influence, of the ease with which the two Medici could be killed when walking with their companions in the city and quite unconscious of danger, and of the ease with which the government could be changed when they were killed. Giovanni Batista did not place much faith in these assurances, because he had heard something entirely different from other Florentines.

Whilst affairs stood thus it happened that the Signor Carlo of Faenza fell ill and was near to death. This occurrence appeared to the archbishop and the count to be a good opportunity for regaining certain towns which Carlo had seized, and for sending Giovanni Batista to Florence and thence into Romagna for that purpose. Giovanni was accordingly despatched by the count to Florence under the pretense of discussing this affair with Lorenzo, but really to speak with Messer Jacopo with a view to inducing him to support their conspiracy. As it was necessary to make use of the authority of the Pope with Messer Jacopo, the plot was revealed to the pontiff before Giovanni left Rome, and full assistance was promised. Having reached Florence Giovanni had an interview with Lorenzo, at which he was most graciously received, and in the advice which he asked he was so wisely and courteously counseled that Giovanni Batista was struck with admiration. Lorenzo appeared to be a very different person to what he had been led to expect; he found him to be a very genial man of the world, and quite friendly to the count. It was, however, necessary for him to speak with Francesco Pazzi, but he failed to meet him as he was absent in Lucca; he then approached

Messer Jacopo Pazzi, whom he found at first quite averse to the affair, but before Giovanni left him he appeared somewhat influenced by the countenance the Pope gave to it. Messer Jacopo advised Giovanni to pass on to Romagna, and by the time he returned to Florence Francesco would be back from Lucca, and the matter could then be discussed at greater length. Giovanni Batista completed his business in Romagna and returned thence to Florence. He again pretended to discuss with Lorenzo the affairs of the count, but was afterwards closeted with Messer Jacopo and Francesco de' Pazzi, Giovanni, and Francesco so wrought upon Messer Jacopo that he finally agreed to join the conspiracy; they then discussed the methods by which it could be carried into effect. To Messer Jacopo this did not appear feasible whilst the two brothers were in Florence together, and he counseled waiting until Lorenzo went to Rome, where common report said he was going, and then carrying it out there. It would, of course, have been perfectly satisfactory if Lorenzo did go to Rome, but supposing he did not, then it was decided that the two brothers should be killed either at a wedding, or the play, or at church. With regard to assistance from outside, Francesco proposed that the Pope should assemble forces for the purpose of attacking the castle of Montone, of which he had just cause for depriving Count Carlo, for his action in the Sienese and Perugian country some time back, of which we have spoken. Nevertheless no decision was reached excepting that Francesco de' Pazzi and Giovanni Batista should return to Rome and fix everything up with the Pope. At Rome their plans were carried still further, and in prosecution of the Montone enterprise it was decided that Giovanni Batista should again go to Florence in order that he might provide all that was necessary for the undertaking, towards which King Ferdinand, through his envoys, promised assistance. Francesco de' Pazzi and the archbishop also came to Florence and brought into their conspiracy Jacopo, the son of Messer Poggio, a clever and ambitious youth, always desirous of novelty; they induced also the

two Jacopo Salviati to join them, one was the brother and the other a distant relative of the archbishop; also Bernardo Bandini and Napoleone Franzezi, two ardent youths, both under obligations to the Pazzi; two foreigners also joined, Messer Antonio da Volterra and one Stefano Sacerdote, who taught Latin to a daughter of Messer Jacopo. Rinato de' Pazzi, a grave and prudent man, who far better than the others knew the evil of such deeds, would not join the conspiracy; nay, he detested it and took all the steps that he honestly could to put a stop to it.

For the purpose of studying pontifical literature, the Pope had sent to the Pisan Academy a nephew of Count Girolamo, named Raffaello di Riaro, and had afterwards elevated him to the dignity of a cardinal. It now occurred to the conspirators that they should take him with them to Florence, in order that his appearance there might enable them to conceal their designs, and with his assistance find an opportunity of executing their plans, besides this it was possible to conceal in his suite those men of whom they had need. The cardinal therefore set out for Florence, and was received by Messer Jacopo de' Pazzi at his villa Montughi, near to Florence. The conspirators intended to avail themselves of the first opportunity to bring Lorenzo and Giuliano together and then kill them. They managed matters so that the Medici invited the cardinal to their villa at Fiesole, but either by chance or design Giuliano did not attend, and that plan was in vain. They then arranged that the cardinal should be invited by the Medici to Florence, where of necessity both brothers would have to meet him. The banquet was fixed for Sunday, April 26, 1478, at which the conspirators determined to kill the two brothers, and they met together on Saturday night and arranged everything for the following morning. Francesco, however, learnt the first thing on Sunday morning that Giuliano would not be at the banquet, so that the chiefs of the conspiracy had again to make fresh plans; but it was evident to them that as the conspiracy was now known to



so many persons the chance of discovery had multiplied, therefore its execution should no longer be delayed, and it was decided to murder the Medici in the cathedral church of Santa Reparata where the cardinal was going, and where the two brothers would be as usual. They requested Giovanni Batista to take in hand the killing of Lorenzo, whilst Francesco de' Pazzi and Bernardo Bandini would kill Giuliano. Giovanni Batista begged to be excused, either because his recent intimacy with Lorenzo caused him to relent, or some other reason influenced him; he alleged that he had not sufficient courage to commit such a desperate deed in a church, and that sacrilege ought not to be added to treason. With this defection commenced the ruin of the conspiracy, for as time pressed the conspirators were compelled to entrust the murder of Lorenzo to Messer Antonio da Volterra and Stefano Sacerdote, two men who by nature and training were quite unfit for such a deed. If ever such a business is to succeed it must be entrusted to minds fixed and resolute, hardened amid many scenes of life and death, for it has often been found that even men expert in the use of arms and accustomed to bloodshed have failed in resolution on such occasions. The conspirators having now completed their arrangements the design was communicated to the priest who was to celebrate High Mass, and their plans were also completed for the seizure of the palace by the archbishop and his men, who with Messer Jacopo Poggio were to compel the signoria to declare in their favor, either willingly or by force, as soon as the two brothers were killed.

Everything being now prepared the conspirators repaired to the church, where the cardinal and Lorenzo had already arrived. The church was crowded with people, and the sacred office had already commenced although Giuliano had not arrived. Whereupon Francesco de' Pazzi and Bernardo, who had been told off to kill him, ran to his house to find him and by prayer and guile brought him to the church. It is indeed to be noted that Francesco and Bernardo were inspired by such feelings

of hatred and the lust of murder, and pursued their object with such callousness and resolution, that as they led Giuliano to the church, and even within it, they amused him with droll and jovial stories. Francesco even, under pretense of embracing him, took him in his arms and pressed him with his hands, to see if he were wearing a cuirass or other defensive armor. Although both Lorenzo and Giuliano were perfectly well aware of the resentment of the Pazzi and their desire to deprive them of the government, they had never gone in fear of their lives, as they always believed that when anything was attempted against them it would be by civil process and not by violence; so having no fears for their personal safety the Medici had always appeared friendly to the Pazzi. The murderers being now quite ready, those at the side of Lorenzo, having approached with ease owing to the crowd, and the others having reached their destination with Giuliano, Bernardo Bandini struck Giuliano in the stomach with a short dagger. Giuliano fell to the ground and Francesco covered him with wounds whilst he lay there, indeed with such rage did he strike that he wounded himself seriously in the thigh. Lorenzo was at the same time attacked by Messer Antonio and Stefano Sacerdote, who made many strokes at him, but only slightly wounded him in the throat. Either by their own lack of ability, or the courage of Lorenzo, who, finding himself attacked, defended himself with his sword, or by the aid of those around him, the efforts of his assailants were in vain. They becoming alarmed fled and endeavored to hide themselves, but being discovered were killed and their bodies dragged through the city. Lorenzo and his friends retreated to the sanctuary, and shut themselves up. Bernardo Bandini, finding that he had killed Giuliano, turned on Francesco Neri, a great friend of the Medici, and killed him, either because of some old feud or because he had tried to save Giuliano. Nor was Bernardo content with these two murders, but he ran in search of Lorenzo, that with his own courage and swiftness he might make amends for the slowness and coward-

ice of others. But he found Lorenzo had taken refuge in the sanctuary and defied his attempts. In the midst of these terrible deeds it seemed as if the church would fall in upon the people; the cardinal clung to the altar, and with difficulty was saved by the priests; when the tumult was appeased he was taken by the signori to the palace where he remained until his liberation.

At this time there were residing in Florence some men of Perugia, who had been driven out of that city by the dominant faction, and whom the Pazzi had induced to join their conspiracy by promising to restore them to their city. When the archbishop with Jacopo, the son of Messer Poggio, and their friends and relations reached the palace which they were to seize, the archbishop left a number of his followers below, with instructions that when they heard a disturbance upstairs they were to hold the door. The archbishop and the greater number of the Perugians then mounted the stairs and found the signori at dinner as it was now getting late. However, after a short time he was admitted by Cesare Petrucci, the gonfaloniere of justice. When the archbishop had entered with a few of his company, the greater number of his followers who were left outside shut themselves up in the Record room, the door of which was constructed in such a way that it could be opened neither from the inside nor the outside without a key. The archbishop had been admitted by the gonfaloniere into the council chamber under the pretense that he had something of importance from the Pope to communicate; but when he commenced to speak in a hesitating manner, and to show some excitement, the suspicions of the gonfaloniere were aroused, and in a moment with a great shout he thrust him out of the chamber; at the same time he seized Jacopo Poggio by the hair and handed him over to the sergeants. He then raised the alarm among the signori, who seizing such arms as they could find fell upon the followers of the archbishop who had come upstairs, all of whom were either killed and thrown from the windows of the palace or locked up; whilst the archbishop, the two Jacopo

Salviati, and Jacopo Poggio were hanged. Those men who had been left downstairs had overpowered the guard, forced the doors of the palace, and occupied the lower part of the palace, so that those citizens who heard the tumult and came running to the defense of the palace could render no assistance whatever.

Francesco de' Pazzi and Bernardo Bandini lost heart when they found that Lorenzo had escaped them, and that one of themselves, and he the mainstay of the enterprise, was very grievously wounded. Thereupon, seeing that all was lost, Bernardo devoted himself to his own safety with the same ardor he had shown in his attack upon the Medici, and fled; Francesco de' Pazzi returned to his house, where he found that his wound would not allow him to mount his horse. The arrangement had been that he should ride through the city with armed men and call the people to arms and to liberty, but this he was unable to do because of his terrible wound and loss of blood. He undressed and threw himself naked upon his bed, and prayed Messer Jacopo to take his place, and do what he was to have done. Although Messer Jacopo was old and quite unaccustomed to such tumultuous scenes, he mounted his horse and made a last bid for success. With about 100 armed men who had been prepared for this service he sallied out in the direction of the Piazza of the palace calling the people to liberty and to his standard. But he obtained no response, for the liberality and success of the Medici caused the people to turn a deaf ear to him, besides which the name of liberty was hardly known in Florence. The signori, who were masters of the upper part of the palace, saluted him with stones and menaced him with threats. Whilst Messer Jacopo was hesitating what to do he encountered his relative, Giovanni Serristori, who reproached him for all the trouble which had arisen and advised him to go home, for the care of the people and of liberty was close to the hearts of many other citizens besides himself. Thus Messer Jacopo lost courage, for he found the palace hostile to him, Lorenzo still alive, Francesco disabled, and

the people indifferent. Not knowing what else to do he determined to save his life if that were still possible by flight, and with some friends who had followed him to the Piazza he left Florence for Romagna.

By this time the city was thoroughly aroused, and Lorenzo de' Medici accompanied by a great escort of armed men had returned to his house. The palace had been recaptured by the people, and most of the rebels either killed or taken prisoners. Already the streets were re-echoing with the name of Medici, and the limbs of the dead were being borne aloft on pikes, or dragged along the ground, and all who bore the name of Pazzi were persecuted with rage and cruelty. Their houses were in possession of the mob, and Francesco, all naked, was dragged from his bed and led to the palace where he was hanged by the side of the archbishop and the others. Neither on the way to the palace, nor elsewhere, was it possible by word or deed to make him speak a word, but keeping a fixed look he breathed his last in silence. Guglielmo de' Pazzi, the brother-in-law of Lorenzo, because of his innocence, was saved by the aid of his wife in the house of his relative. In this emergency there was not a citizen who, whether armed or unarmed, did not go to the house of Lorenzo and place himself and his substance at the disposal of the Medici, such was the goodwill which this family had won by its prudence and liberality. Rinato de' Pazzi had retired to his villa before the above events happened, but when he heard of them he attempted to escape; he was, however, recognized, captured and led back to Florence. Messer Jacopo was also taken when crossing the mountains by the mountaineers who, noticing the speed with which he was traveling, and having heard of the events in Florence, arrested him and sent him back to the city. Although he entreated them to kill him rather than take him back to Florence, he could not induce them to do so. After a trial lasting four days, Messer Jacopo and Rinato were condemned to death. Among the many persons who were put to death during that time, and there were so

many that the streets were strewn with their limbs, none excited any compassion but that of Rinato dei Pazzi, for he had none of the haughtiness of the other members of the family, but was considered a wise and honest man. In order that an extraordinary example should be made of the fate of these conspirators, Messer Jacopo was first buried in the sepulcher of his ancestors, afterwards he was treated as one excommunicated, taken thence and reburied under the walls of the city; he was dug up from there and dragged naked round the city by the halter with which he was hanged; then, as if earth was not to be allowed to give him a resting-place, those who had dragged him round cast him into the river Arno, which was then in great flood. To see a man so rich and powerful fall to such depths of misery amid ruin and disgrace was indeed a signal example of the mutability of fortune. Some men have spoken of his vices, among which were gambling and cursing, more fitting to a damned soul than to any other; but such vices were overbalanced by his countless charities to all in need, as well as to sacred places. One can also say this good thing of Messer Jacopo, on the Saturday previous to the Sunday chosen for the assassination he paid all his creditors and most scrupulously handed over to its owners all merchandise which happened to lie in his house or warehouses belonging to them, in order that others should not be involved in any reverse of his fortunes. Giovanni Batista da Montesecco was beheaded after a long trial. Napoleone Franzezi escaped punishment by flight. Guglielmo de' Pazzi was banished to Volterra, where with such of his cousins who were alive he was confined in the dungeons. The tumults being now quieted and the conspirators punished, the obsequies of Giuliano were celebrated, accompanied by the lamentations of the whole city, for he was a man of more gentleness and liberality than is usually found in one of his position.

The third extract gives one of the speeches which the author attributes to a leading char-

acter and shows how he uses this medium to explain the motives under which the speaker acted:

“As men are never satisfied with simply recovering their own possessions, but must needs out of revenge desire to seize those of others, it followed that those who had profited by the recent disorders now pointed out to the artisans that they would never be safe unless many of their enemies were driven out of the city or destroyed. The report of this reached the signori, and they at once summoned the magistrates of the guilds and the syndics before them, and Luigi Guicciardini, the gonfaloniere, spoke the following words to them: “If the signori and myself had not had a long experience of the fortunes of this city, which makes the closing of a war outside the city a signal for the commencement of one within, we should have been much surprised at these subsequent feuds, and they would have been the more displeasing to us; but those things which are anticipated annoy the least, and thus we have endured these tumults with patience. They were commenced through no fault of ours, and we had expected them to come to an end so soon as we had given you the satisfaction which we have done in so many and important matters. But it is represented to us that you will not rest in peace, but desire to inflict fresh injuries upon your fellow citizens by their banishment. Thus our displeasure rises at your injustice, and if we could have believed that during the time of our magistracy our city could have been ruined, either by opposing your wishes or by complying with them, truly would we have avoided these honors either by flight or exile. But we accepted those honors, believing that we should have to deal with men who have in them some humanity and some love for their country, and hoping by our generosity to overcome your ambitions. We now find by bitter experience that, the more deferentially we carry ourselves towards you, and yield to you, the more aggressive you become, and the more unjust you are in

your demands. If we speak thus plainly to you, it is not to offend you, but to assist you in turning over a new leaf. Let others tell you what may be pleasing, we only speak what is for your advantage. Tell us on your honor what else we can do for you beyond what we have already done. You desired us to reduce the authority of the captains of the wards. We have done so. You wished the ballotings of the Guelfs to be burnt and reformed ones substituted. We consented. You wished that the ammoniti should be restored to their privileges. It is permitted. At your prayers we have pardoned those who burnt houses and robbed churches, and to satisfy you we have sent many powerful and honorable citizens into exile. Out of consideration for you the nobles have been further restrained by new regulations. Where will your demands end, and for how long will you abuse our liberality? Do you not recognize that we endure our defeats with more patience than you do your victory? Do you not see to what an end your dissensions will bring your city? Do you not recollect how Castruccio, a vile Lucchese, overthrew it when your government was disunited? How a Duke of Athens, a mere condottiere, brought it under his sway? But when your state was united, then a Pope and an Archbishop of Milan could not overcome it, but after many years of war had to draw off in disgrace. Why should you, therefore, during this time of peace, seek to bring your city into servitude when so many powerful enemies have left her free after many years of war? What can your dissensions bring you but slavery? And what can the possessions which you have taken or will take from us bring you but poverty, since with our industry we support the city out of those possessions; and being robbed of them by you we should no longer be able to do so, and those who seize them, as things wrongly acquired, will not know how to keep them, and hunger and poverty will assuredly follow. I and these signori command you, and if honor would permit we would pray you, to set your minds at rest at once, and be satisfied with what we have already done for you. Should



you wish for anything later on demand it quietly, not with tumults and arms, for when your demands are just they will be complied with. But above all things do not give wicked men the opportunity of ruining your country under your patronage and to your reproach and damage."

These words, because of their manifest truth, deeply affected the minds of the citizens; they unanimously thanked the gonfaloniere for his good offices towards them, and also for having discharged his duties to the city as a good citizen, and they proffered their prompt obedience to his injunctions.

V. "THE PRINCE." Enough has been said perhaps to show that *The Prince*, a work in twenty-six brief chapters, was written as a manual for rulers. Its dedication is perhaps interesting, as showing the desire of even so prominent a man as Machiavelli to find a patron and sponsor for his literature:

*Niccolo Machiavelli to the Magnificent Lorenzo di Piero de' Medici:*

Those who strive to obtain the good graces of a prince are accustomed to come before him with such things as they hold most precious, or in which they see him take most delight: whence one often sees horses, arms, cloth of gold, precious stones, and similar ornaments presented to princes, worthy of their greatness.

Desiring therefore to present myself to Your Magnificence with some testimony of my devotion towards you, I have not found among my possessions anything which I hold more dear than, or value so much as, the knowledge of the actions of great men, acquired by long experience in contemporary affairs, and a continual study of antiquity; which, having reflected upon it with great and prolonged diligence, I now send, digested into a little volume, to your Magnificence.

And although I may consider this work unworthy of your countenance, nevertheless I trust much to your benignity that it may be acceptable, seeing that it is not possible for me to make a better gift than to offer you the opportunity of understanding in the shortest time all that I have learnt in so many years, and with so many troubles and dangers;—which work I have not embellished with swelling or magnificent words, nor stuffed with rounded periods, nor with any extrinsic allurements or adornments whatever, with which so many are accustomed to load and embellish their works; for I have wished either that no honor should be given it, or else that the truth of the matter and the weightiness of the theme shall make it acceptable.

Nor do I hold with those who regard it as presumption if a man of low and humble condition dare to discuss and settle the concerns of princes; because, just as those who draw landscapes place themselves below in the plain to contemplate the nature of the mountains and of lofty places, and in order to contemplate the plains place themselves high upon the mountains, even so to understand the nature of the people it needs to be a prince, and to understand that of princes it needs to be of the people.

Take then, your Magnificence, this little gift in the spirit in which I send it; wherein, if it be diligently read and considered by you, you will learn my extreme desire that you should attain that greatness which fortune and your other attributes promise. And if your Magnificence from the summit of your greatness will sometimes turn your eyes to these lower regions, you will see how unmeritedly I suffer a great and continued malignity of fortune.

The chapters treat of a variety of subjects—the different kinds of principalities and how they are acquired; why the subjects of Darius did not rebel against their conqueror, Alexander the Great; on the government of prin-

cialties acquired by conquest or in other ways; on the different ways in which principalities may be acquired, and the nature of their rulers; concerning the kinds of soldiers—native, mercenary or mixed; on the science of war; and then, to close, a series of chapters on personal traits of character which a prince should exhibit. The work closes with an exhortation to liberate Italy from the barbarians. The seventeenth chapter is “concerning cruelty and clemency, and whether it is better to be loved or feared:”

Coming now to the other qualities mentioned above, I say that every prince ought to desire to be considered clement and not cruel. Nevertheless he ought to take care not to misuse this clemency. Cesare Borgia was considered cruel; notwithstanding, his cruelty reconciled the Romagna, unified it, and restored it to peace and loyalty. And if this be rightly considered, he will be seen to have been much more merciful than the Florentine people, who, to avoid a reputation for cruelty, permitted Pistoia to be destroyed. Therefore a prince, so long as he keeps his subjects united and loyal, ought not to mind the reproach of cruelty; because with a few examples he will be more merciful than those who, through too much mercy, allow disorders to arise, from which follow murder or robbery; for these are wont to injure the whole people, whilst those executions which originate with a prince offend the individual only.

And of all princes, it is impossible for the new prince to avoid the imputation of cruelty, owing to new states being full of dangers. Hence Vergil, through the mouth of Dido, excuses the inhumanity of her reign owing to its being new, saying:

“*Res dura, et regni novitas me talia cogunt  
Moliri, et late fines custode tueri.*”

Nevertheless he ought to be slow to believe and to act, nor should he himself show fear, but proceed in a temperate manner with prudence and humanity, so that too much confidence may not make him incautious and too much distrust render him intolerable.

Upon this a question arises: whether it be better to be loved than feared or feared than loved? It may be answered that one should wish to be both, but, because it is difficult to unite them in one person, it is much safer to be feared than loved, when, of the two, either must be dispensed with. Because this is to be asserted in general of men, that they are ungrateful, fickle, false, cowards, covetous, and as long as you succeed they are yours entirely; they will offer you their blood, property, life and children, as is said above, when the need is far distant; but when it approaches they turn against you. And that prince who, relying entirely on their promises, has neglected other precautions, is ruined; because friendships that are obtained by payments, and not by greatness or nobility of mind, may indeed be earned, but they are not secured, and in time of need cannot be relied upon; and men have less scruple in offending one who is beloved than one who is feared, for love is preserved by the link of obligation which, owing to the baseness of men, is broken at every opportunity for their advantage; but fear preserves you by a dread of punishment which never fails.

Nevertheless a prince ought to inspire fear in such a way that, if he does not win love, he avoids hatred; because he can endure very well being feared whilst he is not hated, which will always be as long as he abstains from the property of his citizens and subjects and from their women. But when it is necessary for him to proceed against the life of some one, he must do it on proper justification and for manifest cause, but above all things he must keep his hands off the property of others, because men more quickly forget the death of their father than the loss of their patrimony. Besides, pretexts for taking away the property are never wanting; for he who

has once begun to live by robbery will always find pretexts for seizing what belongs to others; but reasons for taking life, on the contrary, are more difficult to find and sooner lapse. But when a prince is with his army, and has under control a multitude of soldiers, then it is quite necessary for him to disregard the reputation of cruelty, for without it he would never hold his army united or disposed to its duties.

Among the wonderful deeds of Hannibal this one is enumerated: that having led an enormous army, composed of many various races of men, to fight in foreign lands, no dissensions arose either among them or against the prince, whether in his bad or in his good fortune. This arose from nothing else than his inhuman cruelty, which, with his boundless valor, made him revered and terrible in the sight of his soldiers, but without that cruelty, his other virtues were not sufficient to produce this effect. And short-sighted writers admire his deeds from one point of view and from another condemn the principal cause of them. That it is true his other virtues would not have been sufficient for him may be proved by the case of Scipio, that most excellent man, not only of his own times but within the memory of man, against whom, nevertheless, his army rebelled in Spain; this arose from nothing but his too great forbearance, which gave his soldiers more license than is consistent with military discipline. For this he was upbraided in the Senate by Fabius Maximus, and called the corruptor of the Roman soldiery. The Locrians were laid waste by a legate of Scipio, yet they were not avenged by him, nor was the insolence of the legate punished, owing entirely to his easy nature. Insomuch that some one in the Senate, wishing to excuse him, said there were many men who knew much better how not to err than to correct the errors of others. This disposition, if he had been continued in the command, would have destroyed in time the fame and glory of Scipio; but, he being under the control of the Senate, this injurious characteristic not only concealed itself, but contributed to his glory.

Returning to the question of being feared or loved, I come to the conclusion that, men loving according to their own will and fearing according to that of the prince, a wise prince should establish himself on that which is in his own control and not in that of others; he must endeavor only to avoid hatred, as is noted.

One of the chapters which has been most severely criticized and which has perhaps given greater offense than any other portion of his writings is the following, in which he gives his opinion as to the way in which princes should keep faith:

Every one admits how praiseworthy it is in a prince to keep faith, and to live with integrity and not with craft. Nevertheless our experience has been that those princes who have done great things have held good faith of little account, and have known how to circumvent the intellect of men by craft, and in the end have overcome those who have relied on their word. You must know there are two ways of contesting, the one by the law, the other by force; the first method is proper to men, the second to beasts; but because the first is frequently not sufficient, it is necessary to have recourse to the second. Therefore it is necessary for a prince to understand how to avail himself of the beast and the man. This has been figuratively taught to princes by ancient writers, who describe how Achilles and many other princes of old were given to the Centaur Chiron to nurse, who brought them up in his discipline; which means solely that, as they had for a teacher one who was half beast and half man, so it is necessary for a prince to know how to make use of both natures, and that one without the other is not durable. A prince, therefore, being compelled knowingly to adopt the beast, ought to choose the fox and the lion; because the lion cannot defend himself against snares and the fox cannot defend himself against wolves. Therefore, it is necessary

to be a fox to discover the snares and a lion to terrify the wolves. Those who rely simply on the lion do not understand what they are about. Therefore a wise lord cannot, nor ought he to, keep faith when such observance may be turned against him, and when the reasons that caused him to pledge it exist no longer. If men were entirely good this precept would not hold, but because they are bad, and will not keep faith with you, you too are not bound to observe it with them. Nor will there ever be wanting to a prince legitimate reasons to excuse this non-observance. Of this endless modern examples could be given, showing how many treaties and engagements have been made void and of no effect through the faithlessness of princes; and he who has known best how to employ the fox has succeeded best.

But it is necessary to know well how to disguise this characteristic, and to be a great pretender and dissembler; and men are so simple, and so subject to present necessities, that he who seeks to deceive will always find some one who will allow himself to be deceived. . . .

Therefore it is unnecessary for a prince to have all the good qualities I have enumerated, but it is very necessary to appear to have them. And I shall dare to say this also, that to have them and always to observe them is injurious, and that to appear to have them is useful; to appear merciful, faithful, humane, religious, upright, and to be so, but with a mind so framed that should you require not to be so, you may be able and know how to change to the opposite.

And you have to understand this, that a prince, especially a new one, cannot observe all those things for which men are esteemed, being often forced, in order to maintain the state, to act contrary to fidelity, friendship, humanity, and religion. Therefore it is necessary for him to have a mind ready to turn itself accordingly as the winds and variations of fortune force it, yet, as I have said above, not to diverge from the good if he can avoid doing so, but, if compelled, then to know how to set about it.

For this reason a prince ought to take care that he never lets anything slip from his lips that is not replete with the above-named five qualities, that he may appear to him who sees and hears him altogether merciful, faithful, humane, upright, and religious. There is nothing more necessary to appear to have than this last quality, inasmuch as men judge generally more by the eye than by the hand, because it belongs to everybody to see you, to few to come in touch with you. Every one sees what you appear to be, few really know what you are, and those few dare not oppose themselves to the opinion of the many, who have the majesty of the state to defend them; and in the actions of all men, and especially of princes, which it is not prudent to challenge, one judges by the result.

For that reason, let a prince have the credit of conquering and holding his state, the means will always be considered honest, and he will be praised by everybody; because the vulgar are always taken by what a thing seems to be and by what comes of it; and in the world there are only the vulgar, for the few find a place there only when the many have no ground to rest on.

Although the necessity for the last chapter has long since passed, and though we now know that the unified Italy which has taken its place among the great nations of the earth was made possible by methods very much opposed to those which Machiavelli advocated, yet his ideas remain interesting to all, at least, who see a philosophy in history:

Having carefully considered the subject of the above discourses, and wondering within myself whether the present times were propitious to a new prince, and whether there were the elements that would give an opportunity to a wise and virtuous one to introduce a new order of things which would do honor to him and



good to the people of this country, it appears to me that so many things concur to favor a new prince that I never knew a time more fit than the present.

And if, as I said, it was necessary that the people of Israel should be captive so as to make manifest the ability of Moses; that the Persians should be oppressed by the Medes so as to discover the greatness of the soul of Cyrus; and that the Athenians should be dispersed to illustrate the capabilities of Theseus: then at the present time, in order to discover the virtue of an Italian spirit, it was necessary that Italy should be reduced to the extremity she is now in, that she should be more enslaved than the Hebrews, more oppressed than the Persians, more scattered than the Athenians; without head, without order, beaten, despoiled, torn, overrun.

Although lately some spark may have been shown by one, which made us think he was ordained by God for our redemption, nevertheless it was afterwards seen, in the height of his career, that fortune rejected him; so that Italy, left as without life, waits for him who shall yet heal her wounds and put an end to the ravaging and plundering of Lombardy, to the swindling and taxing of the Kingdom and of Tuscany, and cleanse those sores that for long have festered. It is seen how she entreats God to send some one who shall deliver her from these wrongs and barbarous insolencies. It is seen also that she is ready and willing to follow a banner if only some one will raise it.

Nor is there to be seen at present one in whom she can place more hope than in your illustrious house, with its valor and fortune, favored by God and by the Church of which it is now the chief, and which could be made the head of this redemption. This will not be difficult if you will recall to yourself the actions and lives of the men I have named. And although they were great and wonderful men, yet they were men, and each one of them had no more opportunity than the present offers, for their enterprises were neither more just nor easier than this, nor was God more their friend than He is yours.

With us there is great justice, because that war is just which is necessary, and arms are hallowed when there is no other hope but in them. Here there is the greatest willingness, and where the willingness is great the difficulties cannot be great if you will only follow those men to whom I have directed your attention. Further than this, how extraordinarily the ways of God have been manifested beyond example: the sea is divided, a cloud has led the way, the rock has poured forth water, it has rained manna, everything has contributed to your greatness; you ought to do the rest. God is not willing to do everything, and thus take away our free will and that share of glory which belongs to us. •

And it is not to be wondered at if none of the above-named Italians have been able to accomplish all that is expected from your illustrious house; and if in so many revolutions in Italy, and in so many campaigns, it has always appeared as if military virtue were exhausted, this has happened because the old order of things was not good, and none of us have known how to find a new one. And nothing honors a man more than to establish new laws and new ordinances when he himself has newly risen. Such things when they are well founded and dignified will make him revered and admired, and in Italy there are not wanting opportunities to bring such into use in every form.

Here there is great valor in the limbs whilst it fails in the head. Look attentively at the duels and the hand-to-hand combats, how superior the Italians are in strength, dexterity, and subtlety. But when it comes to armies they do not bear comparison, and this springs entirely from the insufficiency of the leaders, since those who are capable are not obedient, and each one seems to himself to know, there having never been any one so distinguished above the rest, either by valor or fortune, that others would yield to him. Hence it is that for so long a time, and during so much fighting in the past twenty years, whenever there has been an army wholly Italian, it has always given a poor account of itself; the first witness

to this is Il Taro, afterwards Alexandria, Capua, Genoa, Vaila, Bologna, Mestri.

If, therefore, your illustrious house wishes to follow those remarkable men who have redeemed their country, it is necessary before all things, as a true foundation for every enterprise, to be provided with your own forces, because there can be no more faithful, truer, or better soldiers. And although singly they are good, altogether they will be much better when they find themselves commanded by their prince, honored by him, and maintained at his expense. Therefore it is necessary to be prepared with such arms, so that you can be defended against foreigners by Italian valor.

And although Swiss and Spanish infantry may be considered very formidable, nevertheless there is a defect in both, by reason of which a third order would not only be able to oppose them, but might be relied upon to overthrow them. For the Spaniards cannot resist cavalry, and the Switzers are afraid of infantry whenever they encounter them in close combat. Owing to this, as has been and may again be seen, the Spaniards are unable to resist French cavalry, and the Switzers are overthrown by Spanish infantry. And although a complete proof of this latter cannot be shown, nevertheless there was some evidence of it at the battle of Ravenna, when the Spanish infantry were confronted by German battalions, who follow the same tactics as the Swiss; when the Spaniards, by agility of body and with the aid of their shields, got in under the pikes of the Germans and stood out of danger, able to attack, while the Germans stood helpless, and, if the cavalry had not dashed up, all would have been over with them. It is possible, therefore, knowing the defects of both these infantries, to invent a new one, which will resist cavalry and not be afraid of infantry; this need not create a new order of arms, but a variation upon the old. And these are the kind of improvements which confer reputation and power upon a new prince.

This opportunity, therefore, ought not to be allowed to pass for letting Italy at last see her liberator appear.

Nor can one express the love with which he would be received in all those provinces which have suffered so much from these foreign scourings, with what thirst for revenge, with what stubborn faith, with what devotion, with what tears. What door would be closed to him? Who would refuse obedience to him? What envy would hinder him? What Italian would refuse him homage? To all of us this barbarous dominion stinks. Let, therefore, your illustrious house take up this charge with that courage and hope with which all just enterprises are undertaken, so that under its standard our native country may be ennobled, and under its auspices Italy may be free.

VI. ANOTHER HISTORIAN. Francesco Guicciardini (1483–1540), the friend of Machiavelli, is considered the greatest of the Florentine historians. He came of a noble family, and was held at his baptism by Marsilio Ficino, the noted philosopher of the Renaissance. He received the customary education of a Florentine boy, and then remained till he was twenty-two in the universities of Ferrara and Padua. The young Guicciardini desired to enter the Church, but his father dissuaded him; he took up the study of law, married well, and won distinction in his profession. Sent on a mission to the court of Ferdinand, he was so successful that he entered his real life work as diplomat and statesman, attached himself to Pope Leo X, and under him and Clement VII became practically the master of all the Papal States beyond the Apennines, was the lieutenant-general of the Papal army, and in 1534 governor of Bologna. His time-serving nature made him treacherous, and his ambition led

him to abandon the Popes, whom he hated in spite of their favors, and to attach himself to the Medici family, whose fortunes he followed to the bitter end and was finally dismissed in disgrace. Thereupon he retired to his villa, and spent the last years of his life writing his *Storia d' Italia*.

This history, beginning with the coming of Charles VIII and concluding with the year 1534, covers one of the most important periods in Italian history. This work, the result of six years of unremitting labor, has given him a reputation which all his dissimulation and chicanery in public office never could accomplish. Sad is the story he tells of the decline and fall of Italy, and it is unrelieved by any consideration of the splendid accomplishments in literature and art which made that melancholy epoch glorious. He had none of the optimism and hopefulness that characterized Machiavelli—he knew the ideal prince of the latter would not appear, or, if he did, the barbarians would overthrow him. Valuable as the history is, it is tedious and bitter, but it describes men brilliantly and pictures events in lively colors, while the grasp of events and the scientific accuracy with which he analyzes affairs challenges the admiration of the reader.

In contrast with the materialistic attitude toward history which Machiavelli, and to a lesser degree Guicciardini, represented, the Venetian Paolo Paruta (1540–1598) wrote from the moralistic point of view his treatise

on *The Perfection of Political Life*, showing that politics is compatible with morality. And somewhat later the Piedmontese Giovanni Botero (1533–1617) wrote from a religious point of view his *Statecraft* (*Ragion di Stato*). Adding to these older political theorists Paolo Scarpi, for the seventeenth century; Vicoard Beccaria, for the eighteenth century; Gioberti and Rosmini, for the nineteenth century, and Pareto and Ferrero, of our own time, it appears that Italy has made a very substantial contribution to modern civilization in the philosophy of politics and statesmanship.

Historians of lesser rank were numerous in the age following Machiavelli, but their work is not always considered as literature. Every city had its annalist, and Florence eclipsed them all in the number of her chroniclers. Many books were destroyed in the awful sack of Rome, particularly those of the Papal historians, whose writings now would be extremely valuable. Among those who wrote books that have lived and proved influential were Vasari, the artist, who composed excellent biographies of artists, and Benvenuto Cellini, whose autobiography we have treated at length elsewhere. It would be interesting to go more deeply into Italian histories, but the discussion would be endless. Following the writings we have mentioned came a long series which show the decadence of literature and extended till well on toward the end of the seventeenth century, when the second revival began.



## CHAPTER XV

SECOND PERIOD (CONTINUED)

1476-1675

PROSE (CONCLUDED)

**C**ASTIGLIONE. One of the finest figures of the Renaissance is that of Baldesar (Baldassare) Castiglione, who was born near Mantua in 1478, on the estate of his father, a distinguished soldier-courtier. Baldesar studied at Milan, learning Latin and Greek from distinguished tutors, and after spending some time in the splendid court of Ludovico Sforza at Milan, returned to Mantua on the death of his father and entered the service of his natural lord, the Marquis Gianfrancesco Gonzaga. Castiglione accompanied him to Milan to witness the entry of Louis XII of France, afterwards went with him on a fruitless expedition to aid the French to hold Naples against the Spanish; after the defeat of Gonzaga by Fer-

dinand's "Great Captain," Gonsalvo de Cordova, obtained leave to visit Rome, and about 1503 entered the service of Guidobaldo di Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino.

This noble was at the head of one of the best and noblest courts in Italy, and had surrounded himself with a brilliant company of statesmen, prelates, scholars, poets, wits and ladies. Among these Castiglione at once took an eminent position, which he held as long as he was in the Duke's service. In 1506 he was sent on an embassy to the court of Henry VII of England to receive the insignia of the Order of the Garter on the Duke's behalf. From then on he was engaged in a number of missions and in the active service of his master in the wars which followed. In 1511 he assisted in the successful defense of the Duke, who had been charged with the murder of Cardinal Alidosi, and two years later was created Count of Novillara and given an estate, which, however, he lost permanently in the Medici usurpation.

During nearly the whole of Leo X's pontificate Baldesar was an envoy to the Sacred College, in which capacity and in his other missions he lived alternately in Mantua and Rome, where he secured a very prominent position because of his wit, gentle disposition and integrity. In 1524 Clement VII sent him to Emperor Charles V, commissioned to arrange if possible a peaceful settlement between the Pope and the Emperor. Too fair-minded and honest to conduct successful negotiations



among such tricky and conscienceless politicians, he failed in his embassy and remained in Spain. He was accused of treason, but the malicious charge was easily disproved; however, the accusation weighed upon him so heavily that he lost his health, and although Charles V showered honors upon him, he died at Toledo, in February, 1529, without again seeing his native land. After his death his body was brought back to Italy and laid in a beautiful tomb designed by his friend Giulio Romano, in a famous old church near Mantua.

Every act of Castiglione's life indicates the fervor and excellence of his character. In accordance with the customs of the time, his parents several times negotiated a marriage for him, and on one occasion when the father of the young lady appeared to hesitate, he remarked: "The wife that I am to take, be she who she may, I desire that she be given to me with as good will as I take her withal—yea, if she were the daughter of a king." In 1516 he was happily married to a charming wife, who bore him three children, the third of whom cost the young mother her life. The oldest, his son Camillo, lived to be eighty years old and is said to have been the embodiment of all the characteristics his father desired to see in a man. It appears that the parents of Castiglione's wife could not bear to part with her, and that after her marriage she remained in Mantua while her husband was ambassador at Rome; but their separation caused a very lengthy and

impassioned correspondence, and the substance of her tender regrets and remonstrances at his absence Castiglione incorporated in a beautiful poem which still exists. A portrait of Castiglione, painted by Raphael, is well known.

II. THE "CORTEGIANO." The *Book of the Courtier* is a remarkable work from whatever angle it is considered, and while Castiglione wrote other things of merit his fame rests almost entirely upon his masterpiece which depicts the ideal life of the accomplished Italian courtier. In reading it we must remember that at the time the author wrote the sturdy fighting knight of earlier days had given place to the accomplished courtier. Life was still coarse and violent, and in many respects had not attained the standards of modern times, but the beauty of Renaissance art and such writings as the *Courtier* show that lofty standards of thought and high ideals had been raised. Castiglione embodied the highest of these aspirations in describing his ideal hero, and so long as we are interested in a study of mankind his book will take high rank. Symonds says that Castiglione's courtier is, "with one or two points of immaterial difference, a modern gentleman, such as all men of education would wish to be."

The plan of the book is to give a report of dialogues held in the court of Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino, by the distinguished people who visited it from time to time. Although the conversations are imaginary, in that they were

not reported at the time, yet they are known to be faithful in spirit and to indicate the manner in which the excellent personages gathered about the great Duke spent their evenings. While the conversation is at times amusing and deals with themes which we are not in the habit of handling with such freedom, yet the standard is high and the conversations touch with remarkable elegance and acumen upon such topics as the preferable form of government and the condition of women, as well as the character of the true courtier. There are numerous pleasant stories admirably told, and altogether the picture the reader gains of the Mantuan court would be fascinating if we did not know something of its darker side, which the author always holds in abeyance. However, there are many elements of truth in the book, and it is a testimony to the remarkable spirit of the age that it could even produce such an ideal. Mr. Courthope says: "Carried to the north of Europe and grafted on the still chivalrous manners of the English aristocracy, the ideal of Castiglione contributed to form the character of Sir Philip Sidney."

Altogether, twenty-three persons are introduced into the conversations, four of whom are ladies. The leader is Elisabetta Bonzaga, the wife of the Duke of Urbino, and there are with her a friend and companion, Emilia Pia, the widow of the Duke's half-brother, a young niece of the Duchess, and a half-niece of the Duke. Among the men are prominent relatives

of the Duke, Giuliano de' Medici, known as my Lord Magnifico, afterwards the Duke of Nemours, and several men prominent as scholars, poets, sculptors and Church dignitaries. The remainder, who appear for a short time only, are of little importance; nearly all are young, and only a few have passed forty. They met in the palace of Urbino in the year 1507.

A dedicatory letter explains the origin of the book and contains one paragraph of personal interest, of which this is a liberal translation:

Still others may claim that I intended to paint my own portrait, as if I believed that I possessed all the qualities which I claim for the courtier. To these I may say that I have attempted everything I wish the courtier to know, and I think that a man who did not know something of the matters treated in this book could not well have written it, but I am not so ignorant of myself as to think that I know everything I have the intelligence to desire.

The *Cortegiano* is divided into four books, each of which relates the conversation of a single evening.

1. *Book I.* The first book opens with a description of Urbino and its lords, the court and the persons taking part in the discussions. Following an account of the circumstances that lead to the conversations, the author tells of four or five games or subjects for discussion that were proposed, and finally the selection of the last proposed, namely, to describe a perfect courtier. The conversation is opened by Canossa, a kinsman of the author, who afterward

became the Bishop of Bayeux, who deals principally with gentle birth as the main characteristic of a courtier. He then gives his opinion that the principal and true profession of the courtier ought to be that of arms, but that he should avoid boasting, self-praise and arrogance:

We would not have him look fierce or go about blustering or say that he has taken his cuirass to wife or threaten with grim scowls, because to such an one might be said what a brave lady jestingly said to one of that type, who, having been invited by her to dance, not only refused to do that, but also to listen to the music and other entertainments proposed to him, on the ground that such silly trifles were not his business. "What is your business then?" said the lady. With a sour look he replied, "To fight." The lady at once retorted, "Now that you are in no war and out of fighting trim, I should think it would be a good thing to have yourself well oiled and to stow yourself away in the closet, so you will not grow more rusty than you are now."

The Count believed, however, that there was a way of praising oneself in such a way that it would not appear to be said for that purpose: "As one of our friends a few days ago, who, being quite run through the thigh with a spear at Pisa, said, he thought it was a fly that had stung him."

Personal beauty and strong physical qualities are considered among the attributes of the perfect courtier, and these may be acquired by wrestling, horsemanship and other athletic games. All actions, gestures, habits—in short, every movement—should be executed

with grace and ease. There should be freedom from affectation, an ability to converse and write in literary style and all the moral qualities which the most exacting could demand, together with such accomplishments as skill in music, painting or sculpture. The discussions are interrupted by graceful banter and at times fall into digressions on a great variety of subjects, as might be expected in any parlor conversation. In one place the subject of beauty of women is introduced, and the Count expresses his opinion much after this manner:

Do you not see how much more grace a lady has who paints so sparingly that those who see her are in doubt whether she is painted or not, than another lady who is so plastered that she seems to have put a mask on her face and does not dare to laugh for fear of cracking it, who changes color only when she dresses in the morning, and then stands motionless all day like a wooden image, showing herself only by candle light like tricky merchants who display their possessions in a dark place? How much more pleasing than all others is she who plainly is seen to have nothing on her face, though it be neither very white nor very red, but with just a little natural paleness sometimes tinged with honest flush, with hair artlessly unadorned and hardly confined, with simple and friendly gestures, and apparently showing no care or wish to be beautiful. This is the simplicity most pleasing to the eyes and minds of men, who are always expecting to be deceived by art.

2. *Book II.* The second book opens with reflections by the author, who has often considered, not without wonder, from whence comes the fault which is universal among old people of praising bygone times and censuring

the present, criticizing our acts and ways and everything they did not in their youth do, insisting, too, that every good custom and every virtue is going from bad to worse. The cause of this, he feels, is that in old age the sweet flowers of contentment fall from our hearts like leaves from a tree in autumn, and in place of serene and sunny thoughts appear cloudy sadness with a train of a thousand ills. Not the body only, but the mind also is infirm. Of by-gone pleasures nothing is left but a lingering memory of that precious time of tender youth, in which earth and sky and all living things seem to be making merry and laughing before our eyes. Therefore in the evening chill of life, when our sun begins to sink to its setting and steals away its pleasures, we should fare better if in losing them we could lose their memory also. Old people are like those who keep their eyes fixed upon the land as they leave port and think their ship is standing still as the shore recedes; but both the port and the time and its pleasures remain the same, and one after another we take flight in the ship of mortality upon that boisterous sea which devours everything.

A little further on he speaks of good and evil in this manner:

The world cannot contain all good and no evil, because, as the two are opposite, it is almost necessary that one should sustain and fortify the other; that if either increases or diminishes, so must the other. Who does not know that there would be no justice in the world if there

were no wrongs; no courage if there were no cowards; no health if there were no sickness; no truth if there were no lying; no good fortune if there were no misfortune? Thus, according to Plato, Socrates says, "It is surprising that Aesop did not write a fable showing that as God had never been able to join pleasure and pain together, he joined them by their extremities, so that the beginning of the one is the end of the other." No joy can give us pleasure unless sorrow precedes it; rest is not dear unless it follows fatigue; food, drink and sleep cannot be enjoyed unless one has first endured hunger, thirst and wakefulness. Hence sufferings and diseases were given men by nature, not as a punishment but as a natural consequence of health, joy and other blessings. In like manner, the virtues having been bestowed upon the world, at once by force of the same necessary opposition the vices became their fellows.

The discussions of the second book are led by Federico Fregoso, a half-nephew of the Duke, who afterwards became a cardinal, and turn upon the qualities and accomplishments which had been described by Canossa. After traversing much the same ground as the preceding book and emphasizing the requisite of perfection as a courtier, the conversation turns upon wit and humor, which are expounded by Bernardo Dovizi, better known as Bibiena, who afterwards became a cardinal. A great many amusing stories are told, some of which will bear repetition here. Different types of wit are spoken of and the anecdotes form their illustrations. The following absurd story is classed as a humorous narration:

The Duke Federico was inquiring what to do with a great mass of earth that had been excavated to lay the



foundations for his palace. A certain abbot said, "My lord, I have thought of an excellent place to put it. Give orders to have an immense pit made and it can be put in without difficulty." Duke Federico laughingly replied, "And where shall we put the earth we have to dig out of your pit?" The abbot continued, "Make it large enough to hold both piles."

A graceful witticism is said to consist in taking the words and sense from another man's taunt and turning them against him. A litigant, whose adversary had said to him in the presence of the judge, "Why do you bark so?" at once replied, "Because I see a thief."

A coward asked two hundred ducats for a sorry-looking horse, and to a friend who said it wasn't worth a farthing and was so afraid of weapons that no one could make it come near them, a prefect replied, "If the horse has the trick of running away from weapons, I don't see why he doesn't ask a thousand ducats for it."

A similar story is that of the prodigal Genoese who was reproached by a miserly usurer in the words, "When will you ever cease throwing away your riches?" the prodigal said, "When you stop stealing the riches of others."

Surprise is a big element in wit, and the situation often makes the act funny: A miser who had been unwilling to sell his grain when it was dear, hanged himself from a rafter in his bedroom on hearing that the price had greatly fallen. A servant, running in, cut the rope and saved his master's life, but when the latter

came to himself he insisted that the servant should pay for the rope that had been cut.

Lorenzo de' Medici once said to a dull buffoon, "You would not make me laugh if you tickled me," and again when another buffoon found Lorenzo in bed late in the morning and said, "I have already done a thousand things this morning and you are still asleep," the Duke retorted, "What I dreamed in one hour is worth more than you accomplished in four."

A story is told of King Alfonzo of Aragon which illustrates pleasantry tinged with irony:

Once when the King was preparing for the table, he took off his many precious rings in order not to wet them in washing his hands and gave them to some one standing by, without looking to see who it was, and apparently forgot to ask for them again. The dishonest servant kept the rings, and nearly a year later, as the King was about to eat, he again took off some rings, and the same servant held out his hand for them. Bending close to the latter's ear, the King whispered, "Let the first ones satisfy you; these will do for some one else."

A similar story is told of Cordova:

After the danger was over in a certain battle, one of his courtiers came forward dressed in the richest armor, as though just ready for the fight. Turning to one of his lieutenants, the great captain said, "Have no more fear of storm; St. Elmo has appeared." To appreciate the witticism, we must recall the belief that St. Elmo always appeared to mariners after a tempest and gave token of fair weather.

In telling how foolish a man was, one of the courtiers said, "He was such a fool that he died as soon as he began to be rich."

An illustration taken from the classics:

Once when Scipio went to the house of Ennius to speak with him, he heard Ennius tell the maid to say that he was not at home. Not long afterward Ennius came to Scipio's house and called to him from the door. Scipio answered, "Scipio is not at home." "How is that," said Ennius, "don't I know your voice?" Scipio replied, "You are too rude; the other day I believed your maid when she said you were not at home, and now you will not believe the same statement from me in person."

Another witticism is the following:

A husband was seen weeping and lamenting loudly because his wife had hanged herself on a fig tree. Another man approached him and plucking his robe said, "Brother, might I as a great favor, have a small branch of that fig to graft on a tree in my own garden?"

As an example of a witticism which should be slowly uttered with patience and gravity, the following is told of Cato:

He was walking along the street when a rustic, carrying a box on his shoulders, jostled the censor and said, "Have a care." Cato retorted, "Have you anything besides that chest on your shoulders?"

Practical joking is regarded as a friendly deceit that does not offend, or offends only a little, and the more clever and discreet the jokes the more they are applauded. However, care must be taken not to let practical joking degenerate into knavery, and the courtier's tricks must not be too rude, as they are liable then to breed quarrels and serious enmity. Bernardo relates the following incident as a permissible practical joke:

One night, while staying at Paglia, three men came into the inn and sat down after supper to play cards. In a short time one of them having lost all he had, began to lament and curse and swear roundly, and then retired to sleep blaspheming. After continuing the game a while, the others devised a joke on the third. Having ascertained that he was really asleep, they put out all the lights, covered the fire and began to talk loudly and make as much noise as possible, pretending to quarrel over their play. One said, "You have drawn the under card;" the other denied it, saying, "And you have bet on a false suit." Finally the uproar grew so great that the sleeper awoke, and, hearing the conversation, rubbed his eyes, but, seeing no light in the room, called out, "What the devil do you mean by shouting all night?" His friends made no reply, but went on as before, talking as though they were still playing. The sleeper by this time was thoroughly awakened, and inquired, "How do you see the cards without a light?" One of the men replied, "You must have lost your sight along with your money; can't you see the two candles we have?" The man lifted himself on his arms in bed: "Either I am drunk or blind or you are lying." His two companions got up, groped their way to the bed, and pretended that he was making sport of them, but he insisted angrily, "I say I do not see you." Then the two began to pretend great surprise, and one said to the other, "I believe he speaks the truth; hand me that candle and let me see if there is not something wrong with his sight." Then the poor fellow became certain that he was blind and, weeping bitterly, began to call on our Lady of Loreto and implore her to pardon the maledictions he had uttered upon her when he had lost his money. His two companions kept comforting him, and said, "It cannot be that you don't see us. Some fancy must have gotten into your head." "Alas!" replied the victim, "this is no fancy, for I see no more than if I had never had eyes in my head." "Yet your sight is clear," said one of the men, and the other added, "See how well he opens his

eyes, and how bright they are; who could believe that he does not see?" The unhappy man wept more loudly and begged mercy of God until his companions said, "Make a vow to go in penance, barefoot and naked, to the chapel of our Lady of Loreto and meantime we will try to find some doctor and do everything we can to help you." The fellow knelt by his bed, and with endless tears and bitter penance made a solemn vow to go naked to the chapel and offer a pair of silver eyes, to eat no flesh on Wednesday or eggs on Friday, and to fast on bread and water on every Saturday in honor of our Lady, if she would restore his sight. His two companions went into another room, struck a light, and came back to the unhappy man, who was relieved of his great terror, but so stunned by what he had passed through that he could neither laugh nor speak, though his companions did nothing but tease him and insist that he must fulfill his vows, because he had obtained the mercy he sought.

As an illustration of the type of joke that degenerates into knavery he tells the tale of a Sicilian student at Padua who once saw a peasant with a pair of fat capons. Pretending that he wished to buy them, the student invited the peasant home with him to get some breakfast, and led him to a place where a bell-tower stood apart from a church and opposite a little lane. When he reached there, the student said: "I have wagered a pair of capons with one of my friends, who says this tower is not quite forty feet around, and I have this piece of twine with which to measure it. You hold the twine here against the wall and I will walk around it. Hand me the capons." The innocent peasant passed them over and held the end of the twine while the other walked off

as though he meant to measure it, but when he reached the farthest side, the one that looked up the little lane, he stuck a nail into the wall, tied the twine to it, and ran off with the birds. After waiting a long time for the student to finish the measurement, the peasant walked around and saw what had happened; but he had lost his capons.

3. *Book III.* The court lady is the subject of discussion in the third book, and after some preliminary bantering Federico and the Magnifico Giuliano leads the conversation, which treats first of the qualities common to the courtier and the court lady and then those which are peculiarly her own. Thus, she should be affable, modest and decorous, should follow a middle course between prudishness and over-freedom, should avoid scandal-mongering and in her conversation should offer variety. The lady should practice physical and mental exercises to develop her form and fit herself for her position, an important one in society. Then follow a variety of examples of women famous for virtue, manly courage, constancy in love, and of those who in ancient times did good service in the world of letters, in science, in public life and in war. Other examples are given of women noted for their virtue; and the discussion turns with a somewhat startling freedom on the relations of the sexes. Society in Mantua at that time was probably neither better nor worse than in Florence and other Italian cities, and it is difficult

for us in these modern times to understand the conditions which prevailed. While chastity in woman was regarded as a virtue and the relations of wife to husband were nominally what they are to-day, yet it was understood, tacitly at least, that men must have an affinity whose sympathy or intellectual companionship were such as he deserved, and it usually happened that this soulmate was not the legal wife of his bosom. So long as the offense was not public, husbands were comfortably blind to the peccadillos of their wives. The conversation of the *Cortegiano* is on a far higher plane than that of the *Decameron*; in fact, barring the sneers of one or two of the speakers and the shady character of a few anecdotes, there is nothing offensive in the book, and the reader feels it is the writer's intent to make the court lady as high in character as his courtier.

The Magnifico says in response to the sneers of the Count Gaspar, who, though but twenty-one, seems the cynic of the party:

I say that my Lord Gaspar cannot find me an admirable man, but I will find a wife or daughter of equal and sometimes of greater merit. Moreover, many women have been of countless benefit to their menfolks, and sometimes have corrected many of their errors. Women are naturally capable of the same virtues as men, and the effects thereof are often seen, so that I do not think I should be regarded as relating miracles, as my Lord Gaspar has accused me, seeing that there always have been on earth and still are as many women like my ideal court lady as there are men like the court gentleman we have had described.

Among the anecdotes given to illustrate the nobility of womankind, the Magnifico tells the story of Alexandra, wife of Alexander, King of the Jews, who, when the people, roused with fury, came, in revenge for the cruel and grievous bondage in which the father had always kept them, to slay the two children he had left her, caused Alexander's body to be cast into the middle of the market-place. Then, calling the citizens to her, she said that she knew their minds must be kindled with very just wrath against her husband, that she had wished and tried, while he was alive, to protect the citizens, which she was now ready to prove. Therefore they were at liberty to take his body, outrage it as they saw fit, and give it as food to the dogs, but as for the children, they were innocent and had no knowledge even of their father's evil deeds. Such a plea not only turned the rage of the populace into pity for the children, but secured a decent burial for the husband's body.

The conversation then continues, after the Magnifico had made a little pause:

Do you know that the wife and daughters of Mithridates showed much less fear than he himself, and Hasdrubal's wife than Hasdrubal; do you not know that Harmonia, the daughter of Hiero, the Syracusan, chose to perish in the burning of her native city?

Then Frisio said, "Where obstinacy is concerned, it is sure that some women are found who never change their purpose, like the woman who persisted in declaring that a rent in a cloak had been made with scissors and whose husband vainly tried to change her mind by ducking her in a pond. Every time she came to the surface, she cried



out 'Scissors!' until she was unable to speak, and then she stretched out her hand and made the sign of scissors with two fingers."

The Magnifico Giuliano laughed and said, "Obstinacy that leads to a worthy cause ought to be called steadfastness, as was the case of the famous Roman freedwoman, who, being privy to a great conspiracy against Nero, never betrayed one of her accomplices, although racked by the direst tortures, while in the same peril many noble knights and senators basely accused friends and the nearest and dearest they had in the world. What will you say of that other woman to whose honor the Athenians dedicated a tongueless lion in bronze before the gate of the citadel, because, under similar circumstances, she was not dismayed by the death of two of her friends, and, although torn by the most cruel tortures, never betrayed one of the conspirators?"

Then Madonna Margarita Gonzaga said, "I think you tell too briefly these stories of virtuous deeds by women, for our enemies, although having heard them and read them, pretend not to know them and would gladly have the memory of them lost, but if you will let us women hear you tell such anecdotes, we at least shall deem ourselves honored by them."

Then the Magnifico Giuliano replied: "So be it. I wish to tell you now of one who did what I think my Lord Gaspar himself will admit very few men do. In Massilia there was once a custom, believed to have been brought from Greece, publicly to keep a poison compound of hemlock and permit to take of it any one who proved to the Senate that he ought to lay down his life for any trouble he found therein, or for any other just cause, so that whoever had suffered too hostile a fortune or enjoyed too prosperous a one should have relief. Now Sextus Pompey finding himself"—here Frisio, not waiting for the Magnifico Giuliano, said, "Methinks this is the beginning of a long story."

Then the Magnifico Giuliano turned to Madonna Margarita laughing and said, "You see that Frisio will

not permit me to speak. I wish to tell you about a woman, who, having shown to the Senate that she had good reason to die, took the poison cheerfully and fearlessly in the presence of Sextus Pompey and with such steadfastness of spirit and affectionate and thoughtful remembrances to her family that all the onlookers, seeing such wisdom and confidence on the woman's part in the dread hour of death, were lost in wonderment and tears."

Then my Lord Gaspar said, laughing, "I remember having read a story in which an unhappy husband asked leave of the Senate to die and proved that he had just cause for it in that he could no longer endure the continual annoyance of his wife's chatter."

Then the Magnifico Giuliano replied: "How many poor women would have just cause for asking leave to die because they cannot endure the evil deeds of their husbands. I know several such who suffer in this world the things that are said to be of hell."

"Do you not believe," replied my Lord Gaspar, "that there are also many husbands so tormented by their wives that they hourly wish for death?"

"And what pain," said the Magnifico, "can wives give their husbands that are as incurable as those that husbands give their wives, who are submissive to their husbands from fear, if not from love?"

"Certain it is," said my Lord Gaspar, "that the little good they sometimes do proceeds from fear, since there are few in the world who in their secret hearts do not hate their husbands."

"Nay, quite the contrary," replied the Magnifico, "and if you remember what you have read, you will remember that in all the histories wives nearly always loved their husbands more faithfully than husbands loved their wives. When did you ever see or read of a husband showing his wife such love as the famous Camma showed her husband?"

"I do not know the woman," replied my Lord Gaspar, "nor what token of love she showed."

"Nor I," said Frisio.

“Listen,” replied the Magnifico, “and do you, Madonna Margarita, keep it in mind. This Camma was a beautiful young woman of such modesty and gentle manners that she was admirable for them no less than for her beauty, and above other things she loved her husband Synattus with all her heart. It happened that a man of much higher station than Synattus, the tyrant of the city where they lived, became enamored of this young woman and, after having for a long time tried every possible way to possess her, decided that the love she bore her husband was the only hindrance to his desires, and he had Synattus slain. Though urging her continually, he was never able to gain any greater advantage than he had at first and, his increasing daily, he resolved to marry her, though she was far below him in station. When the lover Sinoris asked her parents, they began to persuade her to accept him, urging the advantage to them all if she consented and showing the danger of her refusal. After resisting for a long time, she finally said that she was willing. Her parents carried the news to Sinoris, who was happy beyond measure and at once arranged for the marriage celebration. Both having come for the purpose of the marriage to the temple of Diana, Camma drank of a sweet drink she had brought and then with her own hand, as was the custom at marriages, handed the rest to her husband, who drank it all. When she saw that her plan had succeeded, she knelt joyfully at the foot of Diana’s statue and said: ‘O goddess, thou who knowest the secrets of my heart, be thou my witness how hardly I refrained from putting myself to death after my dear husband died and with what weariness I bore this bitter life wherein I felt no pleasure beyond the hope of the vengeance which I have now attained. Joyful and content then I go to seek the sweet company of that soul which I have loved more than myself, and thou, who thoughtest thyself to be my husband, give order that thy tomb instead of the marriage bed be made ready for thee, for I offer thee as a sacrifice to the shade of Synattus.’ Frightened at these words and already feeling the poison

within him, Sinoris tried many fruitless remedies, and Camma had the fortune of knowing that Sinoris was dead before she contentedly laid herself upon her bed with her eyes to heaven, where she continually called on the name of Synattus, saying, 'O dearest husband, now that I have given both tears and vengeance as last offerings for thy death and see nothing left for me to do for thee, I hasten from this life, cruel without thee and once only dear to me for thy sake. Come then to meet me and receive me as gladly as I come to thee.' Speaking thus and with arms opened wide to embrace him, she died. Now say, Frisio, what do you think of her?"

Frisio replied, "I think you try to make these ladies weep, but even if this story were true, I tell you that such women are no longer to be found in the world."

"Indeed they are to be found," said the Magnifico, "and to prove this true, listen: In my time there was in Pisa a gentleman named Tommaso, who, crossing one day in a small vessel from Pisa to Sicily, was surprised by some Moorish gallies, and although the men in the vessel defended themselves stoutly, yet as they were few and the enemy many, the vessel and all who were in her fell into the hands of the Moors. Tommaso had fought bravely and with his own hand slain a brother of the captain of one of the gallies, who claimed the merchant as a special prisoner, and who, beating and maltreating him every day, carried him to Barbary, having resolved to keep him there in great misery for life. After a time all the others were freed, some in one way and some in another, and, returning home, reported to Argentina, the wife of Tommaso, and to his children the sore afflictions which had fallen upon their husband and father and the terrible life he was liable to live unless God aided him miraculously. She and the sons tried various means to deliver him without avail, but at last watchful love so kindled the wit and daring of the son Paolo that he braved all danger, freed his father, and brought him away so secretly that he was in Leghorn before it was known that he had left Barbary. From there Tommaso

wrote and informed his wife of his safety and how and where he hoped to meet her the next day. The good and gentle lady, overwhelmed with the great and unexpected joy of being so soon to see her husband, when she had read the letter, raising her eyes to heaven and calling her husband's name, fell dead upon the ground—cruel spectacle and enough to moderate human desires and restrain their longing for too much joy."

Then Frisio said, laughing, "How do you know that she did not die of grief on hearing that her husband was coming home?"

Then Magnifico replied, "Because the rest of her life did not comport with this. I think that her soul, unable to bear the delay, forsook her body and quickly flew where her thought had flown when she read the letter."

My Lord Gaspar said, "It may be that this lady was too loving, for women run to extremes in everything, and you see that by being too loving she wrought evil to herself, her husband, and the children for whom she turned bitterness into joy. So you ought not to cite her as an instance of women who have been the cause of great benefits."

The Magnifico replied, "I cite her as one of those who bear witness that there are wives who love their husbands. For of those who have been of great benefit to the world, I could tell you of an almost endless number."

The discussion continues in the same general manner, with plentiful illustrations of women who in ancient times saved the world in letters, in the sciences, in public life and in war, with more recent examples of women noted for their virtues. The dangers to which womanly virtue is exposed—the subject of love and woman's conduct in love, the effects and signs of love, the way to win and keep a woman's love—are all frankly considered, and at the end of the

evening Ottaviano Fregoso, afterwards Doge of Genoa, is deputed to expound in the next meeting other qualities that add to the courtier's perfections.

4. *Book IV.* As the dialogues were written some time after they were supposed to occur, the fourth book opens with eulogies of several of the speakers whose deaths had recently occurred, after which the discussion is taken up in the usual form. Fregoso considers the courtier's relations with his prince and urges the duty of endeavoring to lead the prince to seek good and shun evil. Princes need to know the truth, but have difficulty in finding it, and it is the courtier's duty to encourage them in the path of virtue, for virtue is not innate but susceptible of cultivation. Ignorance is regarded as the source of nearly all human error; temperance is the perfect virtue, because it is the foundation of virtue. After a long discussion on the qualities and attributes which a prince should possess and the eulogy of those who seem best to correspond with the ideal, the talk recurs to the qualities of the courtier, and particularly to love. Pietro Bembo, scholar and poet, who was afterwards made cardinal, discourses on love and beauty. Having first tried to free the minds of his hearers from the idea that beauty is not always good, Bembo resumes:

My lords, I would not have any of us, like sacrilegious men, incur God's wrath by speaking ill of beauty, which is a sacred thing. I aver that beauty springs from God,

and is like a circle of which goodness is the center, and as there can be no circle without a center, so there can be no beauty without goodness. Thus a wicked soul rarely inhabits a beautiful body, and for that reason outward beauty is a true sign of inward goodness, and the greatest of beauty is impressed upon bodies more or less as an index of the soul, whereby she is known outwardly, as the beauty of the blossom gives token of the excellence of the fruit. Physiognomists often recognize in the face the character and sometimes the thoughts of men, and often we observe in beasts that the quality of the mind is expressed as much as possible in the aspect of the body. Think how clearly we read anger, ferocity, and pride in the face of the lion, the horse and the eagle, a pure and simple innocence in lambs and doves, cunning malice in foxes and wolves. The ugly are therefore for the most part wicked, and the beautiful are good, and we may say that beauty is the pleasant, desirable face of good, and ugliness the dark, sad face of evil. Look at this great fabric the world, which was made by God for the health and preservation of all created things, the round firmament adorned with so many heavenly lights, and the earth in the center, surrounded by the elements and sustained by its own weight; the sun, which, in its revolving, illumines the whole and in winter approaches the lowest sign, then little by little mounts to the other side; the moon, which derives her light from the sun, and the five other stars which separately travel the same course. These things have such influence upon one another through the linking of an order precisely framed, that if they were changed for an instant they could not hold together and would rack the world. They have also such beauty and grace that human wit cannot imagine anything superior.

Think now of the shape of man, wherein each part of the body is precisely composed with skill and not by chance, and then the whole, together so beautiful that we can hardly decide whether more utility or more grace is given to the human features and the rest of the body by

all of its members. The same can be said of all the animals. Look at the feathers of birds and the leaves of the trees, which are given them by nature to preserve their being and yet have also great loveliness. Leave nature and come to art. What thing is so necessary as the prow, the sides, the yards, the masts, the sails, the helm, the oars, the anchor and the cordage in ships? Yet all these have so much comeliness that they seem to have been devised as much for beauty as for use. Columns and architraves support lofty galleries and palaces, yet they are not less pleasing to the eye than useful to the buildings. When men first began to build, they set that middle ridge in their temples, not that the buildings might be more graceful, but that the water might flow off conveniently on either side. Yet to utility was soon added beauty, so that if a temple were built under a sky where neither rain nor hail falls, it would not seem to have any beauty or dignity without the ridge.

In short, gracious and sacred beauty gives the highest ornament to everything, and we may say that the good and the beautiful are in a way one and the same thing in the human body, of whose beauty I think the most immediate cause is beauty of soul, which, partaking of true divine beauty, brightens and beautifies whatever it touches. Therefore beauty is the true trophy of the soul's victory when with power divine she holds sway over material nature and by her light overcomes the darkness of the body.

Bembo closes his share in the conversation and practically ends the book with the following invocation:

What mortal tongue, O most holy Love, can praise thee worthily. Most fair, most good, most wise, thou springest from the union of beauty and goodness and divine wisdom and abidest in that union and by that union returnest to it as in a circle. Sweetest bond of the universe, joining things celestial to things terrestrial,



thou with benignant sway inclinest the supernal powers to rule the lower and, turning the minds of mortals to their 'origin, joinest them thereto. Thou unitest the elements in concord, movest nature to produce and that which is born to the perpetuation of life. Thou unitest those things which are separate, givest perfection to the imperfect, likeness to the unlike, friendship to the unfriendly, food to the earth, tranquillity to the sea, vivifying light to the heavens.

Thou art father of true pleasure, of grace, of peace, of gentleness, and good will; enemy to savagry and sloth; in short, the beginning and end of every good; and since thou delightest to inhabit beautiful bodies and beautiful souls and thence sometimes to show thyself a little to the eyes and minds of those who are worthy to behold thee, methinks that thy abode is here with us.

Deign then, O Lord, to hear our prayers, pour thyself upon our hearts, and with the splendor of thy holy fire illumine our darkness and show us the true path in this blind labyrinth. Correct the falseness of our senses and after our long pursuit of vanities give us true and solid good; make us inhale those spiritual odors that quicken the intellect and hear the celestial harmony with such accord that there may no longer be room in us for any discord or passion. Fill us at the inexhaustible fountain of content which ever delights and never satiates and gives a taste of true beatitude to all who drink of its limpid waters. With the means of thy light, purge our eyes of cloudy ignorance so that they may no longer prize mortal beauty, but that they may know that the things which first they seem to see are not and that those which they saw not really are. Accept our souls offered to thee in sacrifice; burn them in the living flame which consumes all mortal dross, so that, being wholly separated from the body, they may unite with divine beauty by a perpetual and very sweet bond, and that we, severed from ourselves, may like true lovers transform ourselves into the beloved, and rising above the earth be admitted to the feast of the angels, where, fed on ambrosia and immortal

nectar, we may at least die a most happy and living death, as died of old those ancient fathers whose souls by the glowing power of contemplation thou didst steal from the body and unite with God.

Having spoken with such vehemence that he seemed almost transported and beside himself, Bembo remained silent and motionless, keeping his eyes toward heaven as if wrapped in ecstasy. My Lady Emilia, who with the others had been listening most attentively to his discourse, took him by the border of his robe and, shaking him a little, said:

“Have a care, Messer Pietro, that with these thoughts your soul also does not forsake your body.” “My Lady,” replied Pietro, “that would not be the first miracle which love has wrought upon me.”

III. NOVELS AND TALES. It will be noticed that after Boccaccio there was little development in the prose story in Italy during the second period of her literature. Plenty of tales were written and stories were told in abundance, but they possessed little of originality and brought nothing new into the domain of fiction. The chivalric romance, which might have appeared in prose as it did in other countries, in Italy was written in verse. The elements of everything which enters into the modern novel except the idea of making it a medium for promulgating the ideas of the author on moral, religious or sociological questions had been created, but no genius arose to combine them into a unified work of length.

However, these were so far in advance of fiction in other countries that they constituted a vast storehouse or mine of dramatic material which foreigners subsequently utilized. The stories were generally mere narratives of actual events, and showed little trace of the fervid imagination which made the epic verse of Ariosto and Tasso so wonderful.

Masuccio of Salerno is one of the few novelists to whom we can give space in this sketch. He wrote, about 1470, a series of tales of too licentious a character for modern readers, but which still continue to hold among certain classes a measure of popularity that at one time was widespread. He claimed to be most virtuous in his intentions and that his tales were for the most part true and always written with a distinct moral purpose. One has been used by Cervantes and by Beaumont and Fletcher, the latter in their second best play, *The Little French Lawyer*.

Grazzini, who wrote about 1550, is one of the best of the novelists of that period, although his style is the chief recommendation of his work. He was an apothecary by profession and one of the chief promoters of the celebrated Academy degli Umidi, in which each member called himself by the name of some fish. Grazzini assumed the name *Il Lasca* (the Roach) and as such is best known in literature. There is great ingenuity in his plots, but they are improbable and cruel; in fact, when tragical, they are even revolting.

The frame for his "suppers" assumes that a party of four young men meet after dinner at the house of a noble and rich widow of Florence to visit her brother, who was then residing at her home, where also lived four young female relatives. A snowstorm came on, and the company amused themselves in the court with throwing snowballs, but as the storm increased they entered the house, where the young men were afterwards persuaded to stay to supper. In the evening the company decided to tell stories, but as the tales were impromptu, they are short; on separating, the young people agree to meet in a week and a fortnight to tell other stories of greater length. Those said to have been longest have been lost, but of the remaining ones are some of the longest in Italian literature of the second period. Many consist of the recital of tricks and deceptions practiced on fools or coxcombs, and are exaggerated and improbable. The first story of the second evening is considered the best in the work: A certain rich fool closely resembles a neighboring peasant, and while the two are fishing together the fool is drowned as he is diving. The peasant changes clothing with the corpse, assumes the manners of the deceased, and calls for help. When the body is found, it passes for that of the rustic, who takes possession of the house of the wealthy fool and enjoys his new possessions till his death. To none but his wife does he disclose his identity, and then only to marry her a

second time. The relatives of the deceased are not surprised that the fool should marry a peasant, but cannot account for the gleams of intelligence that the counterfeit sometimes shows in spite of his efforts to appear stupid.

The "Nights" of Straparola, written in the early half of the sixteenth century, contain the first fairy tales published in Italy, and have furnished the original of *Puss in Boots*, *Fortunio* and other nursery tales familiar to our childhood. To Basile, Count of Morone, a voluble, vehement Neapolitan who wrote about a century later, we are indebted for a more literary form to these same tales and perhaps for the original of *Cinderella*, *Rapunzel* and others.

It must not be forgotten that Machiavelli's *Belfagor* is a pleasant little tale that has been translated into most modern languages, and that the *Guilietta* of Porta is the story of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, though probably not the direct source upon which the great English dramatist drew for his plot.

Bandello, one of the most popular of the Italian story-tellers, published his collection at Lucca in 1554. In the four parts of the work there are eighty-seven stories, dedicated to Ippolita Sforza, because the writing was undertaken at her suggestion, although she died before its completion. Bandello's style is said to be negligent and impure, and he confesses to the charge; it may be for that reason that the tales have been more popular in other

countries than in Italy. One of the tales, the longest in the work, is either the original of *Much Ado About Nothing* or is taken from the same source. In the tale which is the original of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Triumph of Death*, a gentleman of Valentia marries a woman of low birth, but persists in keeping the wedding a secret. After a long time, his wife discovers that he is about to be united to another woman, one of his own rank. Pretending to forgive the faithlessness of her spouse, she persuades him to come to her house at night, where, with the assistance of a female slave, she binds the man, mutilates him horribly, and plunges a knife into his heart. Another story is said to be the original of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*.

Giraldi, who wrote in the middle of the sixteenth century his *Hundred Tales*, must have ransacked every age and country to procure his subjects, which bristle with tragic horror and all manner of human crimes.

IV. GRAMMAR AND RHETORIC. It is a curious fact that the Italian language was used in writing and speaking for three hundred years before its rules were reduced to a scientific form; but after Fortunio, who wrote the first Italian grammar in 1516, and Bembo's *Prose* (1525), which established the "classic" tradition in Italian grammar, writings on that subject became numerous. Some of the scholars who took part in the work of the Florentine Academy founded by Lionardo Solviati were

not altogether satisfied with the philosophical work of that association, and they organized another for the purpose of giving new interest to the study of the vernacular. This new academy was called *della Crusca*, which means literally *of the bran*, and its symbol was a sieve, as its purpose was to sift the impurities from the language; the members sat on flour barrels, and the chair of the presiding officer rested on three millstones. The first work of the academy was to compile and publish a new universal dictionary of the language, the famous *Dizionario della Crusca*, which probably did more toward increasing the study of the language than the work of the grammarians, but it was exclusively "classic" and admitted as linguistic authorities only the three great Tuscan writers of the fourteenth century. Rhetoricians abounded in every university, editions of the Greek and Roman classics with commentaries were produced, and by the middle of the sixteenth century an authoritative work on rhetoric, based upon the text of Aristotle, was published.

Oratory was at a low ebb, though there were many speakers who pleaded eloquently for the citizens, and in the latter decade of the fifteenth century Savonarola delivered his thunderous attacks upon the abuses of the Church, and suffered death in consequence.

V. SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY. Scientific libraries were founded, and academies for special work were established in Florence,

Rome, Bologna, Naples and other cities of Italy. Bologna held the preëminent place among schools of law, but Padua, Ferrara, Pavia, Turin, Florence, Siena, Rome and Pisa were seats of learning, in which leaders of European thought appeared as professors.

The chief figure in physical science was the mighty genius Galileo Galilei, who was born in 1564, the year of the death of Michelangelo. His first studies were in the department of medicine, but he abandoned them for investigations in experimental philosophy, and in 1589 became a lecturer on mathematics in the University of Pisa. By watching the swinging of the bronze lamp in the cathedral he discovered the laws of the pendulum; by other investigations, that the velocities of falling bodies are not dependent on their size. In 1592 he went to the University of Padua, as his revolutionary discoveries and biting sarcasms had made him unpopular. His other discoveries and inventions are even more wonderful: his rude refracting telescope opened to view new wonders in the heavens, disclosed the nature of the Milky Way, exposed the rough and mountainous surface of the moon, showed the satellites of Jupiter, the peculiar phenomena caused by the rings of Saturn, and dimmed the perfection of the sun by showing its spots. Less than a hundred years before, Copernicus, the Polish astronomer, who had studied in Italy, had propounded his famous theory of the universe, and this Galileo substantiated



and carried to the conclusion that the sun is the fixed center of our universe, round which moves the earth and the other planets, and that the earth has besides a daily rotation. Such revolutionary ideas, doubtless enhanced by the accusations of jealous rivals, caused Galileo to fall under the displeasure of the Church, and he was imprisoned, perhaps tortured, and compelled to recant his beliefs, though tradition says that, after denying the truth of the earth's movements, he whispered to a friend standing near, "It does move, for all that." The great discoverer was of a peppy disposition, but quick to forgive, fond of society and competent by taste and education to pass authoritative judgments in poetry, music and painting. It must not be forgotten, either, that he was an accomplished writer in Italian, and his immortal *Dialogue on the Ptolemaic and Copernican Systems* should have been received with the acclamations that greeted Newton in England.

But Italy was more than unkind to her leaders, whether in the natural sciences or in philosophy. Her four greatest thinkers of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century were Neapolitans. Bernardo Telesio (1509-1585) alone escaped a tragic fate, and has been forgotten, but Bacon called him the first experimental observer of nature, and he led the revolt against the philosophy of Aristotle, which was again becoming supreme. Giordano Bruno (1548-1600), the heretical monk, at-

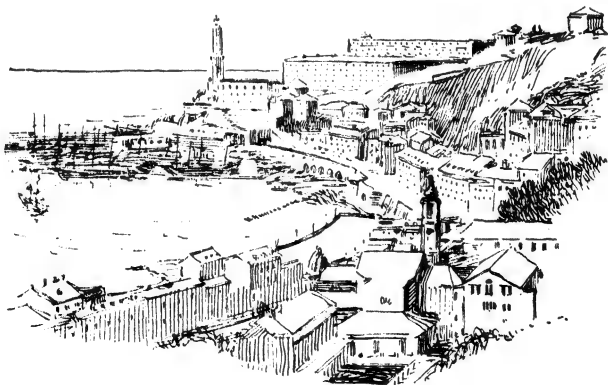
tacked the philosophy of Aristotle, was compelled to leave his country, returned to Italy to express his opinions, was arrested, turned over to the Inquisition, and, refusing to recant the heresies charged against him, was burned at the stake. His philosophy greatly influenced the beliefs of such notable men of later times as Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz and others. In tardy recognition of his genius, a bronze statue of him now stands on the place of his execution in Rome. The Dominican, Tommaso Campanella (1599-1625), earned his martyrdom, which extended only to an imprisonment which lasted through the best years of his life, for his ardent and visionary plotting to secure freedom for Naples. This sonnet, written by him while in a Neapolitan prison, is called noteworthy by Symonds:

The people is a beast of muddy brain  
That knows not its own force, and therefore stands  
Loaded with wood and stone; the powerless hands  
Of a mere child guide it with bit and rein.  
One kick would be enough to break the chain;  
But the beast fears, and what the child demands  
It does; nor its own terror understands,  
Confused and stupefied by bugbears vain.  
Most wonderful! with its own hand it ties  
And gags itself—gives itself death and war  
For pence doled out by kings from its own store.  
Its own are all things between earth and heaven;  
But this it knows not, and if one arise  
To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.

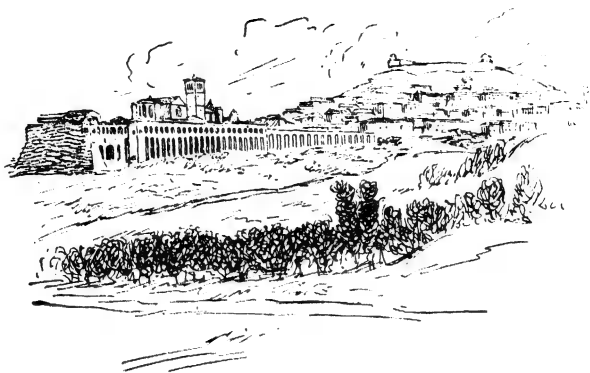
Giulio Vanini, another Neapolitan thinker, though of less importance than Bruno and

Campanella, was the leading atheist of his time, reflecting, in his romantic life, which ended at the stake at Toulouse, the spirit of the younger generation of *beaux esprits* that opened the seventeenth century in Italy.

In a work of this character, one is always in doubt where to draw the lines of division between writers who deserve recognition and those more meritorious who demand it. Our account of the second period of Italian literature is drawing to a close, yet we have one more great name to consider, after which we can feel justified in passing over the period of decadence which carries us to the beginnings of the second revival of modern literature.



GENOA FRONTING THE SEA



## CHAPTER XVI

SECOND PERIOD (CONCLUDED)

1476-1675

TORQUATO TASSO

**B**ERNARDO TASSO. Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, born in 1493 in Venice, was the author of many elegant lyrics and of the *Amadigi*, an epic romance which is now little read. He was an honest, good-hearted man with small property, but restless, ambitious and extravagant. He attached himself to various princes, whom he served for many years, the last being the unfortunate Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno, whose final ruin destroyed Bernardo as well. During one happy interval of prosperity, at the age of forty-six, he married Porzia de' Rossi, a young lady of rich and noble family with a claim to a handsome dowry. He lived some delightful years with her at Sorrento, a charming spot, where in

the midst of his orange trees and the breezes of an aromatic coast he wrote his verses and welcomed three children, the oldest a daughter named Cornelia, and the youngest, Torquato. Tasso came from a noble family, whose branches flourished remarkably, not only in Italy, but in Flanders, Germany and Spain. The Latin of Tasso is *Taxus*, which means both a badger and a yew-tree. The branch of the family which included the poets preferred the latter on their coat of arms.

II. TORQUATO TASSO. One of the most pathetic figures in all literary history is that of Torquato Tasso, the gifted author of *Jerusalem Delivered*. He was born in Sorrento in March, 1544, nine years after the death of Ariosto, who was intimate with the elder Tasso. The young Torquato, who was devoutly brought up, grew so tall and became so prematurely a scholar, that at nine he might have been taken for a boy of twelve. At eleven he was forced to leave his mother and go into exile with his father, while the former stayed at home to look after the dowry which she never received because of the opposition of her brothers. Two years later, she died, as her husband thought, from poison. Twenty-four years after, her son in the midst of his misfortune wrote thus of his mother:

Me from my mother's bosom my hard lot  
Took when a child. Alas! though all these years  
I have been used to sorrow,  
I sigh to think upon the floods of tears

Which bathed her kisses on that doleful morrow :  
I sigh to think of all the prayers and cries  
She wasted, straining me with lifted eyes :  
For never more on one another's face  
Was it our lot to gaze and to embrace !  
Her little stumbling boy,  
Like to the child of Troy,  
Or like to one doomed to no haven rather,  
Followed the footsteps of his wandering father.

After two years' study in Rome under an old priest, Torquato followed his father in his wanderings, and finally settled for two years in the duchy of Urbino. In 1559 he joined his father in Venice, but a year later was sent to the University of Padua to study law. Here, before he was seventeen, Tasso wrote the poem *Rinaldo*, which sprang into immediate popularity; this convinced his fond father that the disagreeable study of the law might be abandoned and the youth permitted to devote himself wholly to literature, and in carrying out this plan Torquato entered the University of Bologna. There, at the early age of nineteen, he planned and wrote at least three cantos of his famous *Jerusalem Delivered*.

In 1565 Tasso entered the household of the Cardinal d'Este, where he formed the intimate acquaintance of the accomplished princesses Lucretia and Leonora, ladies who were to exert a profound influence upon his life.

In 1570 Tasso accompanied the cardinal on a mission to France. This was prior to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the political scheming that was then in progress made

an extremely bad impression upon the poet. On his return from this mission, Tasso left the cardinal's service and entered the Duke's, which brought him more closely in relation to the two ladies. During 1572 and the year following he produced the *Aminta*, to which we shall have occasion to refer again.

In 1575 he began to show a certain querulousness and morbid suspicion, which were the first decided symptoms of an unsettled mind. Without going into the details of the unhappy years which followed and without attempting to analyze the causes, we may simply assert that his mind became unbalanced, and he fled from Ferrara, a prey of the most distracting fears. Selecting the loneliest ways he could find, he directed his course through the mountains to the kingdom of Naples, where his sister lived; afraid of pursuit, almost peniless, with health destroyed, he donned the clothes of a shepherd and interviewed his sister in disguise. She was now a widow with two sons, residing at Sorrento. Tasso said that he had brought letters from her brother and told her of his misfortunes in such a pathetic way that the loving sister lost consciousness in sympathetic grief. On her recovery, Tasso disclosed his identity, and Cornelia welcomed him in the tenderest manner, telling her friends that he was a cousin from Bergamo who had come on family affairs.

For a while his mind seemed at ease, but again the old malady seized him, and he hur-



*Photo: Ewing Galloway*

# TASSO IN PRISON





ried away. Neither the Duke nor the princesses replied to his letters, and in despair he hurried back to Ferrara, where he was graciously received. His stay was not long, however, and on a subsequent return he so outrageously abused the Duke in conversation that the latter threw him into the prison of St. Anne, an institute for the insane poor, in which place he remained practically all the time for more than seven years.

On his release Tasso went to Mantua, where, as the protégé of Prince Vincenzo Gonzaga, he revised his great epic in accordance with the wishes of the Church and his numerous critics, gave it a new name, and published it. The revision was a flat failure, and the poet's disappointment and chagrin were intense. From this time he wandered about from city to city, sometimes lucid, sometimes a prey to religious mania, and always suffering more or less from hallucinations.

Toward the close of the year 1587 he took up his residence at Rome. His popularity as a poet had never waned, and many there were who sympathized with him in his troubles, so that now it seemed that his life was in a fair way to end happily. Cardinal Cinzio requested the Pope to honor Tasso with a coronation, and the privilege was granted. Moreover, the Pope endowed him with a yearly pension, and the withholders of his mother's dowry allowed him a small annuity, but before the day of his coronation he was seized with his final illness,

and on the twenty-eighth of April, 1595, died embracing the crucifix, and with faltering voice uttering the sentence beginning, "Into thy hands, O Lord" (*In manus tuas domine*). It seems the irony of fate that the head of the dead poet should be wreathed with laurel and a magnificent toga placed around the dead body, while his admirers proceeded with the coronation and the burial.

Wiffen says:

Tasso was of a stature so lofty, that, according to Manso, he might be considered amongst men even of large size, as one of the largest. His complexion had been exceedingly fair, but first studies and vigils, and afterwards misfortunes and infirmities, had made him somewhat pale. His head was large, and raised both in the forehead and occiput; in the middle, however, above each temple, it was rather depressed than round. His forehead was large and square, first rising to the middle, and afterwards inclining to the hair, which time had in a great measure removed, rendering him almost bald. The color of his hair and beard was between brown and fair, inclining, however, towards dark; his eye-brows black, well arched, scanty, and disjoined. His eyes were large, and of a vivid blue, their gaze and motions full of gravity, and often, says Manso, directed towards the skies, as following the soarings of the mind within, which was generally raised to things celestial. His cheeks were rather long than round, his nose long and inclined towards the mouth, which was also large and leonine; his lips were thin and pale, his teeth white, large, and thickly set. He laughed but rarely, and when he did, gently and without any noise. His voice was clear and sonorous, but though his tongue was nimble, his conversation was rather slow than quick, and he was often accustomed to reiterate his last words. His figure, notwithstanding its

size, was well proportioned, and his limbs were so active, that in exercises of chivalry he was wonderfully expert; naturally brave, he showed in cases of personal danger equal dexterity and courage, but more address than grace; and, finally, he had in his whole person, but especially in his countenance, something dignified, noble, and attractive, which, even previous to a knowledge of his transcendent merits, inspired interest and commanded respect.

But his personal accomplishments were far surpassed by the qualities of his heart. All his historians concur in their praises of his candor, his inviolable fidelity to his word, his courtesy, his frankness, his freedom from the least tincture of revenge or of malignity, his attachment to his friends, his gratitude to his benefactors, his patience in misfortune, his mildness and sobriety, his purity of life and manners, his fervent and sincere piety. What was most irksome in his temper was a strange fear he had of being slighted, and a certain suspicious and mistrustful disposition. This, however (though partly perhaps owing to his poverty, and his residence in a ceremonious court), must be principally attributed to disease and long misfortune. His highspiritedness, which caused him to look with horror on all that resembled baseness, assumed at times the appearance of pride; he could not endure the least mark of unjust depreciation; but if he himself ever chanced to fail in any point of correct conduct towards others, he never scrupled to offer them every satisfaction, and to humiliate himself till the offended party lost all care for the offense. . . .

Simple, but neat in his dress, his common habit, even in his youth, was black, without the fantastic and luxurious ornaments usual in that age. He was fond of white and fine linen, of which he loved to make large provision, and which he wore plain, without lace or embroidery. In diet he was extremely temperate, and loved, as to taste, things that were sweet to the palate, such as candied fruits, cakes, and sweetmeats, and rich and piquant wines. His dislike to anything bitter approached

even to horror, so that, notwithstanding his frequent illnesses, he could scarcely ever be prevailed upon to take any medicine that was not rendered agreeable to his taste. His countenance, silent, modest, and reserved, was full of a mild but tragic gravity, resembling rather that of a philosopher than a poet. He preferred retirement and solitude to the bustle of the world; but in the circles of his choice, with friends, and above all, with amiable women, his conversation became highly animated, and, laying aside his philosophical gravity, he indulged in flights of pleasantry, with no less gayety than grace.

III. LEONORA D'ESTE. When Tasso was first introduced to Leonora, she was in her thirtieth year, he in his twenty-first. She is described as being "eminently lovely, in that soft, artless, unobtrusive style of beauty which is charming in itself, and in a Princess irresistible, from its contrast with the loftiness of her station and the trappings of her rank. Her complexion was extremely fair; her features small and regular, and the form of her head peculiarly graceful." The two ladies were the daughters of the unhappy René of France, the daughter of Louis XII, who was imprisoned for twelve years because she was supposed to favor the early reformers, and her daughters undoubtedly inherited some natural pity for the suffering.

Leonora was delicate, and her failing health increased her natural love of literature and art, so that she welcomed the effusions of the brilliant poet who addressed her. When her physicians restricted her from singing, Tasso wrote:

Oh! 'tis a merciless decree,  
That to the envied world denies  
The sound of that sweet voice which we  
So much admire, so dearly prize!

The noble thought and dulcet lay  
Breathing of passions so refined  
By HONOR'S breath, would drive away  
Sharp sorrow from the gloomiest mind.

Yet, 'tis enough for our deserts,  
That eyes and smiles so calm and coy  
Diffuse through our enchanted hearts  
A holy and celestial joy:

There would be no more blessed place  
Than this, our spirits to rejoice,  
If, as we view thy heavenly face,  
We also heard thy heavenly voice!

The beginnings of his love are shown in such  
verses as the following:

Love binds my soul in chains of bliss  
Firm, rigorous, strict, and strong;  
I am not sorrowful for this,  
But why I quarrel with him is,  
He quite ties up my tongue.

When I my lady should salute,  
I can on no pretense;  
But timid and confused stand mute,  
Or, wandering in my reason, suit  
My speech but ill with sense.

Loose, gentle Love, my tongue, and if  
Thou'lt not give up one part  
Of thy great power, respect my grief,  
Take off this chain in kind relief,  
And add it to my heart!

The following lines were probably written in the beautiful villa of the Cardinal d' Este at Tivoli, and are addressed to Leonora of Este:

To the romantic hills, where free  
To thine enchanted eyes,  
Works of Greek taste in statuary  
Of antique marbles rise,  
My thought, fair Leonora, roves,  
And with it to their gloom of groves  
Fast bears me as it flies;  
For far from thee, in crowds unblest,  
My fluttering heart but ill can rest.

There to the rock, cascade, and grove,  
On mosses dropt with dew,  
Like one who thinks and sighs of love,  
The livelong summer through,  
Oft would I dictate glorious things  
Of heroes to the Tuscan strings  
Of my sweet lyre anew;  
And to the brooks and trees around,  
Ippolito's high name resound.

But now what longer keeps me here!  
And who, dear lady, say,  
O'er Alpine rocks and marshes drear,  
A weary length of way,  
Guides me to thee? so that, enwreathed  
With leaves by Poesy bequeathed  
From Daphne's hallowed bay,  
I trifle thus in song?—adieu!  
Let the soft Zephyr whisper who.

The following is a prose translation of an exquisite lyric, whose rhythmical music it is impossible to express:

I yield not in love, O gentlest lady! to those who dare to show their love more openly, though I conceal it within the center of my heart, nor suffer it to spread forth like the other flowers of my spring. Let others boast themselves subjects of love for your sake, and slaves of your beauty, with admiring looks, with humble aspect, with sighs, with eloquent words, with lofty verse! whether the winter freeze or the summer burn,—at set of sun, and when he laughs again in heaven, let them still pursue you, as dogs the shy and timid deer. But I—O, I seek you in my own heart, where none else behold you! My hidden love be my only boast; my secret faith, my own glory!

The following lines must refer to Leonora:

Albeit in younger faces Love at times  
May show me where a fresher rose is set,  
Yet, *Royal Lady*, can I not forget  
My fifteen years of pain and useless rhymes.  
This heart, so touch'd by all thy beauty bright,  
After so many years is still thine own,  
And still retaineth forms more exquisite  
Than pearls, or purple gems, or coral stone.  
All this my heart in soft sighs would make known  
And thus with fire the coldest bosom fill,  
But that unlike itself, that heart hath grown  
So covetous of thy sweet charms and thee,  
(Its secret treasures), that it aye doth flee  
Inwards, and dwells upon them, and is still.

The following is a translation of Tasso's most celebrated and perhaps most perfect sonnet:

Thou, in thy unripe years, wast like the rose,  
Which shrinketh from the summer dawn, afraid,  
And with her green veil, like a bashful maid,  
Hideth her bosom sweet, and scarcely blows:



Or rather—(for what shape ever arose  
 From the dull earth like thee,) thou didst appear  
 Heavenly Aurora, who, when skies are clear,  
 Her dewy pearls o'er all the country sows.  
 Time stealeth nought: thy rare and careless grace  
 Surpasseth still the youthful bride when neatest,—  
 Her wealth of dress, her budding blooming face,  
 So is the full-blown rose for age the sweetest,  
 So doth the mid-day sun outshine the morn,  
 With rays more beautiful and brighter born!

IV. THE "AMINTA." Tasso's beautiful pastoral, the *Aminta*, which was performed before the Duke d' Este and his court to their great delight, is sufficient in itself to have made the poet famous. Lucretia, the Princess of Urbino, sent for Tasso to read it to her, and at the ensuing carnival it was performed with great applause at her court. The poet himself was thoroughly enchanted by the spectacle which the audience at Ferrara presented to his eyes, but the following passage, which shows a brief interval of happiness in the author's life, also indicates what he had already begun to think of courts at the moment he was praising them, although he skillfully puts his criticism into the mouth of Mopsus (Tasso), the friend of Thyrsis:

"Therefore, my son, take my advice. Avoid  
 The places where thou seest much drapery,  
 Colors, and gold, and plumes, and heraldries,  
 And such new-fanglements. But, above all,  
 Take care how evil chance or youthful wandering  
 Bring thee upon the house of Idle Babble."  
 "What place is that?" said I; and he resumed:—  
 "Enchantresses dwell there, who make one see

Things as they are not, ay and hear them too.  
That which shall seem pure diamond and fine gold  
Is glass and brass; and coffers that look silver,  
Heavy with wealth, are baskets full of bladders.  
The very walls there are so strangely made,  
They answer those who talk; and not in syllables,  
Or bits of words, like echo in our woods,  
But go the whole talk over, word for word,  
With something else besides, that no one said.  
The tressels, tables, bedsteads, curtains, lockers,  
Chairs, and whatever furniture there is  
In room or bedroom, all have tongues and speech,  
And are for ever tattling. Idle Babble  
Is always going about, playing the child;  
And should a dumb man enter in that place,  
The dumb would babble in his own despite.  
And yet this evil is the least of all  
That might assail thee. Thou might'st be arrested  
In fearful transformation to a willow,  
A beast, fire, water,—fire for ever sighing,  
Water for ever weeping."—Here he ceased:  
And I, with all this fine foreknowledge, went  
To the great city; and, by Heaven's kind will,  
Came where they live so happily. The first sound  
I heard was a delightful harmony,  
Which issued forth, of voices loud and sweet;—  
Sirens, and swans, and nymphs, a heavenly noise  
Of heavenly things;—which gave me such delight,  
That, all admiring, and amazed, and joyed,  
I stopped a while quite motionless. There stood  
Within the entrance, as if keeping guard  
Of those fine things, one of a high-souled aspect  
Stalwart withal, of whom I was in doubt  
Whether to think him better knight or leader.  
He, with a look at once benign and grave,  
In royal guise, invited me within;  
He, great and in esteem; me, lorn and lowly.  
Oh, the sensations and the sights which then  
Shower'd on me. Goddesses I saw, and nymphs

Graceful and beautiful, and harpers fine  
As Linus or as Orpheus; and more deities,  
All without veil or cloud, bright as the virgin  
Aurora, when she glads immortal eyes,  
And sows her beams and dew drops, silver and gold.

V. "JERUSALEM DELIVERED." The poem is in twenty cantos of approximately a hundred stanzas each, and while of great length it is one of the most interesting, if not the most interesting, of the national epics. It may be well to give an outline of the events and present such extracts as will show its character and most pleasing features. The translation from which we quote is in Spencerian verse by J. H. Wiffen.

1. *Canto I.* The poem opens with the usual introduction and invocation, in which we see traces of the *Aeneid*. The first stanza reads:

I sing the pious arms and Chief, who freed  
The Sepulcher of Christ from thrall profane:  
Much did he toil in thought, and much in deed;  
Much in the glorious enterprise sustain;  
And hell in vain opposed him; and in vain  
Afric and Asia to the rescue poured  
Their mingled tribes;—Heaven recompensed his pain,  
And from all fruitless sallies of the sword,  
True to the Red-Cross flag his wandering friends re-  
stored.

The narrative begins with a summary of the conquests which the Christian crusaders have made during their six years' stay in Asia, and then proceeds to say that in the spring of the seventh year the Supreme Being sends the

Archangel Gabriel to Godfrey of Bouillon, ordering him to assemble the chiefs of the crusaders and encourage them to march without further delay to Jerusalem, assuring him that he shall be elected their leader. Godfrey and Peter the Hermit both address the assembly, and Godfrey is elected chief, in accordance with the angel's prediction. He reviews his troops, who are catalogued with descriptions of their leaders. They commence their march, secure the submission of the Prince of Tripoli, and throw consternation into the inhabitants of Jerusalem and the King Aladine, whose character, cruelty to his Christian subjects, and preparations for resistance are described.

2. *Canto II.* Aladine seizes an image of the Virgin Mary that was concealed in one of the Christian churches and places it in the royal mosque, instigated thereto by Ismeno, a sorcerer, who promises to make it through his incantations a palladium to Jerusalem; but in the course of the night the statue is stolen from the mosque, and the King, enraged at not being able to find the thief, resolves to massacre all the Christians. Then follows the episode of Sophronia:

Of generous thoughts and principles sublime,  
Amongst them in the city lived a maid,  
The flower of virgins, in her ripest prime,  
Supremely beautiful! but that she made  
Never her care, or beauty only weighed  
In worth with virtue; and her worth acquired  
A deeper charm from blooming in the shade;

Lovers she shunned, nor loved to be admired,  
But from their praises turned, and lived a life retired.

Yet could not this coy secrecy prevent  
The' admiring gaze and warm desires of one  
Tutored by Love, nor yet would Love consent  
To hide such lustrous beauty from the sun;  
Love! that through every change delight'st to run,  
The Proteus of the heart! who now dost blind,  
Now roll the Argus eyes that nought can shun!  
Thou through a thousand guards unseen dost wind,  
And to the chastest maids familiar access find.

Sophronia hers, Olindo was his name;  
Born in one town, by one pure faith illumed;  
Modest—as she was beautiful, his flame  
Feared much, hoped little, and in nought presumed;  
He could not, or he durst not speak, but doomed  
To voiceless thought his passion; him she slighted,  
Saw not, or would not see; thus he consumed  
Beneath the vivid fire her beauty lighted;  
Either not seen, ill known, or, known, but ill requited.

And thus it was, when like an omen drear  
That summoned all her kindred to the grave,  
The cruel mandate reached Sophronia's ear,  
Who, brave as bashful, yet discreet as brave,  
Mused how her people she from death might save;  
Courage inspired, but virginal alarm  
Repressed the thought, till maiden shyness gave  
Place to resolve, or joined to share the harm;  
Boldness awoke her shame, shame made her boldness  
charm.

Alone amidst the crowd the maid proceeds,  
Nor seeks to hide her beauty, nor display;  
Downcast her eyes, close veiled in simple weeds,  
With coy and graceful steps she wins her way:  
So negligently neat, one scarce can say

If she her charms disdains, or would improve,—  
 If chance or taste disposes her array;  
 Neglects like hers, if artifices, prove  
 Arts of the friendly Heavens, of Nature, and of Love.

All, as she passed unheeding all, admire  
 The noble maid; before the king she stood;  
 Not for his angry frown did she retire,  
 But his indignant aspect coolly viewed:  
 “To give,”—she said, “but calm thy wrathful mood,  
 And check the tide of slaughter in its spring,—  
 To give account of that thou hast pursued  
 So long in vain, seek I thy face, O king!  
 The urged offense I own, the doomed offender bring!”

The modest warmth, the unexpected light  
 Of high and holy beauty, for a space  
 O’erpowered him,—conquered of his fell despite,  
 He stood, and of all fierceness lost the trace.  
 Were his a spirit, or were hers a face  
 Of less severity, the sweet surprise  
 Had melted him to love; but stubborn grace  
 Subdues not stubborn pride; Love’s potent ties  
 Are flattering fond regards, kind looks, and smiling eyes.

If ’t were not Love that touched his flinty soul,  
 Desire it was, ’t was wonder, ’t was delight:  
 “Safe be thy race!” he said, “reveal the whole,  
 And not a sword shall on thy people light.”  
 Then she: “The guilty is before thy sight,—  
 The pious robbery was my deed; these hands  
 Bore the blest Image from its cell by night;  
 The criminal thou seek’st before thee stands,—  
 Justice from none but me her penalty demands.”

Thus she prepares a public death to meet,  
 A people’s ransom at a tyrant’s shrine:  
 Oh, glorious falsehood! beautiful deceit!  
 Can Truth’s own light thy loveliness outshine?

To her bold speech misdoubting Aladine  
With, unaccustomed temper calm replied :  
"If so it were, who planned the rash design,  
Advised thee to it, or became thy guide?  
Say, with thyself who else his ill-timed zeal allied?"

"Of this my glory not the slightest part  
Would I," said she, "with one confederate share;  
I needed no adviser; my full heart  
Alone sufficed to counsel, guide, and dare."  
"If so," he cried, "then none but thou must bear  
The weight of my resentment, and atone  
For the misdeed." "Since it has been my care,"  
She said, "the glory to enjoy alone,  
'T is just none share the pain; it should be all mine own."

To this the tyrant, now incensed, returned,  
"Where rests the Image?" and his face became  
Dark with resentment: she replied, "I burned  
The holy image in the holy flame,  
And deemed it glory; thus at least no shame  
Can e'er again profane it—it is free  
From farther violation; dost thou claim  
The spoil or spoiler? this behold in me;  
But that, whilst time rolls round, thou never more shalt  
see.

"Albeit no spoiler I; it was no wrong  
To repossess what was by force obtained:"  
At this the tyrant loosed his threatening tongue,  
Long-stifled passion raging unrestrained:  
No longer hope that pardon may be gained,  
Beautiful face, high spirit, bashful heart!  
Vainly would Love, since mercy is disdained,  
And Anger flings his most envenomed dart,  
In aid of you his else protecting shield impart!

Doomed in tormenting fire to die, they lay  
Hands on the maid; her arms with rough cords twin-  
ing,

Rudely her mantle chaste they tear away,  
 And the white veil that o'er her drooped declining,  
 This she endured in silence unrepining,  
 Yet her firm breast some virgin tremors shook;  
 And her warm cheek, Aurora's late outshining  
 Waned into whiteness, and a color took,  
 Like that of the pale rose, or lily of the brook.

The crowd collect; the sentence is divulged;  
 With them Olindo comes, by pity swayed;  
 It might be that the youth the thought indulged,  
 What if his own Sophronia were the maid!  
 There stand the busy officers arrayed  
 For the last act, here swift the flames arise;  
 But when the pinioned beauty stands displayed  
 To the full gaze of his inquiring eyes,—  
 'T is she! he bursts through all, the crowd before him  
 flies.

Aloud he cries; “To her, oh, not to her  
 The crime belongs, though frenzy may misplead!  
 She planned not, dared not, could not, king, incur  
 Sole and unskilled the guilt of such a deed!  
 How lull the guards, or by what process speed  
 The sacred Image from its vaulted cell?  
 The theft was mine! and 't is my right to bleed!”  
 Alas for him! how wildly and how well  
 He loved the' unloving maid, let this avowal tell.

“I marked where your high Mosque receives the air  
 And light of heaven; I climbed the dizzy steep;  
 I reached a narrow opening; entered there,  
 And stole the Saint, whilst all were hushed in sleep:  
 Mine was the crime, and shall another reap  
 The pain and glory? grant not her desire!  
 The chains are mine; for me the guards may heap  
 Around the ready stake the penal fire;  
 For me the flames ascend; 't is mine, that funeral  
 pyre!”



Sophronia raised to him her face,—her eye  
Was filled with pity and a starting tear;  
She spoke—the soul of sad humanity  
Was in her voice, “What frenzy brings thee here,  
Unhappy innocent! is death so dear,  
Or am I so ill able to sustain  
A mortal’s wrath, that thou must needs appear?  
I have a heart, too, that can death disdain,  
Nor ask for life’s last hour companionship in pain.”

Thus she appeals to him; but scorning life,  
His settled soul refuses to retreat:  
Oh, glorious scene, where in sublimest strife  
High-minded Virtue and Affection meet!  
Where death’s the prize of conquest, and defeat  
Seals its own safety, yet remains unblest!  
But indignation at their fond deceit,  
And rage, the more inflames the tyrant’s breast,  
The more this constant pair the palm of guilt contest.

He deems his power despised, and that in scorn  
Of him they spurn the punishment assigned:  
“Let,” he exclaimed, “the fitting palm adorn  
The brows of both! both pleas acceptance find!”  
Beckoning he bids the prompt tormentors bind  
Their galling chains around the youth—’t is done;  
Both to one stake are, back to back, consigned,  
Like sunflowers twisted from their worshiped sun,  
Compelled the last fond looks of sympathy to shun.

Around them now the unctuous pyre was piled,  
And the fanned flame was rising in the wind,  
When, full of mournful thoughts, in accents wild,  
The lover to his mate in death repined:  
“Is this the bond then which I hoped should bind  
Our lives in blissful marriage? this the fire  
Of bridal faith, commingling mind with mind,  
Which, I believed, should in our hearts inspire  
Like warmth of sacred zeal and delicate desire?

“Far other flames Love promised to impart,  
 Than those our envious planets here prepare;  
 Too, ah, too long they kept our hands apart,  
 But harshly now they join them in despair!  
 Yet does it soothe, since by a mode so rare  
 Condemned to die, thy torments to partake,  
 Forbid by fate thy sweetnesses to share;  
 If tears I shed, 't is but for thy dear sake,  
 Not mine,—with thee beside, I bless the burning stake!

“And oh! this doom would be indeed most blest,  
 My sharpest sufferings blandishments divine,  
 Might I but be permitted, breast to breast,  
 On thy sweet lips my spirit to resign;  
 If thou too, panting toward one common sn.  
 Wouldst the next happy instant parting spend  
 Thy latest sighs in sympathy on mine!”  
 Sorrowing he spake; she when his plaints had end,  
 Did thus his fond discourse most sweetly reprehend.

“Far other aspirations, other plaints  
 Than these, dear friend, the solemn hour should claim.  
 Think what reward God offers to his saints;  
 Let meek repentance raise a loftier aim:  
 These torturing fires, if suffered in his name,  
 Will, bland as zephyrs, waft us to the blest;  
 Regard the sun, how beautiful his flame!  
 How fine a sky invites him to the west!  
 These seem to soothe our pangs, and summon us to rest.”

The Pagans lifting up their voices wept;  
 In stifled sorrow wept the Faithful too;  
 E'en the stern king was touched,—a softness crept  
 O'er his fierce heart, ennobling, pure, and new;  
 He felt, he scorned it, struggled to subdue,  
 And lest his wavering firmness should relent,  
 His eyes averted, and his steps withdrew:  
 Sophronia's spirit only was unbent;  
 She yet lamented not, for whom all else lament.

In midst of their distress, a knight behold,  
(So would it seem) of princely port ! whose vest,  
And arms of curious fashion, grained with gold,  
Bespeak some foreign and distinguished guest ;  
The silver tigress on the helm impressed,  
Which for a badge is borne, attracts all eyes,—  
A noted cognizance, the' accustomed crest  
Used by Clorinda, whence conjectures rise,  
Herself the stranger is—nor false is their surmise.

All feminine attractions, aims, and parts,  
She from her childhood cared not to assume ;  
Her haughty hand disdained all servile arts,  
The needle, distaff, and Arachne's loom ;  
Yet, though she left the gay and gilded room  
For the free camp, kept spotless as the light  
Her virgin fame, and proud of glory's plume,  
With pride her aspect armed ; she took delight  
Stern to appear, and stern, she charmed the gazer's sight.

Whilst yet a girl, she with her little hand  
Lashed and reined in the rapid steed she raced,  
Tossed the huge javelin, wrestled on the sand,  
And by gymnastic toils her sinews braced ;  
Then through the devious wood and mountain-waste  
Tracked the struck lion to his entered den,  
Or in fierce wars a nobler quarry chased ;  
And thus in fighting field and forest glen,  
A man to savage beasts, a savage seemed to men.

From Persia now she comes, with all her skill  
The Christians to resist, though oft has she  
Strewed with their blood the field, till scarce a rill  
Remained, that ran not purple to the sea.  
Here now arrived, the dreadful pageantry  
Of death presents itself,—the crowd—the pyre—  
And the bound pair ; solicitous to see,  
And know what crime condemns them to the fire,  
Forward she spurs her steed, and hastens to inquire.

The throng falls back, and she a while remains,  
 The fettered pair more closely to survey;  
 One she sees silent, one she sees complains,  
 The stronger spirit nerves the weaker prey:  
 She sees him mourn like one whom the sad sway  
 Of powerful pity doth to tears chastise,  
 Not grief, or grief not for himself; but aye  
 Mute kneels the maid, her blue beseeching eyes  
 So fixed on heaven, she seems in heaven ere yet she dies.

Clorinda melts, and with them both condoles;  
 Some tears she sheds, but greater tenderness  
 Feels for her grief who most her grief controls,—  
 The silence moves her much, the weeping less;  
 No longer now does she delay to press  
 For information; turning towards one  
 Of reverend years, she said with eagerness,  
 “Who are they? speak! and oh, what crime has won  
 This death? in Mercy’s name, declare the deed they’ve  
 done!”

Thus she entreats; a brief reply he gives,  
 But such as well explains the whole event:  
 Amazed she heard it, and as soon conceives  
 That they are both sincerely innocent;  
 Her heart is for them, she is wholly bent  
 To’ avert their fate, if either arms can aid,  
 Or earnest prayers secure the king’s consent;  
 The fire she nears, commands it to be stayed,  
 That now approached them fast, and to the attendants  
 said.

“Let none of you presume to prosecute  
 Your barbarous office, till the king I see;  
 My word I pledge that at Clorinda’s suit,  
 Your fault he will forgive, if fault it be:”  
 Moved by her speech and queenlike dignity  
 The guards obey, and she departs in quest  
 Of the stern monarch, urgent of her plea:  
 Midway they met; the monarch she addressed;  
 And in this skillful mode her generous purpose pressed.

"I am Clorinda ; thou wilt know perchance  
 The name, from vague remembrance or renown ;  
 And here I come to save with sword and lance  
 Our common Faith, and thine endangered crown,  
 Impose the labor, lay the' adventure down,  
 Sublime I fear it not, nor low despise ;  
 In open field or in the straitened town,  
 Prepared I stand for every enterprise,  
 Where'er the danger calls, where'er the labor lies !"

"What region so remote," replied the king,  
 "From the sun's track or Asia's golden zone,  
 To which, heroic maid, on wonder's wing  
 Thy fame has not arrived, thy glory flown ?  
 Now that with mine thou deign'st to join thine own  
 Unconquered sword, I shake away all sense  
 Of fear, and hope for my assaulted throne ;  
 No—I could have no surer confidence,  
 If e'en united hosts were armed in my defense !

"Now then the mighty Godfrey comes too late  
 To my desire ; exploits are thy demand,  
 But only worthy thy sublime estate  
 I hold the daring, difficult, and grand ;  
 The rule of all our warriors to thy hand  
 Do I concede ; thy standard be their guide  
 In battle, and a law thy least command !" —  
 She nor assumed his praises, nor denied,  
 But bowed her grateful thanks, and courteously replied :

" 'Twould be assuredly a thing most rare,  
 If the reward the service should precede ;  
 But of thy bounty confident, I dare  
 For future toils solicit, as my meed,  
 Yon lovers' pardon ; since the charge indeed  
 Rests on no evidence, 'twas hard to press  
 The point at all, but this I waive, nor plead  
 On those sure signs which, urged, thou must confess  
 Their hands quite free from crime, or own their guilt far  
 less.

“Yet will I say, though here the common mind  
 Condemns the Christians of the theft, for me,  
 Sufficient reasons in mine own I find  
 To doubt, dispute, disparage the decree;  
 To set their idols in our sanctuary  
 Was an irreverence to our laws, howe’er  
 Urged by the sorcerer; should the Prophet see  
 E’en idols of our own established there?  
 Much less then those of men whose lips his faith forswear!

“The Christian statue ravished from your sight  
 To Allah therefore rather I impute,  
 In sign that he will let no foreign rite  
 Of superstition his pure place pollute:  
 Spells and enchantments may Ismeno suit,  
 Leave him to use such weapons at his will;  
 But shall we warriors by a wand dispute?  
 No! no! our talisman, our hope, our skill,  
 Lie in our swords alone, and they shall serve us still!”

She ceased; and he, though mercy could with pain  
 Subdue a heart so full of rage and pride,  
 Relents, her reasons move, her prayers constrain.—  
 Such intercessor must not be denied;  
 Thus, though reluctant, he at length complied:  
 “The plea for the fair pleader I receive;  
 I can refuse thee nothing; this,” he cried,  
 “May justice be or mercy,—let them live;  
 Guiltless—I set them free, or guilty I forgive!”

Restored to life and liberty, how blest,  
 How truly blest was young Olindo’s fate!  
 For sweet Sophronia’s blushes might attest,  
 That Love at length has touched her delicate  
 And generous bosom; from the stake in state  
 They to the altar pass; severely tried,  
 In doom and love already made his mate,  
 She now objects not to become his bride,  
 And grateful live with him who would for her have died.

The Christian army arrives at Emaus, where they are met by Alethes and Argantes, ambassadors from the King of Egypt, who are unable to move Godfrey from his determination, and who, after reciprocal defiance and declaration of war, depart in anger, Alethes to Egypt and Argantes to Jerusalem, to aid in the defense of the city. The canto closes with one of those descriptions for which Tasso is famous:

'T is eve; 't is night; a holy quiet broods  
O'er the mute world—winds, waters are at peace,  
The beasts lie couched amid unstirring woods,  
The fishes slumber in the sounds and seas;  
No twittering bird sings farewell from the trees,  
Hushed is the dragon's cry, the lion's roar;  
Beneath her glooms a glad oblivion frees  
The heart from care, its weary labor o'er,  
Carrying divine repose and sweetness to its core.

But not the midnight hush, nor starlight balm,  
Nor sweet oblivion of all things in sleep,  
Can to the Chief or army bring the calm  
Of blest repose, such eager watch they keep,  
In their desire to see the morning peep,  
And give that long-sought City to their sight,  
Where they the fruits of battle hope to reap;  
Oft looking out to mark if yet the light,  
Breaking the dappled East, clears up the shades of night.

3. *Canto III.* The Christian army comes in sight of Jerusalem:

The odorous air, morn's messenger, now spread  
Its wings to herald, in serenest skies,  
Aurora issuing forth, her radiant head  
Adorned with roses plucked in Paradise;  
When in full panoply the hosts arise,

And loud and spreading murmurs upward fly,  
Ere yet the trumpet sings; its melodies  
They miss not long, the trumpet's tuneful cry  
Gives the command to march, shrill sounding to the sky.

The skillful Captain, with a gentle rein  
Guides their desires, and animates their force;  
And though 't would seem more easy to restrain  
Charybdis in its mad volubil course,  
Or bridle Boreas in, when gruffly hoarse  
He tempests Apenninus and the gray  
Ship shaking Ocean to its deepest source,—  
He ranks them, urges, rules them on the way;  
Swiftly they march, yet still with swiftness under sway.

Wing'd is each heart, and winged every heel;  
They fly, yet notice not how fast they fly;  
But by the time the dewless meads reveal  
The fervent sun's ascension in the sky,  
Lo, towered Jerusalem salutes the eye!  
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale;  
“Jerusalem!” a thousand voices cry,  
“All hail, Jerusalem!” hill, down, and dale  
Catch the glad sounds, and shout, “Jerusalem, all hail!”

Thus, when a crew of fearless voyagers  
Seeking new lands, spread their audacious sails  
In the hoar Arctic, under unknown stars,  
Sport of the faithless waves and treacherous gales;  
If, as their little bark the billow scales,  
One views the long-wished headland from the mast,  
With merry shouts the far-off coast he hails,  
Each points it out to each, until at last  
They lose in present joy the troubles of the past.

To the pure pleasure which that first far view  
In their reviving spirits sweetly shed,  
Succeeds a deep contrition, feelings new,—  
Grief touched with awe, affection mixed with dread;



Scarce dare they now upraise the abject head,  
Or turn to Zion their desiring eyes,  
The chosen city! where Messias bled,  
Defrauded Death of his long tyrannies,  
New clothed his limbs with life, and reassumed the  
skies!

Low accents, plaintive whispers, groans profound,  
Sighs of a people that in gladness grieves,  
And melancholy murmurs float around,  
Till the sad air a thrilling sound receives,  
Like that which sobs amidst the dying leaves,  
When with autumnal winds the forest waves;  
Or dash of an insurgent sea that heaves  
On lonely rocks, or locked in winding caves,  
Hoarse through their hollow aisles in wild low cadence  
raves.

Each, at his Chief's example, lays aside  
His scarf and feathered casque, with every gay  
And glittering ornament of knightly pride,  
And barefoot treads the consecrated way.  
Their thoughts, too, suited to their changed array,  
Warm tears devout their eyes in showers diffuse,—  
Tears, that the haughtiest temper might allay;  
And yet, as though to weep they did refuse,  
Thus to themselves their hearts of hardness they  
accuse.

“Here, Lord, where currents from thy wounded side  
Stained the besprinkled ground with sanguine red,  
Should not these two quick springs at least, their tide  
In bitter memory of thy passion shed!  
And melt'st thou not, my icy heart, where bled  
Thy dear Redeemer? still must pity sleep?  
My flinty bosom, why so cold and dead?  
Break, and with tears the hallowed region steep!  
If that thou weep'st not now, for ever shouldst thou  
weep!”

The inhabitants are much alarmed, and Clorinda sallies out to meet the crusaders. She encounters and defeats a party of foragers, and Godfrey orders Tancred to advance to their support. In the meantime, Herminia, daughter of the deceased king of Antioch, who has been a prisoner in the Christian army, points out to King Aladine from the top of a high tower the principal leaders of the Christian army. Clorinda fights like a brave knight with Tancred, but finally the pagans are driven back to the walls, although Dudon, a leader of the crusaders, is slain by Argantes, and Godfrey calls off his troops, reconnoiters the town, camps near the northern gate, and begins to collect the material for military engines.

4. *Canto IV.* Satan, here called Pluto, indignant at the success of the Christians, calls a council in the infernal regions to consider the best means of opposing their further progress. As a result, Armida, a beautiful enchantress, is sent to the camp of the Christians to seduce Godfrey, or, failing to do that, to lead the Christian chiefs away. She begs for assistance to restore a principality which she has lost, but Godfrey declines to leave the siege, and she uses her wiles to induce many of the knights to follow her.

5. *Canto V.* Rinaldo, one of the youngest and bravest of the Christian knights, is insulted by Gernando, brother of the King of Norway, and slays him in a duel, although such affairs have been expressly prohibited by Godfrey.

Rinaldo, under the advice of Tancred, quits the camp, and later Godfrey reluctantly consents for ten knights to follow Armida in her project. As a matter of fact, forty who have not been chosen among the ten determine to follow them.

6. *Canto VI.* Argantes sends a herald to the Christian camp to invite one of their knights to single combat in a plain between the city and the camp. Godfrey names Tancred to accept the challenge, and the latter leaves the camp, but on the way sees Clorinda, with whom he is desperately in love, and pauses so long in admiration of the lady that his place is taken by Otho, who, after a sturdy fight, is finally unhorsed:

Argantes, drunk with rage, enforced his way  
With high curvettings o'er his victim's chest;  
And cried, "Let all proud knights obedience pay,  
Like him whom thus my horse's hoofs have pressed:"  
Undaunted Tancred in his manly breast  
At this barbaric action could restrain  
His wrath no longer; shaking his black crest,  
He forward spurred, ambition to regain  
His wanted fame eclipsed, and clear its recent stain.

"And oh," he cried, advancing, "spirit base!  
E'en in thy conquest, infamous! what meed,  
What little to esteem, what claim to praise  
Hop'st thou, accurst, from such a villain's deed!  
With Arab robbers or the like fierce breed  
Of ruffians, surely thou wert bred;—away!  
Back to thy loathed den of darkness speed;  
Midst hills and woods go raven for thy prey  
With other wolves by night, more savage far than they!"

The Pagan Lord, to such affronts unused,  
 Bit both his lips, wrath's strangled orators;  
 He would have spoke, but only sounds confused  
 Broke forth, such sounds as when a lion roars;  
 Or, as when lightning cleaves the stormy doors  
 Of heaven, to rouse from its reluctant rest  
 The thunder growling as the tempest pours;  
 For every word which he with pain expressed,  
 Escaped in tones as gruff, from his infuriate breast.

When by ferocious threats they each had fired  
 His rival's pride, and fortified his own,  
 Some paces back they rapidly retired,  
 And met, like two black clouds together blown.  
 Queen of the Lyre! down from thy Delphic throne  
 Descend with all thy talismans and charms;  
 Breathe in my ringing shell thy hoarsest tone,  
 That to their rage attempered, its alarms  
 May with the shock, repeat the clangor of their arms!

Both placed in rest, and leveled at the face  
 Their knotty lances;—ne'er did tiger's spring,  
 Nor ardent charger in the rushing race,  
 Match their swift course, nor bird of swiftest wing:  
 Here Tancred, there Argantes came!—to sing  
 The force with which they met, would ask the cry  
 Of angels,—sudden the shocked helmets ring;  
 Their spears are broke; and up to the blue sky  
 A thousand lucid sparks, a thousand shivers fly.

That shrill blow shook Earth's firm volubil ball;  
 The mountains, sounding as the metals clashed,  
 Passed the dire music to the towers, till all  
 The City trembled; but the shock, which dashed  
 Both steeds to earth, as each for anguish gnashed  
 Its teeth, and shrieked its noble life away,  
 Scarce bowed their haughty heads; they, unabashed,  
 Sprang lightly up, war's perfect masters they,  
 Drew their gold-hilted swords and stood at desperate bay.

Warily deals each warrior's arm its thrust,  
His foot its motion, its live glance his eye ;  
To various guards and attitudes they trust ;  
They foin, they dally, now aloof, now nigh,  
Recede, advance, wheel, traverse, and pass by,  
Threat where they strike not, where they threat not,  
dart

The desperate pass ; or, with perception sly,  
Free to the foe leave some unguarded part,  
Then his foiled stroke revenge, with art deriding art.

Prince Tancred's thigh the Pagan knight perceives  
But ill defended, or by shield or sword ;  
He hastes to strike, and inconsiderate leaves  
His side unshielded as he strides abroad ;  
Tancred failed not instinctively to ward  
The stroke, beat back the weapon, and, inspired  
With eager hope, the guardless body gored ;  
Which done, of either gazing host admired,  
He nimbly back recoiled, and to his ward retired.

The fierce Argantes, when he now beheld  
Himself in his own gushing blood baptized,  
In unaccustomed horror sighed and yelled,  
With shame discountenanced, and with pain surprised  
And, both by rage and suffering agonized,  
Raised with his voice his sword aloft, to quit  
The sharp rebuke ; but Tancred, well advised  
Of his intent, afresh the' assailant smit,  
Where to the nervous arm the shoulder-blade was knit.

As in its Alpine forest the grim bear,  
Stung by the hunter's arrow, from its haunts  
Flies in the face of all his shafts to dare  
Death for the wild revenge, no peril daunts ;  
Just so the mad Circassian fares, so pants  
For blood, as thus the foe his soul besets,  
When shame on shame, and wound on wound he  
plants ;

And his revenge his wrath so keenly whets,  
That he all danger scorns, and all defense forgets.

Joining with courage keen a valor rash,  
And untired strength with unexampled might,  
He showers his strokes so fast, that the skies flash,  
And earth e'en trembles in her wild affright:  
No time has the alarmed Italian knight  
To deal a single blow; from such a shower  
Scarce can he shield himself, scarce breathe; no sleight  
Of arms is there to' assure his life an hour  
From the man's headstrong haste and brute gigantic  
power.

Collected in himself, he waits in vain  
Till the first fury of the storm be past;  
Now lifts his moony targe; now round the plain  
Fetches his skillful circles, far and fast;  
But when he sees the Pagan's fierceness last  
Through all delay, his own proud blood takes fire;  
And, staking all his fortunes on the cast,  
He whirls his sword in many a giddy gyre,  
Requiting strength with strength, and answering ire with  
ire.

Judgment and skill are lost in rage; rage gives  
Resentment life; fresh force resentment lends;  
Where falls the steel, it either bores or cleaves  
Chainplate or mail; plumes shiver, metal bends,  
Helms crack, and not a stroke in vain descends;  
The ground is strewed with armor hewn asunder,  
Armor with blood, with ruby blood sweat blends;  
Each smiting sword appears a whirling wonder,  
Its flash the lightning's fire, its sullen clang far thunder.

Both gazing nations anxious hung suspended  
Upon a spectacle so wild and new;  
With fear, with hope the issue they attended,  
Some good or ill perpetually in view;

Not the least beck or slightest whisper flew  
Mid the two hosts so lately in commotion ;  
All nerve alone, all eye, all ear, they grew  
Fixt, mute, and soundless as an eve-lulled ocean,  
Save what the beating heart struck in its awful motion.

Now tired were both ; and both, their spirits spent,  
Had surely perished on the field of fight,  
Had not dim eve her lengthening shadows sent,  
And e'en of nearest things obscured the sight ;  
And now on either side in apposite  
Array, a reverend herald rose, and sought  
From the keen strife to separate each his knight ;  
This Aridos, Pindoro that, who brought  
Of late the' insulter's boast, and terms on which they  
fought.

Parted by the heralds, the two champions  
pledge themselves to meet again in six days.  
Herminia's love for Tancred has caused her  
great anxiety during the battle, and in her  
eagerness to know the state of Tancred's  
wounds she puts on Clorinda's armor and  
timidly leaves the town by night, determined  
to find her way into the enemy's camp. She  
sends notice to Tancred that a lady has ar-  
ranged to see him, but does not make known  
her name. While the messenger is gone, a  
party of Christian soldiers drive Herminia  
away, and Tancred, thinking from the de-  
scription of Clorinda's armor that the lady  
must be she, mounts his horse and rides in  
pursuit.

7. *Canto VII.* Herminia, unable to govern  
her horse, is carried away to a shepherd's  
cottage on the banks of the Jordan, and deter-

mines to live there for a time. Tancred, in pursuit, is conducted by a treacherous guide to a castle belonging to Armida, on an island in the Dead Sea. He is met by Rambaldo, one of the knights who followed Armida and has embraced Mohammedanism, defeats him in a combat, but in following his enemy is entrapped in the castle and confined in a solitary cell. Meantime, the day has arrived for his combat with Argantes, and as he is absent no Christian knight dares accept the challenge; so Godfrey, indignant at such cowardice, determines to take the place of Tancred, but is prevented by the aged Raymond, who accepts the challenge and is fighting successfully, when Satan assumes the shape of Clorinda and assists a treacherous pagan archer to shoot and wound Raymond. At such a violation of the compact, Godfrey becomes enraged, charges the pagans, and would have defeated them badly, but Satan raises a storm which confuses the Christians, and Clorinda, entering the combat, drives the knights back to their entrenchments with great loss.

8. *Canto VIII.* A Danish warrior arrives at the Christian camp, informs Godfrey of the destruction of Sweno, the Prince of Denmark, and two thousand auxiliaries, and delivers the sword of the deceased to Godfrey with the supernatural direction that it should be given to Rinaldo, who is fated to revenge the death of Sweno. A foraging party brings news of the death of Rinaldo, and Electo, the sorceress,

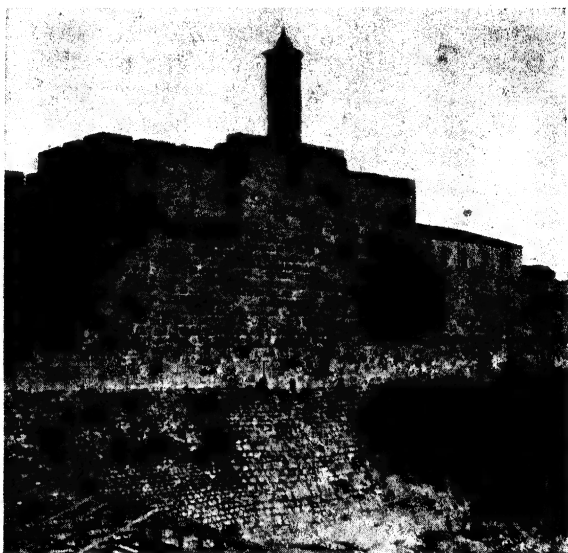


convinces the Italian troops that Rinaldo was slain at the instigation of Godfrey. The rebellion which follows is quelled by Godfrey, and the leader is thrown into prison.

9. *Canto IX.* Solyman, the Turkish Sultan, assaults the Christian camp in the night and causes great destruction, especially because of the assistance rendered by Argantes and Clorinda. The crusaders are saved by the Archangel Michael, who drives back to hell the demons who have been fighting for the Saracens. The tide of battle is turned in favor of the Christians, and the pagans are driven back to the city with immense loss, when the fifty knights, who had followed Armida, unexpectedly return to the field.

10. *Canto X.* Solyman starts to join the Egyptian army, which is on its way to attack the Christians, but the enchanter Ismeno brings him back to Jerusalem, where, rendered invisible, he attends the council of the King, and, disclosing his identity, confounds those who advocate submission. Godfrey is told the adventures of the fifty knights who were lured away by Armida, changed into fishes and finally liberated by Rinaldo, who is thus proved to be alive, and Peter the Hermit prophesies the future glory of the Italian hero.

11. *Canto XI.* Godfrey, after worshiping on the Mount of Olives and receiving benediction from the prelates, prepares for the great assault on the walls of Jerusalem, which, under a vow, he and his knights make in the dress



TOWER OF DAVID  
JERUSALEM



and with the arms of private foot-soldiers.  
The combat under the walls is thus described:

And first from camp his infantry he guides,  
With wondrous providence and art disposed,  
And 'gainst the walls to ruin doomed, divides  
Transversely into two the massy host:  
In center the wheeled engines take their post,—  
Structures of unimaginable powers,—  
Scorpions and strong ballistae; whence are tost,  
Like lightning and like thunder on the towers,  
Lances, and quarried rocks, and sleet of arrowy showers.

His heavier-armed he places in the rear  
For surer guard, his light horse in the wings;  
Then gives the word, and instant in the ear  
Of either host the signal-trumpet rings:  
Tremendous is the cast of stones from slings,  
Javelins from engines, quarrels from cross-bows,  
And mortal arrows from resounding strings;  
Some fall, some flee; and thinned and broken shows,  
On the defended wall, the phalanx late so close.

Then with all speed the eager Franks impel  
Their progress; part into a tortoise form,  
Shield locked with shield, beneath its iron shell  
Secure; whilst part slink from the sounding storm  
Of stones and raining darts, in cubiform  
Battalia underneath the vines; they gain,  
Thus screened, the counterscarp, and ceaseless swarm,  
Fervent as summer-ermets, nor in vain,  
The hollow depth to fill and equal with the plain.

The circling moat was not of marshy sward,  
(This the dry soil forbade,) nor soft with mud;  
So that they filled it soon, though large and broad,  
With turf, stones, timber and fascines of wood:  
Daring Adrastus was the first that stood  
From forth the shell of shields; he raised sublime

A scaling-ladder, and, despite the flood  
Poured from above, of boiling pitch and lime,  
Dauntless his crest advanced, and stood resolved to climb.

The fiery Switzer in his rash neglect  
Of life, on high with wonder they survey,  
Mark to a thousand arrows, and unchecked  
By all that would his course audacious stay;  
Half had he finished his aerial way,  
When sudden, by the strong Circassian thrown,  
A huge round rock with quick tempestuous sway,  
As from a mortar shot, upon his crown  
Alit, and rudely beat the' heroic soldier down.

Not mortal is the stroke; but still the fall  
Stuns him, and mute and motionless he lies;  
Loud shouted then the victor on the wall,—  
“Fallen is the first! who next the venture tries?  
Why not assail us in the open skies?  
Come from your caves; skulk not like foxes there,—  
I skulk not; nothing shall your strange device  
Save you, but like the badger and the bear  
Die in your dens ye shall; by Mahomet I swear!”

Not for his taunt the Franks their toil refrain;  
But, close in curtain of their sheds concealed,  
Safe the barbed darts and heavy weights sustain,  
Man linked with man, and shield compact with shield;  
Whilst to the basis of the walls are wheeled  
Batteries, of beams immeasurable, with plates  
Of hammered iron thrice with fire annealed,  
Fronted like rams; at whose assailing threats  
Tremble the lofty walls, and shake the echoing gates.

Meanwhile a hundred hands upon the walls  
Have heaved, and hung in terrible libration  
O'er the blind tortoise a huge crag; as falls  
The loosed lavange from its aerial station,  
Down, down it rolled,—in thundering dislocation

Crushed the dense shell of shields, crushed helm and  
head  
And left the battered ground, in agitation  
From the o'erwhelming mountain, overspread  
With blood, with brains, with bones, and arms of sanguine  
red.

No longer now beneath the sheltering roof  
Of their machines the Franks themselves confine,  
But from the latent risks to open proof  
Of danger rush, and give their light to shine;  
Some raise scalados, nor to mount decline,  
Though in the face of peril and mishap;  
Others the deep foundations undermine;  
Then rock the walls, and many a glorious gap  
Starts in the shrinking base and buttresses they sap.

And fallen they had, so fast its boisterous blows  
Thereon the huge bombarding ram repeats,  
But from the battlements the Turks oppose  
The wonted artifice that most defeats  
Its horned might; where'er the vast beam beats,  
Packs of soft wool elastic they suspend;  
With which, when as the butting engine meets,  
The substance yields, the pliant swathes distend,  
Break the rude shock, and save the endangered wall de-  
fend.

Whilst in this valiant mode the daring bands  
Round the climbed walls in clusters fight and bleed,  
Seven times Clorinda bends, seven times her hands  
Twang the tough bow, and loose the eager reed;  
As many shafts as from the ivory speed,  
So many stain their points and gray-goose wings,  
Not in plebeian blood—so mean a deed  
Her spirit had disdained,—but that which springs  
In the more noble veins of heroes, chiefs, and kings.

The first brave knight that by her arrow bled,  
Was the young heir of Britain's happy land;

Scarce from the tortoise had he raised his head,—  
The shaft came down and pierced his better hand;  
His glove of steel availed not to withstand  
The deadly weapon,—from the wounded vein  
Gushed the bright blood, and purpled all the sand:  
Disabled thus for fight he left the plain,  
And, groaning, gnashed his teeth, but more from rage  
than pain.

The good Count Amboise on the fosse's bank,  
And in the high scalade Clotharius died;  
The former pierced from breast to back, the Frank  
More dreadfully transfix'd from side to side;  
Again she shot; and as the Flemings' guide  
Swung the huge ram, her arrow cut the wind,  
And pierced his arm: to draw the dart he tried;  
But ill the shaft obeyed his ardent mind,  
The shaft indeed he drew, but left the head behind.

As too rash Ademar, the grave and good,  
Watched the assault far-off, the fatal cane,  
Charged with hot wrath, came whizzing where he  
stood,  
And grazed his brow; impatient of the pain,  
He clapped his hand upon the wounded vein,  
When lo, a second nailed it to his head,  
And quivering fixed in his bewildered brain!  
He falls—his holy blood by woman shed,  
Floats o'er his priestly robes, and dyes the sable red.

As Palamed, the young, the bold, and brisk,  
Climbed the tall steps, and on the steep tower's height  
Just placed his foot, disdain'g every risk,  
To his right eye the seventh shaft took its flight;  
Passed its orb'd cell, and through the nerves of sight,  
Issued, vermilion, at the nape; he fell,  
Blind with the shadows of fast-hasting night,  
And sigh'd out life beneath the citadel  
Which he had hoped to win, and had assailed so well.

Thus shot the maid ! the Duke meanwhile oppressed  
 In fresh assaults, beside the Northern gate,  
 The' embattled guard ; and to the walls addressed  
 The most colossal of his engines great,—  
 A tower of cedar, built sublime to mate  
 The topmost walls, stupendous to behold !  
 Ponderous with ported arms, and fraught with fate,  
 With half a squadron in its spacious hold—  
 On thunderous wheels it moved, and near the turrets  
 rolled.

Onward it came ; far shooting, as it drove,  
 Lightnings of arrows at its facing foes ;  
 And, as ships use with ships in sea-fights, strove  
 By instant grappling with the walls to close :  
 But this the Pagans at all points oppose ;  
 Now pushing back the fabric, battering now  
 Its front and timbered sides with clubs, with crows,  
 And Moorish maces ; with the rocks they throw,  
 Creak the huge beams above, the heaving wheels below.

Such was from this part, such from that the flight  
 Of stones and darts, that Titan seemed to shroud  
 His face, blue heaven showed brown as summer-night,  
 And cloud, rebounding, clashed in air with cloud,  
 Like two thwart tides : as leaves from forests bowed  
 By showers congealed in winter's icy hall  
 To hail,—as apples shook by whirlwinds loud  
 In unripe greenness from the stalk, so fall—  
 In heaps the Moslem foe from the dismantled wall.

For 't was on them the shot most havoc made,  
 As less defended and sheltered from its power ;  
 Of the forlorn survivors, numbers fled,  
 In utter terror of the fulmined shower,  
 And thunder of the strong stupendous tower ;  
 But still the Soldan stayed, and round him drew  
 A few bold spirits unalarmed, the flower  
 Of Syrian bravery ; Argantes too,  
 Armed with a ponderous beam, against the fabric flew.



Back with vast force, the length of all the pine,  
He pushed, and kept it distant; to his side  
Came from her tower the Lady palatine,  
With them in glory and in risk allied;  
Meanwhile the Christians with long scythes divide  
From the wall's headlong perpendicular,  
The ropes to which the pendent bales were tied;  
Which, down descending, leave the ramparts bare  
To all the rude affronts and thunderstrokes of war:

And thus the tower above and ram below  
Play with such fury now, that they begin,  
Crushed, cleft, and undermined, to yawn, and show  
The houses, mosques, and peopled streets within;  
Thither the army swarms with lively din,  
By Godfrey led beneath the battled marge;  
Who, fully bent the tottering wall to win,  
Moves under compass of that ampler targe,  
Which never loads his arm, but on some desperate charge.

Godfrey is wounded and compelled to leave the field; Guelfo, whom he left in command, is in turn also wounded; Argantes and Solyman sally out to destroy the enemy's military machines, but are met and finally driven back by Tancred. Godfrey's wounds are healed by an angel from heaven, and he returns to the combat, but is compelled to withdraw his troops on the approach of night.

12. *Canto XII.* Clorinda, jealous of the glory acquired by Solyman and Argantes, decides to go out and attempt to burn the tower. Argantes insists upon accompanying her, and they accomplish their purpose, but are closely pursued by the Christians as they return. In the confusion the gates close and Clorinda is shut outside, where Tancred sees her:

Her would he fight with, deeming her a man  
Glorious in arms as lively in address;  
Around the winding ramparts swift she ran,  
In at some other gate to gain access;  
As swift behind her did the 'avenger press;  
Nor was it long, ere on the gusty breath  
Of the night-wind she heard, with some distress,  
The sound of arms; whence, turning, "Halt!" she  
said;

"What fleet foot news bring'st thou?" he answered,  
"War and death!"

"War shalt thou have," said she, "and death, if these  
Are thy request;" and here her step she stayed;  
Tancred his steed abandons, when he sees  
His foe on foot, by lonely hills embayed:  
Then she her saber, he his poignant blade  
Draws from the sheath; they stand as mortal foes  
Wrath nerves the hero, haughtiness the maid;  
Like two young bulls each smarting with the throes  
Of envy, rage, and love, in desperate strife they close.

Worthy of royal lists, and the clear shine  
Of suns would be the battle, if descried;  
Dark Abbess! thou that in thy Gothic shrine  
The moldering relics of their tale dost hide!  
Grant me to lift thy cowl, to waft aside  
The curtain, and in radiant numbers braid  
Their deeds, for endless ages to abide;  
So with their glory, glorious shall be made,  
In page of high Romance, the memory of thy shade.

They shrink not, trifle not, strive not to smite  
By artificial rules, with wary will;  
Stand not on postures or on points, the night  
And their blind rage forbid the tricks of skill;  
But swords crash horribly with swords, and shrill  
The mountain echo shrieks along the plain;  
Not a foot stirs,—where stood, there stand they still;

Put aye their hands in motion they maintain;  
And not a lounge, or foin, or slash descends in vain.

Shame stings disdain to vengeance, vengeance breeds  
New shame,—thus passion runs a ceaseless round;  
To spite despite, to rage fresh rage succeeds,  
The agony to strike, the lust to wound:  
And now the battle blends in narrower ground;  
No room have they to foin, no room to lash;  
Their blades flung back, like butting rams they bound,  
Fight with the hilts, wild, savage, raging, rash,  
And shield at sounding shield, and helm at helmet dash.

Thrice in his boisterous arms the maid he pressed,  
And thrice was forced to loose his sinewy clasp;  
She had no fancy to be so caressed;  
Empassioned Love is not an angry asp.  
Again with eagerness their swords they grasp,  
And tinge them ruddy as Vesuvian fire,  
In blood of many wounds; till, tired, they gasp  
For very breath,—some paces back retire,  
And from their long fatigues all pantingly respire.

Faint on their swords, with like exhausted frame,  
Alike they rest, and echo gaze for gaze:  
Fades the last star; Aurora, robed in flame,  
Unbars Elysium, and the morning plays;  
Tancred perceives, beneath its grateful rays,  
From her the trickling blood profusely rain,  
And glories in the languor she displays;  
Oh, man, vain man! poor fool of pride and pain!  
Puffed up with every breath from Fortune's wavering  
vane!

Why that proud smile? sad, oh, how sad, shall be  
Thy acted triumphs when the' illusion clears!  
Thine eyes shall weep, if still the light they see,  
For every drop of blood a sea of tears:  
Thus resting, gazing, full of hopes and fears,

The bleeding warriors, silent as the dead,  
 Stood for a space; at length some feelings fierce  
 Tancred deposed,—kind thoughts rose in their stead,  
 He wished her name to know, and, breaking silence, said :

“Hard is our chance, our prowess thus to spend  
 On deeds which silence and these shades conceal;  
 To which thwart Fortune yields no praise, no friend  
 On our viewed acts to set his speaking seal!  
 Yet, if amid the sullen shock of steel  
 Prayers may have access, courtesies find place,  
 Thy name, thy country, and thy rank reveal;  
 That I, whatever issue crown the case,  
 May know at least who gives my death or victory grace.”

Sternly she said; “Thy prayer no access wins;  
 Custom forbids; but, whatsoe’er my name,  
 Thou seest before thee one of those brave twins,  
 Who gave your towering structure to the flame.”  
 Fired at her answer, Tancred made exclaim;  
 “In evil hour hast thou thy guilt avowed;  
 Thy speech and silence are to me the same,  
 Discourteous wretch, contemptible as proud!  
 Both chide my sloth, and both for vengeance plead  
 aloud.”

Rage to their hearts returns, and spurs them on,  
 Though weak, to war; dire war! from which the  
 sleights  
 Of art are banished, whence all strength is gone,  
 And in the room of both, brute fury fights:  
 Oh, sharp his falchion, sharp her saber smites!  
 What bloody gaps they make through plate and chain,  
 In their soft flesh! revenge, revenge requites;  
 If life parts not, ’t is only that disdain  
 Knits it in pure despite to the rebellious brain.

As the deep Euxine, though the wind no more  
 Blows, that late tossed its billows to the stars,

Stills not at once its rolling and its roar,  
But with its coasts long time conflicting jars;  
Thus, though their quickly-ebbing blood debars  
Force from their blades as vigor from their arms,  
Still lasts the frenzy of the flame which Mars  
Blew in their breasts; sustained by whose strong  
                  charms,

Yet heap they strokes on strokes, yet harms inflict on  
                  harms.

But now, alas! the fatal hour arrives  
That must shut up Clorinda's life in shade;  
In her fair bosom deep his sword he drives;  
'T is done—life's purple fountain bathes the blade!  
The golden flowered cymar of light brocade,  
That swathed so tenderly her breasts of snow,  
Is steeped in the warm stream: the hapless maid  
Feels her end nigh; her knees their strength forego;  
And her enfeebled frame droops languishing and low.

He, following up the thrust with taunting cries,  
Lays the pierced Virgin at his careless feet;  
She as she falls, in mournful tones sighs,  
Her last faint words, pathetically sweet;  
Which a new spirit prompts, a spirit replete  
With charity, and faith, and hope serene,  
Sent dove-like down from God's pure mercy-seat;  
Who, though through life his rebel she had been,  
Would have her die a fond repentant Magdalene.

“Friend, thou hast won; I pardon thee, and oh  
Forgive thou me! I fear not for this clay,  
But my dark soul—pray for it, and bestow  
The sacred rite that laves all stains away:”  
Like dying hymns heard far at close of day,  
Sounding I know not what in the soothed ear  
Of sweetest sadness, the faint words make way  
To his fierce heart, and, touched with grief sincere,  
Streams from his pitying eye the' involuntary tear.

Not distant, gushing from the rocks, a rill  
 Clashed on his ear; to this with eager pace  
 He speeds—his hollow casque the waters fill—  
 And back he hurries to the deed of grace;  
 His hands as aspens tremble, whilst they raise  
 The locked aventayle of the unknown knight;—  
 God, for thy mercy! 't is her angel face!  
 Aghast and thunderstruck, he loathes the light;  
 Ah, knowledge best unknown! ah, too distracting sight!

Yet still he lived; and mustering all his powers  
 To the sad task, restrained each wild lament,  
 Fain to redeem by those baptismal showers  
 The life his sword bereft; whilst thus intent  
 The hallowing words he spoke, with ravishment  
 Her face transfigured shone, and half apart  
 Her bland lips shed a lively smile that sent  
 This silent speech in sunshine to his heart:  
 “Heaven gleams; in blissful peace behold thy friend de-  
 part!”

A paleness beauteous as the lily's mixt  
 With the sweet violet's, like a gust of wind  
 Flits o'er her face; her eyes on Heaven are fixt,  
 And Heaven on her returns its looks as kind:  
 Speak she can not; but her cold hand, declined,  
 In pledge of peace on Tancred she bestows;  
 And to her fate thus tenderly resigned,  
 In her meek beauty she expires, and shows  
 But as a smiling saint indulging soft repose.

But when he saw her starlike spirit set,  
 The self-possession which had manned his soul,  
 Bent to the storm of anguishing regret  
 That o'er his bosom burst beyond control:  
 Pangs of despair convulsed his heart; life stole  
 As to its last recess; death's icy dew  
 Bathed his pale brow, his blood forebore to roll;  
 Till like the breathless dead the living grew,  
 In chillness, silence, air, and attitude, and hue.

And sure his life, impatient of the light,  
Struggling had burst in its rebellious scorn  
From its weak chain, and followed in its flight  
The beauteous spirit, that, but just re-born,  
Had spread its wings in sunshine of the morn,—  
Had not a party of the Franks, dispread  
In search of water o'er the gleaming lawn,  
By providential guidance thither led,  
Seen where he lay supine, the dying by the dead.

Argantes, when he hears of Clorinda's death, resolves to be revenged on Tancred.

13. *Canto XIII.* When the Christians attempt to get timber to rebuild their burned tower, the woodcutters find the forest enchanted, and run away in great confusion. Tancred undertakes the task, but a demon in the shape of Clorinda persuades him to stop. Heat and drought bring terrible suffering to the camp, and the troops begin to desert. Godfrey prays to the Almighty, who sends refreshing rains.

14. *Canto XIV.* Godfrey is assured in a vision of the success of his undertaking, decides to recall Rinaldo from his banishment, and sends two of the knights in quest of him. They start, after instructions from Peter the Hermit, and are assisted by an old man, who comes to them walking on the waters and informs them that Armida is keeping Rinaldo confined in a palace on the peak of Teneriffe.

15. *Canto XV.* Having received instructions and magical aid from the old man, they traverse the Mediterranean, pass the straits of Gibraltar, enter the Atlantic Ocean, and reach

the Fortunate Isles. Here Tasso predicts the discovery of America, which to him was a recent event:

A Genoese knight shall first the' idea seize,  
And, full of faith, the trackless deep explore;  
No raving winds, inhospitable seas,  
Thwart planets, dubious calms, or billows' roar,  
Nor whatsoe'er of risk or toil may more  
Terrific show, or furiously assail,  
Shall make that mighty mind of his give o'er  
The wonderful adventure, or avail  
In close Abyla's bounds his spirit to impale.

'T is thou, Columbus, in new zones and skies,  
That to the wind thy happy sails must raise,  
Till Fame shall scarce pursue thee with her eyes,  
Though she a thousand eyes and wings displays!  
Let her of Bacchus and Alcides praise  
The savage feats, and do thy glory wrong,  
With a few whispers tossed to after days:  
These shall suffice to make thy memory long  
In history's page endure, or some divinest song.

The messengers find the mountain guarded by wild beasts, but the way is open for them and by means of the aid given them by the old man they pass negligently by the various allurements practiced upon them.

16. *Canto XVI.* They find Rinaldo with Armida in the beautiful garden, described as follows:

These windings passed, the garden gates unfold,  
And the fair Eden meets their glad survey,—  
Still waters, moving crystals, sands of gold,  
Herbs, thousand flowers, rare shrubs, and mosses gray;  
Sunshiny hillocks, shady vales; woods gay,



And grottos gloomy, in one view combined,  
Presented were; and what increased their play  
Of pleasure at the prospect, was, to find  
Nowhere the happy Art that had the whole designed.

So natural seemed each ornament and site,  
So well was neatness mingled with neglect,  
As though boon Nature for her own delight  
Her mocker mocked, till fancy's self was checked;  
The air, if nothing else there, is the' effect  
Of magic, to the sound of whose soft flute  
The blooms are born with which the trees are decked:  
By flowers eternal lives the' eternal fruit,  
This running richly ripe, whilst those but greenly shoot.

Midst the same leaves and on the self-same twig  
The rosy apple with the' unripe is seen;  
Hung on one bough the old and youthful fig,  
The golden orange glows beside the green;  
And aye, where sunniest stations intervene,  
Creeps the curled vine luxuriant high o'erhead;  
Here the sour grape just springs the flowers between,  
Here yellowing, purpling, blushing ruby red,  
Here black the clusters burst, and heavenly nectar shed.

The joyful birds sing sweet in the green bowers;  
Murmur the winds; and, in their fall and rise,  
Strike from the fruits, leaves, fountains, brooks, and  
flowers  
A thousand strange celestial harmonies;  
When cease the birds, the zephyr loud replies;  
When sing the birds, it faints amidst the trees  
To whisper soft as lovers' farewell sighs;  
Thus, whether loud or low, the bird the breeze,  
The breeze obeys the bird, and each with each agrees.

One bird there flew, renowned above the rest,  
With party-colored plumes and purple bill,  
That in a language like our own expressed

Her joys, but with such sweetness, sense and skill,  
 As did the hearer with amazement fill;  
 So far her fellows she outsang, that they  
 Worshiped the wonder; every one grew still  
 At her rich voice, and listened to the lay:  
 Dumb were the woods—the winds and whispers died  
 away.

“Ah, see,” thus she sang, “the rose spread to the morning  
 Her red virgin leaves, the coy pride of all plants!  
 Yet half open, half shut midst the moss she was born in,  
 The less shews her beauty, the more she enchants;  
 Lo, soon after, her sweet naked bosom more cheaply  
 She shews! lo, soon after she sickens and fades,  
 Nor seems the same flower late desired so deeply  
 By thousands of lovers, and thousands of maids!

“So fleets with the day’s passing footsteps of fleetness  
 The flower and the verdure of life’s smiling scene:  
 Nor, though April returns with its sunshine and sweet-  
 ness,  
 Again will it ever look blooming or green;  
 Then gather the rose in its fresh morning beauty,  
 The rose of a day too soon dimmed from above;  
 Whilst, beloved, we may love, let—to love, be our duty,  
 Now, now, whilst ’t is youth, pluck the roses of love!”

She ceased; and, as approving all they heard,  
 That tender tune the choirs of birds renew;  
 The turtles billed, and every brute and bird  
 In happy pairs to unseen glooms withdrew.  
 It seemed that the hard oak, the grieving yew,  
 The chaste sad laurel, and the whole green grove—  
 It seemed each fruit that blushed, each bud that blew,  
 The earth, air, sea, and rosy heavens above,  
 All felt divine desire, and sighed out sweetest love.

Armida leaves Rinaldo; the two knights  
 present themselves, and Rinaldo awakes:

As the fierce steed, from busy war withdrawn  
A while to riot in voluptuous ease,  
Midst his loved mares loose wantons o'er the lawn,  
If chance he hears once more upon the breeze  
The spirit-stirring trumpet sound, or sees  
The flash of armor, thither, far or near,  
He bounds, he neighs, he prances o'er the leas,  
Burning to whirl to war the charioteer,  
Clash with the rattling car, and knap the sparkling spear.

So fared Rinaldo, when the sudden rays  
Of their bright armor on his eye-balls beat;  
At once those lightnings set his soul ablaze,  
His ardor mounts to all its ancient heat;  
Their vivid beam his sparkling eyes repeat,  
Drowned though he was, and drunken with the wine  
Of siren wantonness: on footsteps fleet,  
Ubaldo meanwhile to where he lay supine  
Came, and the diamond shield turned to him, pure and  
fine.

Upon the lucid glass his eyes he rolled,  
And all his delicacy saw: his dress,  
Breathing rich odors, how it gleamed with gold!  
How trimly curled was each lascivious tress!  
And with what lady-like luxuriousness  
His ornamented sword addressed his side!  
So wrapt with flowers it swung, that none could guess  
If 't was a wounding weapon, or applied  
As a fantastic toy, voluptuous eyes to pride.

As one by heavy sleep in bondage held,  
Comes to himself when the long dream takes flight,  
So woke the youth when he himself beheld,  
Nor could endure the satire of the sight:  
Down fell his looks; and instantly, in spite  
Of recollected pride, the color came  
Across his face;—in this embarrassed plight,  
A thousand times he wished himself in flame,  
Ocean, in earth, the' abyss, to shun the glowing shame.

Then spake Ubaldo; “Hearken and give ear!  
 Asia and Europe to the battle crowd;  
 Whoever counts or faith or glory dear,  
 Stands to the strife for Christ against Mahmoud.  
 Thee, son of Berthold, thee alone, the vowed  
 To honor and renown, loose idlesse charms  
 To a small angle of the world, more proud  
 To play the lover in a lady’s arms,  
 Than champion deathless deeds,—thee only nought  
 alarms!

“What sleep, what lethargy, what base delights  
 Have melted down thy manhood, quenched thy zeal?  
 Up! up! thee Godfrey, to the camp invites;  
 For thee bright Victory stays her chariot wheel.  
 Come, fated warrior, set the final seal  
 To our emprise! thy coming all expect;  
 Let the false Saracens confounded feel  
 That sword from which no armor can protect;  
 Haste, and in total death destroy the impious sect!”

He ceased; the noble Infant for a space  
 Stood stupified, attempting no defense;  
 But soon as bashfulness to scorn gave place,  
 Scorn, the fine champion of indignant sense,  
 Then, with a yet diviner eloquence,  
 Another redness than of shame rushed o’er  
 His cheeks, almost atoning his offense;  
 The rich embroidered ornaments he wore,  
 Away with hasty hand indignantly he tore.

Begone he would, and through the intricate  
 Labyrinth of galleries from the garden fled;  
 Meanwhile Armida, by the regal gate  
 Starts to behold her savage keeper dead.  
 At first a vague suspicion, a blind dread,  
 Then a quick feeling of the fatal truth  
 Instinctive flashed across her mind; her head  
 She turned, and saw (too cruel sight!) the youth  
 Haste from her blest abode, without concern or ruth.

Rinaldo will not listen to the pleadings or the threats of Armida, and departs for Palestine, while the enchantress destroys her palace, flies out to the Dead Sea, and sets out to join the Egyptian army.

17. *Canto XVII.* After a description of the Caliph and his army and a catalogue of his forces, Armida is introduced and promises her hand to any warrior that will kill Rinaldo. Adrastus, an Indian King, and Tissaphernes, a distinguished Egyptian soldier, pledge themselves to execute her wishes. Rinaldo arrives at Palestine, and is presented with a suit of costly armor by the magician, who had directed the knights to him, after which they proceed to the camp of the crusaders, where Peter the Hermit foretells the story of Rinaldo's descendants.

18. *Canto XVIII.* After suitable preparation, covering a considerable period of time, Rinaldo enters the magic forest and overcomes the enchantments:

The lively whiteness of his altered vest,  
Seen by himself, he ceased not to admire;  
Then to the old gray forest swift he pressed,  
With a firm boldness and sublime desire.  
He reached that bosky wilderness of brier  
And bough, the sight alone whereof dismayed,  
And forced less valiant champions to retire;  
Yet saw he nothing in the wood, that made  
So much a frightful gloom, as a delightful shade.

He passes onward—the charm works; a sound  
Sweet as the air of paradise upsprings;

Hoarse roars the shallow brook ; the leaves around,  
Sigh to the fluttering of the light wind's wings ;  
Her ravishing sweet dirge the cygnet sings,  
Loud mourn the answering nightingales ; sad shells,  
Flutes, human voices tuned to golden strings,  
And the loud surging organ's glorious swells,—  
Such and so various sounds one single sound expels.

He was expecting, like the rest, to meet  
The strange wild groans and thunders of dismay,  
And lo, a symphony of sirens sweet,  
Birds, winds, and waters, for his pleasure play !  
Wondering he checks his steps—they melt away,  
And on he walks, but circumspect and slow ;  
And nought occurs to interrupt his way,  
But a transparent flood, whose waters go  
Through the green wood, serene and silent in their  
flow.

Flowers and choice odors richly smiled and smelled,  
On either side of the calm stream, which wound  
In a so spacious circle, that it held  
The whole vast forest in its charming round ;  
Nor only with green bowers and garlands crowned  
The compass in its keep—a streamlet strayed  
Through this sweet isle, enlivening all the ground ;  
A most delightful interchange they made ;  
The mild wave bathes the woods, the woods the wave  
o'ershade.

Whilst he roved round to find a ford, behold,  
A wondrous passage to his wish appeared !  
An exquisite rich bridge of shining gold  
Spanned the pure waves, on stable arches reared ;  
The golden bridge he passed, the water cleared,  
But had no sooner touched the farther shore,  
Than the whole glorious fabric disappeared ;  
And the sweet river, so serene before,  
To a vast torrent swelled, that stunned him with its roar.

He turns his face, and sees it swoln and spread,  
Like a strong flood increased by melting snows:  
And, whirling round as to its fountain head,  
A thousand rapid curls and gulfs it shows;  
But, curious of new objects, on he goes  
Through the brown arches thick of aged trees,  
That now on every side his steps enclose;  
And in these savage glooms, to strike or please,  
At every strange new turn, some strange new wonder sees.

Where'er he plants his foot some charm springs out,  
The wild brook warbles, or the sweet turf flowers;  
There lilies open, here young roses sprout,  
There the shrill fountain falls in silver showers;  
And round, o'erhead, the ' austere and aged bowers  
Renew their youth—the hoary bark is seen  
To soften, the moss falls, the gray trunk towers,  
Each bough its buds, each leaf renews its green—  
Mild shines the summer sun, and decks the ' enchanted  
scene.

Impearled with manna was each fresh leaf nigh;  
Honey and golden gums the rude trunks weep;  
Again is heard that strange wild harmony  
Of songs and sorrows, plaintive, mild, and deep;  
But the sweet choirs that still such tenor keep  
With the swans, winds, and waves, no ear can trace  
To their concealed abode in shade or steep;  
Nor harp, nor horn, nor form of human face,  
Look where he would, was seen in all the shady place.

Whilst his eye wanders, and his mind denies  
Trust to the truths his charm'd ear recommends,  
He sees far-off a wondrous myrtle rise,  
Where in a spacious plain the pathway ends;  
To this he walks; its boughs the plant extends  
Wide as the choice tree of Dodonian Jove—  
O'er pine, and palm, and cypress it ascends;  
And, towering thus all other trees above,  
Looks like the ' elected queen and genius of the grove.

Scarce had the hero reached the spacious field  
 Than stranger novelties his eye arrest ;  
 He sees an oak, self-aided, cleave, and yield  
 Spontaneous offspring from its fruitful breast :  
 A full-grown nymph, in gown and turban drest,  
 On whose ripe cheek celestial beauty blooms,  
 Oh, wonder ! issues from that hoary chest ;  
 A hundred other girls from sylvan wombs  
 A hundred others child amidst the circling glooms.

As the stage shows, or as we painted see  
 The sylvan Goddess, with her white arms bare,  
 With hunting weeds tucked up above the knee,  
 Buskins of blue, and loose luxuriant hair—  
 Just such, to all appearance, are the fair  
 Fictitious daughters of these wild-woods old ;  
 Save that for horns, to wake some sprightlier air,  
 Quivers, and bended bows, they in their hold  
 Have viols, lutes, and harps, of ivory, pearl, and gold.

Ranging themselves into a ring, their hands  
 They knit together, and with joyous cheer  
 Dance round about Rinaldo as he stands  
 The willing center of this moving sphere :  
 The tree they compass too, and carol clear,  
 As in light morrice to the charm they move ;  
 “Welcome, thrice welcome, gallant chevalier !”  
 They sing, “our Lady’s hope, our Lady’s love ;  
 In blessed hour all hail to this delightful grove !

“Timely thou com’st to cure her, wounded sore  
 With amorous thoughts and languishing desires ;  
 These groves, so dark and desolate before,  
 Her grief’s fit dwelling, choked with thorns and briers,  
 Lo, at thy coming what quick joy inspires  
 Each tree and leafy bough ! how redolent  
 They breathe, dressed freshly in their green attires !”  
 Such was the song, and from the myrtle went  
 First a melodious sound, and then the sylvan rent.



A rude Silenus oft the days of old  
Have seen unclose, and yield some goddess fair,  
But never yet did sylvan image hold  
Charms such as issued from the myrtle rare:  
For forth a Lady stept with golden hair,  
With angel beauty, angel mien and grace;  
In whom, albeit of visionary air,  
Rinaldo starts Armida's form to trace,  
The same expressive eye, fond smile, and radiant face.

Sorrow and joy into her looks she cast,  
A thousand passions, which one glance betrays;  
"And art thou then indeed returned at last  
To thy forsaken love," she pensive says;  
"Why com'st thou hither, my belov'd? to raise  
My drooping soul, and with remembered charms  
Solace my widowed nights and lonely days?  
Or to wage war, and scare me with alarms?  
Why hide thy lovely face? why show these threatening  
arms?"

"Com'st thou a foe or friend? I did not rear  
That glorious bridge to entertain my foe;  
Unlocked not brooks, flowers, fountains, made not clear  
For him that wilderness of brambles—no!  
Take now, take off this horrid helmet, shew  
Thy face for friendly, glad me with the shine  
Of those celestial eyes; say, why so slow?  
Kiss me, embrace me, oh, my love! I pine;  
Or press at least once more my cold, cold hand in thine."

Thus as she woos, her beautiful bright eyes  
Rueful she rolls, and pale as death appears;  
Feigning, with every tear, the sweetest sighs,  
And melancholy moans, and bashful fears.  
It might have moved a heart of stone to tears,  
To hear how fondly she herself deplored;  
But he, unmoved by all he sees and hears,  
Cautious, not cruel, to the plaints she poured  
No longer pays regard, but draws his fatal sword

The myrtle he approached; but she with fright  
 The dear trunk clasping, interposed, and cried;  
 “Mercy, ah mercy! do me not such spite,  
 As to cut down my myrtle-tree, the pride  
 And last poor solace of forlorn Armide;  
 Put up thy sword, O consort most unkind!  
 Or sheathe it, cruel, in thy lady’s side;  
 For through this only shall it passage find,  
 To strike my lovely tree and hurt its hallowed rind!”

Deaf to her prayers, he rears his sword, and she  
 Transforms herself as swift; as when at night  
 Our dreams, ne’er constant to the thing we see,  
 Shift the fond object we had first in sight;  
 Gross grew her members, dark her face, upright  
 Her horrent hair; gone by are all her charms,  
 White breast and rosy cheek,—enlarged in height,  
 A giantess, she glows with feigned alarms,  
 Like fell Briareus, limbed with full one hundred arms.

With fifty swords she fought; on fifty shields  
 She clashed defiance, blustered, roared, and brayed;  
 Each other nymph the like weird weapons wielded,  
 A frowning Cyclop, a gigantic Shade;  
 He feared them not, but with his waving blade  
 On the charmed myrtle multiplied his blows,  
 Which at each stroke distressful moanings made;  
 Air seemed a hell in hubbub, awful shows  
 Thronged the black sky, and ghosts in swarms on swarms  
 arose.

Thundered the flashing heavens above, the ground  
 Groaned underneath,—that bellowed, and this shook;  
 While the loosed winds and tempests blustering round,  
 Blew the sharp sleet and hailstones in his look;  
 Yet not for this the knight his post forsook,  
 His aim he missed not, changed not in his cheer,  
 But the more fiercely for their fury strook;—  
 ’T is done! the myrtle falls; the’ enchantments drear  
 Flit with the ended spell; the phantoms disappear.

Air still, the heavens serene, the woods resume  
Their wonted quiet and sequestered state;  
Not terrible, nor cheerful, full of gloom  
From palm and cypress, but a gloom innate.  
The Victor tries again if as of late  
Aught yet forbade the felling of the trees,  
And finding nothing check his sword, sedate  
Smiles and says inly; "O vain semblances!  
O fools, to be deterred by shadows false as these!"

New and more formidable engines are constructed, and preparations are made on both sides for the coming combat. Godfrey divides his army into three parts, who make the assault in three different quarters. Rinaldo is the first to mount the wall, and is followed by Eustace. The movable tower under Godfrey's immediate command takes fire, but the flames are extinguished, and Ismeno is killed with two sorceresses in the midst of his incantations. Finally, Godfrey plants the cross on the walls of Jerusalem, and Tancred in the third division does the same in another quarter. The King takes refuge in a strong tower; the Christians enter the city on all sides and indulge in dreadful slaughter.

19. *Canto XIX.* Tancred and Argantes meet on the wall, and by mutual consent retire to a distance from the town for their final combat:

The busy roar of war, the' invaded town,  
And void pavilions far they leave behind,  
Following a footpath, that o'er dale and down  
In many a secret coil and tangle twined;  
At length a small secluded vale they find,  
Deep in the heart of woody hills embayed,

As it for sylvan sport had been designed,  
Or Roman circus by proconsul made  
For gladiatorial show,—shut in by silent shade.

Here then they paused; and, full of anxious thought,  
Argantes turned, the’ afflicted town to view;  
Tancred, perceiving that the knight had brought  
With him no shield, his own to distance threw;  
And said, “What gloom does thus thy soul subdue?  
Think’st thou the destined hour to terminate  
Thy life at length is come? if this thou rue,  
With pensive mind prophetic of thy fate,  
Thy fear is useless all, thy foresight comes too late!”

“I think,” said he (and sighed), “on that lorn town  
The pomp of realms, about to pass away,  
The queen of Syria, hoary in renown,  
Whose fatal ruin I have failed to stay;  
I think how insignificant a prey  
To my disdain and vengeance is the due  
Which on thy head Heaven destines me to-day!”  
He ceased; and each to each with caution drew,  
For well each armed knight his rival’s prowess knew.

Tancred is light of limb in hand and foot,  
Swift as the wind that o’er the valley scours;  
Monstrous in girth, like some terrific brute,  
And taller by the head Argantes towers;  
Tancred now wheels, now traverses, now cowers,  
Like the coiled snake in act at will to glide  
Home to his victim, or with fiercer powers  
Shoot out; still parrying stroke with stroke, he tried  
All points of skill to turn the’ assailing sword aside.

But spacious and erect, Argantes shows  
Like skill, in different posture; as he can,  
Straight to his mark with stretched-out arm he goes,  
And seeks to’ encounter not the steel, but man;  
That tries each moment some new point or plan.

'This never fails an instant to present  
His saber at the face; and, swift of scan,  
With threatening blade stands ready to prevent  
The stol'n advance, quick pass, and treacherous feigned  
intent.

E'en thus two gallant ships, when not a gale  
Stirs the smooth surface of the silent main,  
One famed for size, and one for speed of sail,  
With force unequal, equal fight maintain;  
This bears down lightly, goes and comes again,  
Wheels round from prow to poop, and still the eye  
Mocks, whilst the other doth unmoved remain,  
And ever as the nimbler one draws nigh,  
Threats with its vast machines wild ruin from on high.

Whilst to rush in the wily Latin strives,  
Shunning the point that glittered at his breast,  
The blade Argantes brandishes, and drives  
Full at the face, which Tancred would arrest;  
But the fell Pagan, as he forward pressed,  
Strongly, and swift as flies a Parthian shaft,  
Coiled his strong wrist aslant,—the sword digressed,  
And plowed his side; whereat he gayly laughed  
And cried: "By blest Mahound, the craftsman's foiled in  
craft."

Prince Tancred bit his lips 'twixt scorn and shame,  
Laid by all points of skill, and on his foe  
Burns for revenge with such an eager aim,—  
Victory appears defeat, achieved so slow;  
The boast he answers by his sword, and lo!  
Where the barred vizor opens to the sight,  
Dares a fierce thrust; the formidable blow  
Argantes breaks, and, in the last despite  
Of risk, at half-sword's length stept in the' audacious  
knight.

With his left hand the Pagan's strong right arm  
He seized, and with his right his falchion plied;

With many a deadly gash of deepest harm  
 Piercing at will the undefended side.  
 “To his triumphant tutor,” loud he cried,  
 “This happy answer the foiled sciolist  
 Yields in reply!” with passion, pain, and pride,  
 Argantes groaned, and writhing, strove to twist  
 From the Italian’s grasp, in vain, the prisoned wrist.

His sword suspended by its chain at length  
 He left, and griped his rival round the waist;  
 The same did Tancred, and with all their strength  
 Each grappling crushed the other, breast to breast:  
 Not with more force divine Alcides pressed  
 Upheaved Antaeus on the Libyan sands;—  
 In this their long and muscular caress  
 Of hate, they knit tenacious knots and bands,  
 Flinging in various forms their brawny arms and hands.

Pressing, compressed, whirled round, they wrestled,  
 till  
 Both overpowered together pressed the ground;  
 Argantes, whether by good chance or skill,  
 His better arm, in perfect freedom found;  
 But the more dexterous hand to strike and wound  
 Tancred had undermost, and thus restrained,  
 Himself from the fierce arm that clasped him  
 round,  
 Strong with the sense of risk, he disenchained,  
 And lightly leaping up, firm footing straight regained.

Far slower rose the’ unwieldy Saracine,  
 And ere he rose received a cleaving blow;  
 But as in blustering winds the mountain pine  
 Rears, the next moment that its head stoops low,  
 Its leafy forehead to the clouds, e’en so  
 When most oppressed, his valor rises higher;  
 And now again ferocious thrusts they throw,  
 Fierce strokes exchange; and, in their sightless ire,  
 The fight, with less of skill, grows momentarily more dire.

From Tancred's wounds large drops of purple came,  
But from the Pagan's flowed a perfect flood;  
And now his fury, like a wasting flame  
Unfed with fuel, faints from loss of blood;  
Tancred, who saw his foe, in strength subdued,  
Slowly and slower wave his weary blade,  
To noblest pity calmed his own fell mood,  
The angry passions of his soul allayed,  
Dropt a few paces back, and thus mild speaking, said:

"Yield thee, brave man! and recognize in me,  
Or in strong Fate, thy victor; live, Sir Knight;  
No spoil, no triumph do I seek o'er thee,  
Nor to my arms reserve a victor's right!"  
To this the Pagan, with a frown like Night,  
More fierce than ever, kindling into flame  
The slumbering furies of his soul, in spite  
Replied; "Dost thou, dost thou the' advantage claim  
And dost thou dare to tempt Argantes to his shame!

"Use thy scorned fortune; I will yet chastise,  
Presumptuous fool! the frenzy of that phrase!"  
As a spent taper musters ere it dies  
Its flames, to perish in the splendid blaze,  
So, cherishing with rage the blood that plays  
Thus feebly in his veins, he would supply  
Strength to the spirit which so fast decays;  
And his last hour of life, which now drew nigh,  
Crown with a glorious end, and like a hero die.

To his left hand its fellow he applied,  
And with them both impelled his heavy blade;  
Down it descended,—meeting, struck aside  
The prince's sword, nor there its fury stayed;  
But, glancing from the shoulder, did invade  
All his left side in its oblique career,  
And many wounds at the same moment made;  
If Tancred quailed not at the stroke severe,  
'Twas that his heart was formed incapable of fear.

His blow the Paynim doubled, but he spent  
 On the void air his desperate energy,  
 As Tancred, conscious of his fierce intent,  
 The stroke prevented, slipping nimbly by.  
 By thine own weight o'erbalanced dost thou lie  
 On earth, Argantes, nor couldst shun the fall;  
 Thyself hast thou o'erthrown—oh, fatal die,  
 Well cast! thrice happy, that none else can call  
 Himself thy conqueror now, or triumph in thy thrall.

His gaping wounds the fall made yet more wide,  
 And from their lips fresh purple torrents broke;  
 Raised by his hand upon one knee, he tried  
 On new defense the battle to provoke.  
 “Yield,” cried the courteous prince, “and live!” no  
     stroke  
 He struck or menaced, as he made the' appeal;  
 The sullen Pagan not an accent spoke,  
 But at swift stealth shot out his treacherous steel,  
 And with a shout of joy exulting pierced his heel.

Then rose the rage of Tancred, and he said,  
 “Villain! dost thou my mercy thus deride!”  
 Then plunged, and plunged again his fatal blade  
 Where a free pass the aventayle supplied.  
 Thus died Argantes: as he lived, he died,  
 Dying, he menaced death; no lamentation  
 Broke from his lips, but fixt, unbending pride,  
 Ferocious hate, and scorn of all salvation,  
 Spoke in his latest words and last gesticulation.—

His sword then sheathing, to his guardian Saint  
 Prince Tancred paid his solemn thanks sincere;  
 But from the strife enfeebled, worn, and faint,  
 His bloody meed has cost the victor dear;  
 So that he seriously began to fear  
 His limbs would scarcely serve him to retrace  
 His homeward path; yet to the pine-tree near,  
 Which kept the entrance to that shady place,  
 He step by step moved on, with slow unsteady pace.



Not far can the weak knight his steps command,  
The more he hastes, more tired, the less his speed;  
Whence he at length sits down, and on his hand,  
His hand, that trembles like a shaking reed,  
Propped on his elbow, leans his head; fast bleed  
His wounds, the scene spins round, his giddy brain  
Grows dull, and night seems in her sable weed  
To wrap the day; at length he swoons with pain,  
And undistinguished lies the slayer from the slain.

Jerusalem is sacked by the Christians; Rinaldo performs wonderful exploits; the pagan army takes refuge in the temple of Solyman, but the gates are forced by Rinaldo; Solyman and Aladine retire to the tower of David. Raymond, attempting to force an entrance, is stunned by a blow from the Sultan's mace, but is rescued by a soldier. The approach of night puts an end to the struggle. The Egyptian camp is reconnoitered, and Herminia is discovered in the train of Armida. She escapes to the Christian camp, explains the plots against Godfrey's life, and confides her passion for Tancred. Approaching the town, they find the dead body of Argantes and the wounded Tancred, who, however, is restored by the attentions of Herminia and is conveyed to safety.

20. *Canto XX.* The Egyptian army appears in sight, and the pagans exult, while Godfrey prepares for battle the next day. After a terrible struggle, in which all the Christians distinguish themselves and many are slain, Rinaldo kills Tissaphernes in single combat, and Armida flies from the field of battle, resolved



*From Painting by Karl von Piloty*

## GODFREY DE BOUILLON'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM



to destroy herself, but is prevented by Rinaldo, who, seeing that the enemy has been routed on every side, had followed her in her flight. Overcome by his persuasion, her fondness for him returns and she gives herself up to him. The Egyptians are utterly routed, their commander is slain, and Godfrey with his whole army repair to the Holy Sepulcher for adoration.

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No better subject for a great poem could be found than that of the contest between Mohammedanism and Christianity. The religion of Tasso's age was a warlike one, and the belief in the supernatural was a common characteristic, so that what might at first seem incongruity in the poem is easily justified. The reader feels that he would like it better if it contained neither sorcery nor witchcraft, and that perhaps Tasso did not handle the subject as skillfully as he might have done, for it seems that Ismeno and Armida, with all the powers of hell at their command, might have accomplished more than they did. The scene of *Jerusalem Delivered* is one of great historic interest, and lends itself freely to the great descriptive powers of the writer. The Crusades brought together Christians from all nations, and thus an interest wider than that felt in the *Aeneid* is created for Tasso's subject. There is action in the poem, strong, vigorous; but from the very beginning there are religious interests and love interests to temper the harshness of the combats.

As has been said by another, the poem "is classic in its plan, romantic in its heroes; it is conceived in the spirit of antiquity and executed in the spirit of medieval romance; it has the beauty which results from unity of design and from the harmony of all its parts, united with a romantic form which falls in with the feelings, the passions and the recollections of Europeans."

With all the power and beauty which Tasso exhibited, he eclipsed all other Italian writers in his creation of living, human characters. Most of his heroes and heroines are original, and yet appear none the less vital. Rinaldo, Tancred, Argantes, Godfrey and a number of other picturesque men are powerfully drawn; but even more human are his female characters, Herminia, Clorinda and Armida. The passion of love in them is beautifully delineated, and in each heroine its different phases and manifestations are kept in harmony with the disposition and character of the person. Herminia in particular is a charming example of womanly tenderness and devotion.



MILK WAGONS IN NAPLES



## CHAPTER XVII ·

### THIRD PERIOD

1675 TO THE PRESENT TIME

### THE ITALIAN DRAMA

**T**HE EARLY DRAMATISTS. We have frequently alluded to the work of the early Italian dramatists, but have deferred an extended study of them to the present time, for the simple reason that in Italy the development of the drama was slow and at no time achieved a literary distinction which could be called national to the degree of that in other European nations which we shall consider later. However, it is unfair to assert that the Italian stage was feeble and the work of its dramatists

unworthy of consideration. It is true that Italy never boasted a Shakespeare, but she created the classic opera and the classic pantomime and accomplished things which other nations have barely attempted.

In Italy, as early as the thirteenth century, the Franciscans used the dramatic dialogue in their *lande*, which told the gospel story in a tensely moving way. The later religious performances, especially of the north of Italy, included mysteries, moralities, feasts and miracle plays, which in medieval times were all given in Italy the general descriptive title of *representations* (*rappresentazioni*). None of these could be called truly national, for they appeared spontaneously in all countries and, when in literary form, appeared because men of genius had written them from the rude popular creations of the people. The drama proper in Italy was an erudite product of cultivated men for men of culture and education and arose outside the domain of popular feeling. Many of the plays that were best from a literary point of view were unsuitable for the stage or impossible of representation, and were intended only to be recited or read by a single person to limited audiences.

The second period of Italian literature was amazingly prolific of lively emotional plays of the primitive class, and it is said that during that period no fewer than five thousand plays were written, but out of that vast number those which have enjoyed any considerable popu-

larity outside of Italy could be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and still fewer of them concern the public at the present time. In the latter part of the fifteenth century the religious play (*rappresentazione sacra*) became extremely popular, and even Lorenzo de' Medici is enumerated among the writers. The greater part of the Church plays were written in Latin and followed Biblical stories, but there were a large number in the vernacular which appealed strongly to the people in general. The significance of Politian's *Orfeo*, which already we have considered at length, is that it bridged the gap between the popular play and the classic theme. When we remember that the Italian drama had reached this stage a hundred years before anything worthy of the name had been produced in England, it may seem strange that such a blight should have fallen upon this form of literature in the country where it originated; but the best intellectual energies of Italy in the sixteenth century went into poetry, philosophy, criticism and classical studies.

The names of a few men rise conspicuously from the multitude because of the excellence of their work, and a few plays are well known, more perhaps because they mark dates of interest to literary history. Of the latter class was Trissinio, who wrote his tragedy of *Sophonisba* in blank verse, omitting the lyrical element of the classical tragedy entirely, except as it appeared in the chorus. The play was not of a high rank poetically and lacked pas-



sion, but as the first "classic" tragedy it had a large number of imitators. One who departed from the beaten path and showed originality in his production was Sperone Speroni, whose pastoral dramas mingled lyrical stanzas with the regulation blank verse, but the subject of his remarkable play was too great and too startling to commend itself to the public. Cinthio dramatized one of his novels and furnished to Shakespeare the rude germ which he developed into *Measure for Measure*. *Torrismondo*, which Tasso began in his youth and which he failed to complete until 1586, while suffering in Mantua from the depressing conditions of his exile, is a drama in which the author took plot and incident from one of the great Greek classics, but made his characters of his own day and age. Lacking vigor and varying widely in quality of style, owing perhaps to the long lapse of time consumed in writing, the fame of the drama has been dependent more upon Tasso's wonderful epics than to any intrinsic merit in his tragedy. Boiardo, too, wrote a play, which was little more than a translation from the Greek, and yet this *Timone* is probably the origin of Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*. Cardinal Bibbiena, whom we have already met, wrote the *Calandra*, which, to quote Symonds, "achieved immediate success by reproducing both the humor of Boccaccio and the invention of Plautus in the wittiest vernacular," from which we may infer that its morality was

hardly in keeping with our present idea of a cardinal's writings. Ariosto in his *Cassaria* and Machiavelli in his *Mandragola* followed Plautus and Terence as models, and showed originality in the creation of characters. Of the former's *Aminta* we have already spoken at length.

*Il Pastor Fido*, in the words of Symonds, shows "the contrast between the actual world of ambition, treachery and sordid strife and the ideal world of pleasure, loyalty and tranquil ease." The author, Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538-1612), who was the descendant of a distinguished literary family of Verona, was a man of the world, prominent in politics and attached to the court of the Duke of Ferrara, but like most of the Duke's proteges, he became estranged from his patron and spent the latter part of his life roaming from court to court, seeking employment and quarreling with his children and the world at large. Among his companions at Ferrara was Tasso, but the popularity of the latter excited Guarini's jealousy and suggested to him the idea of competing in poesy, a notion which was perhaps made more vivid by noticing the popularity which Tasso acquired with the ladies through his poetry. Although Guarini appeared as an enemy to Tasso, yet he was sufficiently the gentleman to look after Tasso's interests when the latter was unable to tend to them and to care for and publish his lyrical works. The most brilliant accomplishment of

the dramatist was his publication of the *Pastor Fido*, which, though it bears some resemblance to the *Aminta* of Tasso, is quite distinct in its main action, has a more complicated plot and is more ambitious in design. It was a direct challenge to the *Aminta*, and though time has placed it second to Tasso's creation, yet its rank was unquestionably high. Though his characters lack naturalness, and the action is artificial rather than spontaneous, yet the complications of the plot make it extremely interesting. Moreover, character is portrayed in a lifelike way, and the rich poetry conveys the warm feeling of the author. It is true that the comic element introduced from time to time is of the improper kind that was characteristic of the period of Spanish domination, and interferes with the art of the play for modern readers. We shall see that the two dramas we have just mentioned affected the great Spaniard Calderon and suggested some of the best work of Shelley.

The plot of the *Pastor Fido* may be briefly summarized as follows: In Arcadia a young maiden must be sacrificed annually to the goddess Diana, and the only method by which the people can be relieved from this tribute is that two mortals, descendants of the gods, shall be united by love, and a faithful shepherd shall by great virtue atone for the sins of an unfaithful woman. Amarilli, a descendant of Pan, is betrothed to Silvio, the son of Montano, who is a priest of Diana and a descendant

of Hercules; but Silvio, who cares only for hunting, flees from Amarilli, who is in love with Mirtillo, the supposed son of Carino, who for a long time has been absent from Arcadia, but, though he reciprocates her love, she dares not acknowledge her affection because death would be the penalty for falseness to her vow to Silvio. Corisca, who is also in love with Mirtillo, learns of the position of the lovers, and, having brought them together by stratagem, denounces them, and Amarilli is condemned to death. Mirtillo, however, learns that according to an Arcadian custom he is permitted to substitute himself in Amarilli's place and generously offers to do so, but at this juncture Carino arrives, and it develops that Mirtillo is a son of Montano and in infancy was carried away by a flood and adopted in the home of Carino. As a child he bore the name of Silvio, and so it is decided that Amarilli may marry him without breaking her vow and by her marriage fulfill the decree of the oracle and relieve Arcadia from the hideous annual tribute.

II. THE MELODRAMA, OR ITALIAN OPERA. We have reached the close of the seventeenth century and have approached the third great revival of Italian literature. The first results were seen in the revival of the theater. The pastoral drama had served its purpose in giving birth to the Italian opera, which was so soon to supersede it. The cause of this unusual transformation is to be found in the fact

that when poetry and sculpture declined, musical science, which was in its infancy, grew rapidly and acquired such importance and produced such excellent results that verse became merely the assistant in musical compositions. This complete inversion of position is the characteristic of the melodrama in the original acceptation of that word.

The rhythmical nature of the Italian language lent itself to musical inflections much more readily than did any other language of Europe, so that the opera seems as natural an outgrowth of Italian genius as tragedy does of the genius of the north. Vernon Lee, in her *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy*, gives a fascinating account of the growth of the opera and the lives of its leaders. In speaking of music at the end of the seventeenth century, she says: "Melodrama was solidifying into strong, clear forms; recitative was expanding and growing bolder and more elastic; accompaniment was becoming fuller, taking a certain reciprocal importance; singing was developing into wonderful perfection, perfection of superb delicacy and vigor. And as music moved, so the poetry to which it was linked had to move also." And again, concerning the opera, it is "a romantic product, born unnoticed by the learned and suffered to grow up unmolested by them, and only given an outer semblance of classic correctness already fully and individually developed. It is the double product of the musical revolution of the early

seventeenth century, melody and noted declamation, woven into dramatic shape with the addition of scenic display. These three items—melody, recitative and mimetic and mechanical show—are its three originally most important parts; poetry is thought of only later, and must bend to suit them. The opera is first for the ears and eyes, and only subsequently for the reasoning faculties. It is the exposition, or the supposed exposition, of a story by means of music, and action, and scenery; words and their recitation (the staple of the pseudo-Greek drama) are added to the music. The words, therefore, are such as the scenic display, above all, as the music, requires them to be.”

In the opera, the old Greek unities of place, time and action are all violated. One of the characteristics was its extravagance in scenic production, and as the action took place successively in a variety of places as far removed in character from one another as possible, no unity of place could obtain. Since to produce the multitudinous effects required by the scenery great latitude must be allowed in point of time, the second unit was swept out of existence. To meet the demands of harmony, to give the greatest opportunity for the individual voices of the singers, it was necessary that there should be great variety in incident and action. Only certain voices could express certain phases of emotion, and accordingly incidents, plots, counterplots, whatever was

necessary, must be introduced to give opportunity for emotional scenes, and thus unity of action was destroyed. So, while the motive of the melodrama might be tragic, it could not be incorporated in classic literary forms, but it was necessary to create for it an original and a local medium.

A Venetian also was the famous Apostolo Zeno (1669–1750), a learned man according to the ideas of those days, possessing poetical gifts and having a keen musical sense. His work shows an absence of pathos, a harshness and narrowness of conception and an almost utter dependence upon tragic situations in moving his audiences. Almost forgotten at the present time, he was still responsible for putting the melodrama into the form required by the development of music, and he pointed out the tendencies which had begun to manifest themselves. It was Metastasio who made the dramatic libretto the characteristic production of eighteenth-century Italian poetry.

III. METASTASIO. Pietro Bonaventura Trappassi was born in Rome on the sixth of January, 1698. His father, who was a druggist and macaroni-seller in a small way, sent the boy to a day school, where he was taught reading and writing. At eleven he was a pretty little fellow with a beautiful voice, who showed marked skill in improvising songs. One day, perched upon a curbstone, he was singing his simple verses to a street audience of artisans, beggars and children, when the Abate Gravina,

a famous Greek scholar, lawyer and member of the Arcadian Academy, happened to pass and to hear the child extemporizing. The famous scholar was charmed with the boy's manners, and after listening to him for a time invited him to call the next day at his home. So the little Pietro, dressed in his holiday clothes, visited the rich gentleman and so pleased the latter that he offered to adopt him and bring him up as his own. The father could not decline so favorable an opening for his child, and the jurist carried out his proposition. He did not like, however, so plebeian a name as *Trapassi*, and changed it into a more scholarly and sonorous title, *Metastasio*.

For some years the education of Pietro proceeded regularly in the elegant home of the wealthy jurist, who, however, was not content to allow his little prodigy to grow up naturally, but persisted in exhibiting him on all occasions and in encouraging him to improvise and sing before the notables who thronged the hospitable home and in larger audiences, where the fame of the boy soon became established. Such life was not wholesome, and Pietro failed in health and was left with some good people in Calabria, where he lived outdoors, grew strong and continued his development under sane conditions. As he grew older, *Metastasio's* genius carried him contrary to the wishes of his patron, and a coolness sprang up between them. However, it was not sufficient to destroy the affection the accomplished



lawyer bore his protégé, and when Gravina died he left Pietro a fortune, but it is hard to discover a warm feeling of gratitude on the part of the poet. In fact, the selfishness which characterized him in later years was evident even in his childhood.

Very young, handsome and clever, he succeeded in pleasing every one and was led to scatter his money lavishly until about 1720, when he found himself reduced to the necessity of earning a livelihood. After casting about for some time, he determined to continue the legal studies which he had begun under Gravina, and accordingly went to Naples and bound himself to the advocate Castagnola. Metastasio had already composed a few lyrics and dramas that had attracted attention, and his new master had required the young writer to promise not to indulge in poetry while he was studying law. However, when the viceroy of Naples flatteringly invited him to write a short play to be sung on the birthday of the wife of the Emperor, he consented and produced a kind of dramatic cantata under the name of *The Gardens of the Hesperides* (*Orti Esperidi*). Before doing so, however, he had secured from Prince Borghese a promise of secrecy, but the cantata was wonderfully successful and Marianna, commonly called La Romanina, the leading singer and wife of Signor Bulgarelli, was so delighted with her part that she insisted on knowing the author, and when the Prince refused to tell her, she

began on her own account a series of investigations which finally revealed the secret.

When she met the young lawyer's clerk she was so fascinated by his youth and genius that she invited him to her house, where he lived under her protection for years, apparently with the full consent of her husband, and where she was really instrumental in placing him on the road to success. La Romanina was a mature woman and Metastasio little more than a boy, and her undying affection for him was half-motherly, yet even that scarcely accounts for the extremes to which she went in assisting him. It was a curious relationship, and the intimacy in time could not fail to become a source of unhappiness to her. Still, to the very end of her life she devoted herself to his interests.

At one of the meetings in her house a youth with a tenor voice sang so beautifully that the whole audience was entranced, and Metastasio, seizing the boy's hands, cried, "Bravo, Farinello! I am honored by this applause; we belong to each other, we are fellow pupils, twins born together for the world, you in song and I in verse. Remember it in later years, adorable twin brother." This was the beginning of a lifelong friendship which, however, was peculiar in that there was little or no personal intimacy connected with it.

As time passed, the inevitable weight of Romanina's affection began to bear upon Metastasio, and he grew weary of her attentions.

Petty quarrels followed, and though she always forgave, he sought patronage elsewhere. Through some of his powerful friends, his exertions produced an almost immediate effect, and he was invited to go to the court of Charles VI of Austria and devote his genius to the establishment of opera in Vienna. Here he gained immediate popularity and soon found another rich and beautiful patron in the Countess Althann, who was delighted with the Italian poet, his charming manners and respectful love. What selfishness may have prompted him to cultivate this feeling at first is unknown, but in the end he probably succeeded far more completely than he had anticipated, for she became his willing slave, his mistress and his legal wife, although the latter fact was kept secret, and they never lived together.

Meantime, La Romanina, who had yielded willingly to the wishes of the poet and sent him to Vienna with her blessings, began to weary of his absence and perhaps may have heard of his new love. At any rate, she wrote him many letters and finally suggested that she should come to Vienna to visit him. Such a contingency alarmed Metastasio in his comfortable position, and, while he wrote repeatedly telling Romanina of the joy her visit would give him, he found means of postponing it until, if we may believe the German Lessing, her patience was exhausted and she started on her long journey. He forestalled her, however,

by obtaining an order from the court forbidding her to enter Viennese territory, and this order met her at the boundary. She became furious, and in her rage tried to kill herself, but though she recovered from the wound, she died soon afterward of grief and despair. The opportune death of his first patron seems to have been a relief to Metastasio, for no expressions of deep grief are to be found in the letters in which he announced the fact coldly enough. However, when he discovered that La Romanina had, with the consent of her husband, left all her property to him, he magnanimously sent to Rome and transferred it all to Signor Bulgarelli. During all these years the Romanina had cared faithfully for the father, mother, brother and sisters of Metastasio, and they were thoroughly incensed at his action in preventing their realizing on their patron's generosity.

In Vienna Metastasio wrote some twenty-six operas and cantatas, of which eleven, composed between 1731 and 1790, are still read as classics, while lists of them have entered the permanent heritage of Italian popular songs. Famous are the *Olimpiade*, the *Achille in Sciro* and the *Attilio Regolo*, of all of which we shall speak at greater length. Metastasio, in Vienna, basked in the smiles of a liberal patron, was popular at court and was surrounded by every luxury, but he had no enthusiasms, worried about his future, and his genius deserted him. The Emperor died, and his successor was not

so favorable to Metastasio ; then Maria Theresa ascended the throne, and in 1755 the Countess Althann died, an old woman with grown-up sons, who for twenty-five years had been his romantic friend. Before this, however, when Metastasio had seen his power and popularity waning, he bethought himself of Farinello, who, after acquiring great fame as a singer, had become, next to the King and Queen, the most powerful person in all Spain, and who was known to the world as Don Carlo Broschi. Their correspondence had extended through all the vicissitudes in the lives of both, and, although expressing his affection and devotion, Metastasio was always asking for favors. Farinello never seems to have recognized the selfishness of the poet, but was forever sending presents of various kinds and assuring his friend of his love and admiration. It is not known that they met, for Metastasio had long since lost the power of self-assertion and willingly remained a hanger-on at the Austrian court.

Once again a woman came into his life, another Marianna, daughter of the family at whose house he lived, a talented singer and indebted for her success and fame wholly to the friendship of the poet. Yet the two never seemed to have loved in the ordinary sense, and when in 1782 Metastasio died she wrote unfeelingly to his friend Farinello and in the same letter thanked him for a box of preserved fruit.

Mrs. Piotzi gives us the following interesting facts concerning Metastasio's peculiar habits: "He never changed the fashion of his wig or the cut or color of his coat. His life was arranged with such methodical exactness that he rose, studied, chatted, slept and dined at the same hours for fifty years together, enjoying health and good spirits, which were never ruffled excepting when the word *death* was mentioned before him. No one was ever permitted to mention that; and even if any one named the smallpox before him, he would see that person no more. No solicitation had ever prevailed on him to dine from home."

The simplicity and purity of Metastasio's style makes his works easy to read for the beginner, and enables the student from the first to enjoy the smooth flow and delightful harmony of Italian verse at its best. At one time he was the most popular writer in Europe. His operas were sung everywhere, and prominent English, French and German writers vied to do him honor; the most noted singers found in his opera texts the best opportunities for their voices; yet long before his death he saw his fame departing, and, though he received honor and encouragement to the end, he could not help feeling the rise of a new school. It is said that Alfieri traveled all the way to Vienna to meet him, but, having seen the fat, inert writer descend from his carriage, the rising Italian turned away and returned to Italy without making himself

known. To-day people know little about Metastasio, and his operas are equally unknown, yet so heavy is the debt which literature and music owe to the man and so peculiar was his life that we are devoting much more than the customary space to him and his works.

IV. THE MELODRAMAS OF METASTASIO. 1. *The "Olimpiade."* The *Olimpiade*, whose chief interest lies in the delicate sketching of its youthful characters and in the skillful development of pathetic situations, has for a plot in reality a slightly modified story from the *Orlando Furioso*:

Lycidas, who has saved the life of Megacles, sends for the latter to come to Olympia and take part as competitor in the games, under the name of Lycidas. There is no time to lose, no explanation to be given until after the event. The prize of the Olympic Games is Aristeia, the daughter of King Clisthene, and as Lycidas has no chance to win her, he relies upon his friend to accomplish the act; but this Aristeia, the prize Megacles is to hand over to his friend, is his own beloved. Megacles fights his passion and determines to win the games and give up the prize if only she can be kept in ignorance of the real name of the victor. Just at this moment, however, Aristeia appears, recognizes her lover, and thinks he must have come to win her. Still, she cannot understand his confusion and sadness, and no explanation satisfies her. Suffering every agony, struggling with jealousy, Megacles separates from her without

explaining the situation, both of them foreboding evil and wailing at their cruel destiny. Megacles, under the name of Lycidas, is the victor, is crowned with the olive leaf, and the beautiful Aristeia is led forward. Pretending that he is suddenly called back to his father in Crete, Megacles begs the King to entrust his bride to Lycidas for the time being, and he, eager to profess his love to Aristeia, urges Megacles to explain everything to her.

Left alone, a terrible ordeal begins, for Aristeia throws herself into the arms of Megacles and cannot understand the solemn way in which her former lover begins his explanation, nor when he has told the whole story can she find any justification for his acts. Nevertheless, they make their agonized farewells and Megacles returns to Lycidas, who cannot understand her grief, her sudden illness nor the fixed determination of Megacles to leave. "If she asks what has become of me," says Megacles, "be kind to her and tell her I am dead." "No," he says on second thought, "do not give her such sorrow for me. If she asks after your friend, answer her only, 'He went hence in tears.'"

Aristeia, having recovered, calls as she supposes upon Lycidas, the victor, and is horrified to discover that he is a stranger. No explanation is sufficient, and a series of complications, attempted suicides and murders follow, until finally Lycidas is discovered to be her brother and she is happily united to Megacles.



2. *The "Attilio Regolo."* The *Attilio Regolo* is pure tragedy, approaching almost religious solemnity. It contains no crime, but only a grand self-sacrifice; no plot; nothing but the gradual action of the hero upon those around him. The whole interest depends upon the opposition of Regulus to his friends and his final triumph over their love and veneration. Vernon Lee describes the plot as follows:

The play opens with the daughter of Regulus, Attilia, stopping the consul Manlius as he descends the stairs of the Capitol, and apostrophizing him in favor of her father, a prisoner at Carthage. This scene is magnificent in dignified impetuosity; Attilia neither begs nor threatens; she demands assistance with a consciousness of justice, of greatness, which places her, the suppliant, far above the man who is supplicated; every word, every burst of passion, means a gesture, and a gesture of infinite nobility. Manlius, secretly jealous of the heroism of Regulus, is disconcerted, left without an answer. At that moment the news comes that Regulus is come to negotiate peace or an exchange of prisoners. Regulus has sworn to return to die horribly at Carthage if the treaty be rejected. All Rome is ready to accept any terms for the sake of liberating him; her friends await with joy his speech before the Senate, sure that all will be granted. Regulus is introduced before the Senate in company with Hamilcar, the Carthaginian envoy; he pauses a moment on the well-known threshold: "Wherefore does he stop?" asks Hamilcar. "Is this place unknown to him?" "I was thinking what I was leaving, and to what I am returning," answers Regulus, and the instruments, taking up the phrase of recitative, re-echo his thought. Hamilcar reminds Regulus of his promise, of what awaits him if the treaty be rejected; Regulus will fulfill all he promised.

Hamilcar exposes briefly the conditions of peace, and waits for Regulus to second the proposal. And Regulus speaks: Carthage desires peace on condition of retaining all her conquests; or, if that be refused, at least an exchange of prisoners; the advice of Regulus is to refuse both. Every one is in astonishment; he holds firm, he desires to return to Carthage. Manlius, jealous of the sacrifice which raises his rival, tries to prevent it; Regulus has pointed out that the deliverance of Roman prisoners, broken to every ignominy, and the giving up of a number of warlike Carthaginians in return, will be fatal to Rome. Manlius answers that mere utility is not the only question, that Rome must think of what is honorable, and honor requires gratitude to Regulus.

For the first time Regulus loses his usual moderation of tone. Does Rome wish to show gratitude towards him? Let it avenge him then. The barbarians have thought that he would betray his country from cowardice, urge acceptance of the treaty from fear of returning to Carthage. This outrage is worse than any torment they have inflicted; let Rome avenge him. Arm, hasten to tear from their temples the Roman trophies; do not sheathe the sword until the enemies be crushed. Let Regulus read the fear of Roman anger in the faces of his murderers; give him the joy of seeing in his dying agonies that Carthage trembles at the name of Rome. The Senate vacillates, but Regulus has not yet conquered; his children stir up the people to protect him from himself; the Senate decides that an oath extorted from a prisoner is not binding; the Carthaginian envoy himself, moved by the sight of such greatness, offers to let him escape. There is yet a long struggle against violence of passion, from which Regulus, simple, determined, finally issues victorious, causing all, by the calm weight of his purpose, to cede and make way; his children he silences into obedience; the Senate he shames into more rigid honor; the treacherous Hamilcar he chides into disdain. The Senate and his family permit

him to go, the Carthaginian galleys await him on the Tiber, but the people of Rome refuse to let him pass to his death, and a struggle begins between the Consul, wishing to open a way for Regulus, and the Tribune, ordering the crowd to refuse the passage. The Consul tries to explain, but the crowd drowns his voice with the cry, "Regulus shall stay."

At this moment Regulus appears, and on his appearance there is a sudden silence. Regulus shall stay, he cries, and does Rome wish his dishonor? The Tribune answers that Rome wishes to strike off his chains. "Without them," Regulus answers, "I am but a perjured and fugitive slave." But the augurs have decided that the oath of a prisoner need not bind. Regulus rejects such pretexts for bad faith as worthy of the barbarians. But what will Rome do deprived of her greatest citizen? Regulus answers gravely, firmly, but with a moment of enthusiasm. He is old, and has served his time, he can no longer be of use to Rome; fate offers him a glorious end, let him not be defrauded of it to die in obscure infamy. Let not the Romans think differently from himself; down with the rebellious arms; as a friend he begs; as a citizen, exhorts; as a father, he commands. The arms are lowered and the crowd silently opens to let him pass. At last he can go. He bids Hamilcar ascend on to the ship; he will follow. He stops once more and turns round to the silent, solemn multitude:

Romans, farewell. Let this the last adieu  
Be worthy you and me. Thank Heaven, I leave,  
And leave you Romans. O preserve unstain'd  
The mighty name, and you will thus become  
The earth's sole arbiters, and the whole world  
Will be for Rome. Ye deities that watch  
Over this sacred soil, ye who protect  
Aeneas' breed, to you I now entrust  
This race of heroes; and on you I call  
To guard this soil, these roofs, this city wall.

In them for evermore let glory, faith,  
 And bravery dwell. If to the Capitol  
 Malignant stars now threaten evil fate,  
 Here's Regulus, oh gods; and he alone  
 Shall be your victim, and upon his head  
 Let all the wrath of Heaven be discharged,  
 But Rome uninjured . . . What ye weep?  
 . . . Farewell.

3. "*Achille in Sciro.*" The *Achilles on Scyros* is in point of construction the best work of Metastasio, and, without containing any extraneous matter in the way of oracles, mistaken identities or murders, and having no secondary plot, moves swiftly and beautifully on in perfect unity. An oracle having declared that Troy cannot be taken without the help of the youthful Achilles, Ulysses has been dispatched by the Greek chiefs to the island of Scyros, where they have been informed Achilles lies hidden by his mother, Thetis. Arrived in Scyros, Ulysses solicits the aid of King Lycomedes, and while he is waiting he discovers among the maidens of the court a certain Pyrrha, the intimate friend and companion of Deidamia, the king's daughter. Struck by the strange beauty and martial bearing of Pyrrha, Ulysses suspects that the maid is Achilles in woman's clothes and tries every means to verify his supposition, while Deidamia struggles to prevent the recognition which she fears. At a banquet given by Lycomedes, Ulysses in a wily manner describes the preparations that are making for the great Trojan expedition. He says to Lycomedes:

This is the time for trial. Mighty King,  
The thought is worthy thee. What eyes again  
Shall view such arms, such leaders, such a host  
Of gallant warriors, countless steeds and vessels,  
Spears bristled, banners streaming in the wind;  
All Europe there assembled. Woods and cities  
Are deserts now; encouraged by their sires,  
Their reverend sires, who mourn their useless age,  
Th' impatient youth rush forth and fly to arms.

None, none remain  
Whose bosoms ever felt the stings of honor,  
Or knew a wish for glory; hardly virgins  
Or tender brides escape the general flame;  
And those whom hard necessity detains  
Rave at their fate, and call the gods unjust.

The agitation of Achilles at this recital is evident to both Ulysses and Arcas, his confidential friend. Lacomedes places the lyre in Pyrrha's hands and asks her to sing. Unwillingly she obeys the request:

When Love has firmly bound the soul,  
And bid the heart obey,  
He rules the will without control,  
And rules with tyrant sway.

His cruel snares on every hand  
He spreads alike for all;  
No valor can his power withstand,  
And wisdom's self must fall.

If Jove, of gods and men the sire,  
In snowy plumage dressed,  
Essayed with tuneful notes to fire  
The tender Leda's breast;

If once among the herds he paced  
For fair Europa's sake,

'Twas Love that thus the god debased,  
Such borrowed forms to take.

Whoe'er, betrayed by woman's smiles,  
Would join the train of Love,  
Too late shall find his cruel wiles,  
And lasting sorrow prove.

The tyrant wills that every slave  
Should kiss the galling chains,  
Should boast the sufferings Beauty gave,  
And glory in his pains.

When, however, Ulysses brings in his presents for Lacomedes, and among them Achilles sees the armor and the shield, and at the same moment hears without the sound of a combat which Ulysses has skillfully staged for that exact moment, he throws off his disguise, seizes the armor and promises to accompany Ulysses. All this has happened in privacy, for Lacomedes and his followers have gone out to ascertain the cause of the tumult. The first six scenes of Act Three, the best in the opera, are as follows, in the translation of John Hoole:

### ACT III

#### SCENE FIRST

*Porticoes of the palace looking out upon the sea. Ships near the shore.*

ULYSSES, ACHILLES (*in a military dress*)

*Ulysses.* Achilles, I confess the hero now;

I see thee all thyself. Oh, how the dress  
Of woman's weeds obscured thy godlike mien!  
Behold the warrior now! The serpent thus  
Forth issues to the sun, with youth renewed,

And as he rides on golden spires, or trails  
His lengthened curls, rejoices in his strength.

*Achilles.* To thee, O mighty chief, Achilles owe.

A life restored: but like a captive scarce  
Released from bonds, I doubt my freedom still;  
Still seem to view the dungeon's dreary gloom,  
And hear the clanking of inglorious chains.

*Ulys.* (*looks out*) Why comes not Arcas yet?

(*Aside.*)

*Achil.* Are these, Ulysses,  
Thy ships that sailed from Greece?

*Ulys.* They are; nor less  
Will these with pride exult, than Argo once,  
To bear their glorious burden, while Achilles  
Can singly weigh against that band of heroes,  
And all the treasures brought from Phryxus'  
shore.

*Achil.* Then wherefore this delay?

*Ulys.* Ho! mariners,  
Approach the land! (*Aside.*) And yet I see not  
Arcas.

*Achil.* Why are not these Scamander's hostile shores?  
There, there it shall be known how soon Achilles  
Will cancel every fault, when glorious toils  
Of fighting fields shall wash my stains away.  
This sword shall plead forgiveness for the hours,  
The slothful hours of Scyros; then, perhaps,  
My trophies gained may swell the trump of fame,  
And leave no time to blaze my follies past.

*Ulys.* Oh, glorious warmth! Oh, godlike sense of  
shame!

That well befits Achilles. Never, never  
Such virtue could be hid from human kind,  
And buried in the narrow bounds of Scyros.  
Too far, O Thetis! thy maternal fears  
Betrayed thy better sense; thou might'st have  
known

That here to keep concealed so fierce a flame,  
All arts were vain and every labor fruitless.

Enclosed in earth's capacious caves,  
A smothered fire indignant raves,  
And bursts at length its narrow bound;  
Proud cities, woods, destroys and burns,  
And forests shakes, and hills o'erturns,  
And spreads a ghastly ruin round.

*Achil.* Behold the vessels now approach the shore!  
Ulysses, follow me! (*Approaches the sea.*)

SCENE SECOND

*Ulys. (aside to ARC., who enters hastily)*

Arcas, what means

Thy long delay?

*Arc.* Let us with speed embark

Lest aught obstruct our purpose.

*Ulys.* Say what mean'st thou?

*Arc.* Depart, depart, and thou shalt learn it all.

*Ulys.* Give me at least some token.

*Arc.* Deidamia,

Wild with her love, and blinded with her rage,

Pursues our steps: I could no longer stay her,

And flew before to bear the unwelcome tidings.

*Ulys.* This dangerous meeting must not be, my Arcas.

*Achil. (returning, impatient)* Why do we linger thus?

*Ulys.* Behold me ready!

*Achil. (to ARC.)* What cause disturbs thee thus?

Speak, Arcas.

*Arc.* Nothing!

*Ulys.* Let us depart.

*Achil. (to ARC.)* What mean those frequent looks

Cast back with anxious search? What fear'st thou?

Speak!

*Ulys. (aside)* O, mighty gods!

*Arc. (to ACHIL.)* My Lord, I fear, perhaps—

The King perhaps may hear of our departure,

And seek by force to stay us.

*Achil.* Seek by force?

Am I his prisoner then, and would he thus—



*Ulys.* No, but 'tis prudent we should fly from all  
That might detain us.

*Achil.* Shall Achilles fly?

*Ulys.* Let us not waste the time in vain delays.

Haste to the sea; the winds and waves invite us.

(*Takes ACHIL. by the hand, and goes with him  
toward the seashore.*)

## SCENE THIRD

*Deidamia. (enters)* Ah! whither, whither goest thou, O  
Achilles?

Yet stay and hear me!

(*ACHIL. turns and sees DEI.; both remain some time silent.*)

*Ulys. (aside)* Now indeed I fear.

*Arc. (aside)* Behold where love and glory both contend.

*Dei.* Inhuman man! and is it possible?

Could'st thou then leave me?

*Ulys. (aside to ACHIL.)* If thou mak'st reply

Thou art vanquished.

*Achil. (to ULYS.)* Fear me not; whate'er my feelings,  
I'll struggle to suppress them.

*Dei.* Such reward,

O cruel! dost thou yield for love like mine?

Could such a form conceal a treacherous heart?

Learn hence, too easy maidens, learn from him,

To trust a lover's faith! Even now he swore

Eternal constancy, and in a moment

Forgets it all—departs, forsakes me thus,

Without one tender sigh, one last adieu.

*Achil. (aside)* My breaking heart!

*Arc. (aside)* He melts!

*Dei.* What cause could make thee

At once my foe? Alas! what have I done?

What crime of mine can merit thus thy hatred?

*Achil.* No, Princess, no!

*Ulys.* Achilles—

*Achil. (to ULYS.)* But one word!

I ask no more.

*Ulys. (aside)* Then all is lost.

*Achil.* (to *DEI.*) No, Princess,  
 Believe me not a traitor or thy foe;  
 Eternal truth I've sworn and I will keep it.  
 The rigid laws of honor tear me from thee;  
 But I'll return more worthy of thy love.  
 If silent I depart, think not my silence  
 Was scorn or hatred: Oh, 'twas fear and pity.  
 Pity for thee, a prey to tender sorrow,  
 And fear that constancy in me would prove  
 Unequal to the task. The first alas!  
 I well foresaw, the last I dared not trust.  
 I know thou lov'st me dearer than thy life,  
 And well I know—

*Ulys.* Achilles!

*Achil.* See me here

Prepared to quit the port.

*Arc.* (aside) And yet he comes not!

*Achil.* (to *DEI.*) Still in my breast—

*Dei.* No more! 'tis now too late.

Forgive my transports to excess of love.

'Tis true, Achilles owes himself to Greece,

To all the world, and to his own renown.

Then go! No longer I oppose thy purpose;

My heart's affection shall attend thee still;

But since I here without thee must remain,

Oh, be the stroke less dreadful—leave me not

Thus unprepared: allow my feeble virtue

Some time for recollection—but one day—

I ask no more; go, then, depart in peace.

Such grace is not denied a wretch condemned

To meet his death; and can I doubt Achilles

Will now refuse this grant to Deidamia?

*Arc.* (aside) If she obtain a day she conquers all.

*Dei.* Ah, think! Ah, speak! thy downcast eyes are  
 fixed

In pensive silence still.

*Achil.* (to *ULYS.*) What says Ulysses?

*Ulys.* 'Tis at thy choice, Achilles, to depart,

Or here abide; to me is not permitted

A longer tarriance here. Resolve to quit  
The port, or leave me to embark alone.

*Achil.* O, cruel state!

*Dei.* Yet answer me, Achilles.

*Achil.* Fain would I stay in pity to thy grief,  
But heard'st thou not Ulysses? (*points to ULYS.*)

*Ulys.* Come, decide!

*Achil. (to ULYS.)* I would pursue thy steps, but see'st  
thou not

Who pleads against thee? (*Points to DEI.*)

*Dei.* 'Tis enough! I see

Thy choice is made and thou preparest to leave me.

Go then, ungrateful man! Farewell forever. (*Going.*)

*Achil. (follows her)* Stay, Deidamia!

*Ulys.* I perceive, Achilles,

Thy purpose to remain. Irresolute,

Degenerate youth! I leave thee and depart. (*Going.*)

*Achil.* Ulysses, stay!

*Dei. (to ACHIL.)* What would'st thou?

*Ulys.* Whither tends

Thy purpose now?

*Achil.* I would, my Deidamia,

Indulge thy wish. (*Aside.*) O Heaven! what means  
this weakness?

To thee, Ulysses, would I yield my guidance.

(*Aside.*) But this were surely cruel. If my glory

Exact obedience here, there love denies it.

*Arc. (aside)* 'Tis doubtful which will conquer.

*Dei.* Since to grant me

So light a boon excites such painful struggles,

I press no further, yet one grace I ask

More worthy thee: depart, but ere thou goest,

Deep in my bosom plunge thy glorious sword,

This will avail us both, for thou, Achilles,

Wilt thus begin to inure thy soul to slaughter,

And Deidamia shun a lingering death.

So may'st thou gladly go, and go unquestioned.

I die content, if he, whom still my heart

Must ever love, dear master of my fate,

If he, alas! who has refused me life,  
At least in pity thus concludes my woes. (*Weeps.*)

*Arc. (aside)* Were I Achilles I could hold no longer.

*Dei.* Thy last, best gift—

*Achil.* Ah, cease! lament no more!

Ulysses, longer to reject her suit  
Were useless cruelty.

*Ulys.* So thinks Achilles.

*Achil.* She asks but for a day; a single day  
May surely be indulged me.

*Ulys.* Not a day.

I go to tell the assembled Argive chiefs  
The glories of Achilles; yes, from me  
Each ear may learn what generous toils have  
cleansed

His fame; what great amends his sword has made  
For all his sloth at Scyros, and by him  
What numerous trophies fill the mouth of fame.

*Achil.* But valor loves not—

*Ulys.* Talk not of valor.

Strip off those arms, a useless load for Pyrrha.  
What ho! bring forth the hero's silken robes,  
And let him rest a while; his fainting brows  
Enough have felt the helmet's massy weight.

*Arc. (aside)* How well Ulysses proves his every art  
To rouse the latent hero!

*Achil. (to ULYS.)* Am I Pyrrha?  
To me the silken robes?

*Ulys.* Oh, no! Thou givest  
Great proofs of manly mind: thou canst not con-  
quer

One weak, one poor affection.

*Achil. (firmly)* Better learn  
To know Achilles. Let us go.

*Dei.* Achilles!

And wilt thou leave me?

*Achil.* Strong necessity  
Compels me.

*Dei.* Sayest thou?

*Achil.* Longer to remain  
 Were fatal to my honor—Deidamia,  
 Farewell! (*Goes resolutely to the ship; is about to  
 ascend the deck, then stops.* ULYS. and ARC.  
*follow. DEI. stands some time immovable.*)

*Arc. (aside)* Ulysses' taunts at length have roused  
 His sleeping honor.

*Ulys. (aside)* Yet we are not secure.

*Dei.* Barbarian! Traitor! wilt thou then be gone?  
 Is this a lover's parting? Tyranny  
 Beyond example! Hence thou flyest from me,  
 But thou shall not fly from Heaven. If gods are  
 just,

And pity human sufferings, all will join  
 To punish thy misdeeds; my injured ghost  
 Shall haunt thy sight and witness my revenge.  
 Already now my soul enjoys the thought!  
 I see the lightnings flash. Oh, no, forbear,  
 Vindictive powers! If one must pay the forfeit,  
 Oh, spare that breast beloved and strike at mine!  
 If cruel he has changed his former self,  
 Yet Deidamia's heart is still the same:  
 For him I lived, for him I now will die! (*Faints.*)

*Achil. (to ULYS.)* Ah, let me fly!

*Ulys.* And whither would Achilles?

*Achil.* To save my Deidamia.

*Ulys.* Then no longer—

*Achil.* And canst thou hope that I will leave her thus?

*Ulys.* Are these thy proofs of valor?

*Achil. (in anger)* Thou wouldst ask  
 For proofs of valor, proofs of cruelty.  
 Ulysses, give me way! (*Breaks from him and runs  
 to DEI.*)

*Arc. (aside)* Then love has conquered.

*Achil.* My life! my Princess! Hear me, mighty gods!  
 She answers not!—lift up those lovely eyes,  
 Behold, behold thy own Achilles here.

*Ulys.* I fear, my Arcas, 'tis not now a time  
 To hope for victory; we must resign

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The palm, and seek the field with other arms.

[*Exit with ARC., unseen by ACHIL.*]

SCENE FOURTH

DEIDAMIA, ACHILLES

DEIDAMIA (*recovering*)

*Achil.* The gods be praised! she breathes again.

Oh, no, my hope! Achilles will not leave thee.

*Dei.* Art thou indeed Achilles? Sure I dream!

What wouldst thou now?

*Achil.* All peace to thee, my love.

*Dei.* Couldst thou, unkind, refuse a single day?

And now thou comest—

*Achil.* It was not I opposed

Thy gentle wish—behold thy foe! But, ha!

What can this mean? Ulysses is not here!

He leaves me then.

SCENE FIFTH

*Nearchus. (enters)* If you would find Ulysses,  
He seeks the King, and with his sanction means  
To bear you, thus discovered, to his ships.

*Dei.* This only wanted to complete my sufferings.  
All must be then revealed to Lycomedes.

*Near.* Believe not now your secret first disclosed.  
Theagenes, alarmed at your distraction,  
Soon found the cause, and hasted to the King,  
Who holds him now in converse.

*Dei.* O ye Powers!  
Unhappy Deidamia! what has fate  
In store? If you, Achilles, should forsake me,  
Where shall I fly for pity?

*Achil.* I forsake thee  
In such a trial! No, my first exploit  
Would then be impious treason. Calm thy fears,  
And trust to me thy fortune and my own.

May heavenly powers thy peace redeem,  
And give thy tears relief;

And hope, like summer meteors, stream  
Through transient clouds of grief.

Those eyes shall point their guiding ray  
In love and honor's course;  
'Tis they that give and take away  
My courage and my force.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE SIXTH

DEIDAMIA, NEARCHUS

*Dei.* Support me, oh, Nearchus, give me comfort!

*Near.* Alas! what comfort can I give, oppressed  
With doubts and terrors that exceed thy own?

*Dei.* Ye pitying gods! if my affections ever  
Were innocent and pure, do thou protect me! •  
Dispel the cloud that wraps me thus in darkness.  
If love's a crime, I must confess I erred;  
If love like mine be guilt—I loved Achilles.

Let all, who now my passion blame,  
Those manly beauties trace;  
And learn, what best defends my fame,  
From that enchanting face.

That face, which seems by Heaven designed  
To kindle Love's alarms,  
Bespeaks no less a hero's mind  
To dare the field in arms.

[*Exit.*]

Theagenes, to whom Deidamia has been betrothed by the King, willingly sacrifices his rights to Achilles, while the King is gratified with the character of his new son-in-law, and urges an immediate marriage. Ulysses is satisfied to take Achilles and his wife to Troy, and the play ends happily.

V. REALISTIC COMEDY. The Comedy of Masks had developed in Italy without any literary pretensions; in fact, it was merely the outburst of Italian levity and consisted of rough fun and amusing "horseplay," without any effort to depict character or any show of modern realism. For the transition from the masks to the purer comedy, literature is more indebted to Goldoni than to any other one Italian, and probably no better exposition of that change can be given than appears in the following extracts from the dramatist's own memoirs:

The amateurs of the old comedy, on seeing the rapid progress of the new, declared everywhere that it was unworthy of an Italian to give a blow to a species of comedy in which Italy had attained great distinction, and which no other nation had ever yet been able to imitate. But what made the greatest impression on the discontented was the suppression of masks, which my system appeared to threaten. It was said that these personages had for two centuries been the amusement of Italy, and that it ought not to be deprived of a species of comic diversion which it had created and so well supported.

Before venturing to give any opinion on this subject, I imagine the reader will have no objection to listen for a few minutes to a short account of the origin, employment, and effects of these four masks. Comedy, which in all ages has been the favorite entertainment of polished nations, shared the fate of the arts and sciences, and was buried under the ruins of the Empire during the decay of letters. The germ of comedy, however, was never altogether extinguished in the fertile bosom of Italy. Those who first endeavored to bring about its revival, not finding in an ignorant age writers of sufficient skill, had the boldness to draw out plans, to dis-



tribute them into acts and scenes, and to utter extempore the subjects, thoughts, and witticisms which they had concerted among themselves. Those who could read (and neither the great nor the rich were of the number) found that in the comedies of Plautus and Terence there were always duped fathers, debauched sons, enamored girls, knavish servants, and mercenary maids; and, running over the different districts of Italy, they took the fathers from Venice and Bologna, the servants from Bergamo, and the lovers and waiting-maids from the dominions of Rome and Tuscany.

Written proofs are not to be expected of what took place in a time when writing was not in use; but I prove my assertion in this way: Pantaloon has always been a Venetian, the Doctor a Bolognese, and Brighella and Harlequin Bergamasks; and from these places, therefore, the comic personages called the four masks of the Italian comedy were taken by the players. What I say on this subject is not altogether the creature of my imagination; I possess a manuscript of the fifteenth century, in very good preservation and bound in parchment, containing a hundred and twenty subjects or sketches of Italian pieces, called comedies of art, and of which the basis of the comic humor is always Pantaloon, a Venetian merchant; the Doctor, a Bolognese jurisconsult; and Brighella and Harlequin, Bergamask valets—the first clever and sprightly, and the other a mere dolt. Their antiquity and their long existence indicate their origin.

With respect to their employment, Pantaloon and the Doctor, called by the Italians the two old men, represent the part of fathers, and the other parts where cloaks are worn. The first is a merchant, because Venice in its ancient times was the richest and most extensively commercial country of Italy. He has always preserved the ancient Venetian costume; the black dress and the woollen bonnet are still worn in Venice; and the red under-waistcoat and breeches, cut out like drawers, with red stockings and slippers, are a most exact representation of the equipment of the first inhabitants of the Adriatic

marshes. The beard, which was considered as an ornament in those remote ages, has been caricatured and rendered ridiculous in subsequent periods.

The second old man, called the Doctor, was taken from among the lawyers, for the sake of opposing a learned man to a merchant; and Bologna was selected because in that city there existed a university, which, notwithstanding the ignorance of the times, still preserved the offices and emoluments of the professors. In the dress of the Doctor we observe the ancient costume of the university and bar of Bologna, which is nearly the same at this day; and the idea of the singular mask which covers his face and nose was taken from a wine stain which disfigured the countenance of a jurisconsult in those times. This is a tradition still existing among the amateurs of the comedy of art.

Brighella and Harlequin, called in Italy the two Zani, were taken from Bergamo; because, the former being a very sharp fellow and the other a stupid clown, these two extremes are only to be found among the lower orders of that part of the country. Brighella represents an intriguing, deceitful, and knavish valet. His dress is a species of livery; his swarthy mask is a caricature of the color of the inhabitants of those high mountains, tanned by the heat of the sun. Some comedians, in this character, have taken the name of Fenocchio, Fiqueto, and Scapin; but they have always represented the same valet and the same Bergamask. The harlequins have also assumed other names: they have been sometimes Tracagnins, Truffaldins, Gradelins, and Mezetins; but they have always been stupid Bergamasks. Their dress is an exact representation of that of a poor devil who has picked up pieces of stuffs of different colors to patch his dress; his hat corresponds with his mendicinity, and the hare's tail with which it is ornamented is still common in the dress of the peasantry of Bergamo.

I have thus, I trust, sufficiently demonstrated the origin and employment of the four masks of the Italian comedy; it now remains for me to mention the effects

resulting from them. The mask must always be very prejudicial to the action of the performer, either in joy or sorrow : whether he be in love, cross, or good-humored, the same features are always exhibited ; and however he may gesticulate and vary the tone, he can never convey by the countenance, which is the interpreter of the heart, the different passions with which he is inwardly agitated. The masks of the Greeks and Romans were a sort of speaking-trumpets, invented for the purpose of conveying the sound through the vast extent of their amphitheaters. Passion and sentiment were not in those times carried to the pitch of delicacy now actually necessary. The actor must in our days possess a soul ; and the soul under a mask is like a fire under ashes. These were the reasons which induced me to endeavor the reform of the Italian theater, and to supply the place of farces with comedies. But the complaints became louder and louder ; I was disgusted with the two parties, and I endeavored to satisfy both ; I undertook to produce a few pieces merely sketched, without ceasing to give comedies of character. I employed the masks in the former, and I displayed a more noble and interesting comic humor in the others : each participated in the species of pleasure with which they were most delighted ; with time and patience I brought about a reconciliation between them ; and I had the satisfaction at length to see myself authorized in following my own taste, which became in a few years the most general and prevailing in Italy. I willingly pardoned the partisans of the comedians with masks the injuries they laid to my charge ; for they were very able amateurs, who had the merit of giving themselves an interest to sketched comedies.

Goldoni pictured Italian manners in their gayest colors, and so long as he confined himself to the characters with whom he was familiar he succeeded wonderfully, but he had not the strength of character to hold himself in

check when criticism met him, so that in his numerous productions, for he wrote in all one hundred sixty comedies, there are to be found no great number of plays of the first rank; and only those which deal with the common people, with whom and with whose lives he was intimately associated, are still much read. Perhaps even these are too local to hold a general interest or to withstand the difficulties of translation.

VI. GOLDONI. Carlo Goldoni was born in Venice in the year 1707, in the house of his grandfather, who had squandered a fortune upon actors and actresses. His own father was a physician, and his mother, amiable and intelligent but without great power, endeavored to educate him in a sane and regular manner; but the fates were against the parents and determined to make of the boy just what he became—a moderately intelligent man with an astonishing faculty for comic observations and a curious skill in recording their results. When he was four years old he was presented with a puppet show; at eight he was encouraged to compose a play, and in early childhood he was dragged through a series of journeys over Italy.

Upon one occasion the child was made to play a woman's part in a comedy, and a few years later, when in school at Rimini, he became so infatuated by a company of traveling actors that he ran away with them, leaving everything behind. For a time the wandering,

chaotic life pleased him, but eventually he wearied of it and begged so hard to see his mother that one of the actors took him home. But Carlo was afraid to present himself at once to his mother, and devised a little comedy in which he hid in the entry while the actor led the mother to speak highly of her son and to say how happy she would be to see him again. The boy then made his dramatic entry, and repeated the performance when his father returned. The incident is interesting, for similar scenes appear in his plays and illustrate the use the dramatist made of the simple things that happened in his life. His long autobiography, written in his extreme old age, is as characteristic of the man as was Cellini's of himself. Goldoni writes nothing romantic nor scandalous, and indulges in no philosophy, no serious analysis of life and its conditions; but he does analyze his plays, expresses his feelings and actions, and does it all with the same levity and good nature that he shows in the construction of his comedies.

While in his life there was nothing really adventurous or libertine, yet he was engaged in a dozen love adventures and matrimonial schemes with lemonade sellers, waiting maids, and the daughters of citizens. He gives the following account of his first love:

I was intrusted some time afterwards with another commission, of a much more agreeable and amusing nature. This was to carry through an investigation, ten leagues from the town, into the circumstances of a dis-

pute where firearms had been made use of and dangerous wounds received. As the country where this happened was flat, and the road lay through charming estates and country-houses, I engaged several of my friends to follow me; we were in all twelve, six males and six females, and four domestics. We all rode on horseback, and we employed twelve days in this delicious expedition.

In this party there were two sisters, one married and the other single. The latter was very much to my liking, and I may say I made the party for her alone. She was as prudent and modest as her sister was headstrong and foolish; the singularity of our journey afforded us an opportunity of coming to an explanation, and we became lovers.

My investigation was concluded in two hours; we selected another road for our return, to vary our pleasure. The six gentlemen of our party proposed another species of entertainment. In the palace of the governor there was a theater, which they wished to put to some use; and they did me the honor to tell me that they had conceived the project on my account, and they left me the power of choosing the pieces and distributing the characters. I thanked them, and accepted the proposition; and with the approbation of his Excellency and my chancellor, I put myself at the head of this new entertainment. . . .

I did what I could to engage my beautiful Angelica to accept a part in our tragedies, but it was impossible; she was timid, and had she even been willing, her parents would not have given their permission. She visited us; but this pleasure cost her tears, for she was jealous, and suffered much from seeing me on such a familiar footing with my fair companions. The poor little girl loved me with tenderness and sincerity, and I loved her also with my whole soul; I may say she was the first person whom I ever loved. She aspired to become my wife, which she would have been if certain singular reflections, that however were well founded, had not turned me from the design. Her elder sister had been remarkably beautiful, and after her first child she became ugly.

The youngest had the same skin and the same features; she was one of those delicate beauties whom the air injures, and whom the smallest fatigue or pain discomposes: of all of which I saw a convincing proof. The fatigue of our journey produced a visible change upon her: I was young, and if my wife were in a short time to have lost her bloom, I foresaw what would have been my despair. This was reasoning curiously for a lover; but whether from virtue, weakness or inconstancy, I quitted Feltre without marrying her.

None of the affairs seem to have affected him at all seriously, and he slips into one and out of another, perhaps a little mortified, but never broken-hearted or remorseful. He began his practice at the Venetian bar, but, although apparently on the way to success, one of his matrimonial ventures unsettled him sufficiently so that he made up his mind to go to Milan and present a tragic poem to the directors of the opera. This was met with such criticism and jeers that he burned his manuscript and engaged himself as secretary to the Venetian minister at Milan. A little later he was accused of treachery and went off with a company of actors to Genoa, where, as he was passing along the street, he saw a beautiful young lady at a window. A deep bow and a tender glance brought a response, and the two for several days exchanged bows, courtesies and glances from the street and the balcony like the actors in any love comedy. Then Goldoni was introduced to the lady's father, asked for the daughter's hand, and was almost immediately married. Strangely enough, just as

things turn out in the plays, Goldoni and his wife thus quickly acquired lived a happy, childless existence for more than fifty years. Light and fickle, but amiable and honest, skimming only the surface of things, but acquiring no vice and looking upon it in others with charity, he did have one constant ambition, one element of mental ballast which kept him true—his ambition to reform the comic stage.

Mixed up with the adventurous life of his times, almost driven to take part in war, but always avoiding it, he occupied himself in various ways, leaving one position for another when fancy prompted. At one time he was taken prisoner with his wife by the Austrian army, whose officers immediately set him to work writing plays for them to perform. Light as his imprisonment was, when he was released he began to practice law in Pisa, determined to write no more comedies during his life. But one day a stranger came to him and offered such inducements that he abandoned his practice and engaged himself to Medebac, the manager of a magnificent comedy company, to write anything and everything which he thought would please the fastidious Venetians.

The Venice of that day still preserved its medieval qualities to an extent nowhere else visible in Italy, and Goldoni was fortunate enough to strike a note which met with popular approval at once, and beginning with comedies which introduced and gave to the harlequins, pantaloons and comic characters of that type a



considerable part of the play, he gradually made them less and less conspicuous and increased the importance of characters from real life, so that before he was through with them the gay Venetians were thoroughly interested in the creations of Goldoni and ready to give their unqualified admiration to his plays without missing the masks which had so long furnished them amusement. The comedies naturally bred a different class of actors, and those who had recited in mask found themselves compelled to abandon their profession or acquire the art of acting in the manner of the new school. That Goldoni was the popular idol of the people we have ample evidence, and Goethe, who wrote from Venice in 1786, says:

Yesterday, at the theater of St. Luke, was performed *Le Baruffe-Chiozotte*, which I should interpret *The Frays and Feuds of Chiozza*. The *dramatis personae* are principally seafaring people, inhabitants of Chiozza, with their wives, sisters and daughters. The usual noisy demonstrations of such sort of people in their good or ill luck,—their dealings one with another, their vehemence but goodness of heart, commonplace remarks and unaffected manners, their naïve wit and humor,—all this was excellently imitated. The piece moreover is Goldoni's, and as I had been only the day before in the place itself, and as the tones and manners of the sailors and people of the seaport still echoed in my ears and floated before my eyes, it delighted me very much. I never witnessed anything like the noisy delight the people evinced at seeing themselves and their mates represented with such truth of nature. It was one continued laugh and tumultuous shout of exultation from beginning to end.

Vernon Lee, writing in *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy*, has this to say of the characters created by Goldoni:

To these attenuated, simplified gentry, Goldoni vastly preferred the middle classes, shopkeepers, doctors and lawyers, people of more domestic life and easier manners, into whose houses it was less difficult to introduce the audience. He enjoyed giving, as it were, a vertical section of a middle-class house, showing at the same time the inhabitants of the various floors, letting us see the richer and poorer inmates at their amusements and occupations, at their meetings; displaying two or three households at once, with their efforts to make a fine show to each other, with their whole life not only of the parlor and the office but of the staircase and hosedoor. He would let us see the supposed head of the family walking about in dressing-gown and slippers, eating dates out of a paper, assenting feebly to every order of a younger brother, always referred to but never displayed in public; or the old bullying dotard, continually blustering with his children and led by the nose by some sly housekeeper or deferential agent, endless types of Pantaloon, lightly and rapidly sketched; he would display the son and heir running into debt, attempting to reform, determining to marry and live an orderly life, and then borrowing more money in order to entice a wife.

Above all, Goldoni delighted in pulling the wires of his female puppets, of his charmingly simple, vain, lecturing, half stupid, half sensible girls, from the little weak-headed daughter of Pantalone, who plays with her dolls at fifteen and asks the first man she ever meets to marry her, up to the independent and serious Giacinta of the *villeggiatura* trilogy—gentle, self-sacrificing, resisting her own passion, but with just a little vanity and desire to be better dressed than her sister-in-law; Beatrices, Posauras, Vittorias, Giacintas innumerable, little figures, lively or sedate, malicious or forgiving, invariably graceful and sympathetic, alive and individual. Gol-

doni shows us these young women in their visits, affectionate and sarcastic to each other, kissing on both cheeks while counting up the yards of ribbon on each other's dresses; in their agonized consultations with dressmakers and ladies' maids; in their tragic rage at not going to the country, in their malicious jubilation at their neighbors staying in town.

The country! that was Goldoni's richest theme: not the trees, and skies and flowers, for which he cared as little as did his *dramatis personae*, but the *villeggiatura*, with its financial and tailoring preparations, its prologue of entreaties and sulks and rages, and usurers and dress-making and family agonies; its joys of card-playing, flirting, chocolate-drinking and scandal-mongering, and its tragic sequel of unpaid bills, recriminations, and domestic shipwreck.

Goldoni wrote at least a dozen plays about *villeggiatura*, its preparations and consequences: *villeggiatura* on the Brenta, in the Euganean hills, on the *Montagnola* of Bologna, and at Montenero near Leghorn, summing up everything in that almost epic trilogy, the *Smanie per la Villeggiatura*, the *Avventure della Villeggiatura*, and the *Ritorno della Villeggiatura*—*villeggiatura*! talismanic word, which now means solitude in a country-house or town-life at a watering-place, but never fails to evoke in our mind, thanks to the genius of Goldoni, the thought of those immense parties of five or six families, huddled together on the top of some hill or on the banks of some stream, forever going in and out of each other's houses, forever gambling, eating, drinking, singing, dancing, love-making, gossiping, squandering during a month the revenue of a year—*villeggiatura*! delightful pastoral life among autumn rains, floods, mud, mosquitoes, and damp yellow foliage, bought cheaply by a winter without carpets or fires, and a summer within red-hot city walls. Yes, the word has retained a quaintness and a charm, and we cannot now pass before the rusty gates of the melancholy suburban gardens, with their drenched sere groves and broken earthenware

statues and vases; nor go up and down the long flights of steps between the congregated stained houses, with battered shutters, blackened escutcheons, faded sun-dial, and tawdry soaking autumnal flowers, without thinking of the Pantaloons and Rosauras and Leandros whose delight they were in the days gone by. And when we enter that vast half-furnished entrance, with gilded high-backed chairs marshaled stiffly round the walls, and card-tables pushed into every corner, we cannot help fancying that Giacinta and Lelio may be whispering behind yonder screen; that the parasite Ferdinando may just have shuffled the cards on yonder green baize; and we catch ourselves half expecting that the folding gilded doors may open, and the foolish, jolly old Signor Filippo, in his knee-breeches, embroidered waistcoat and little wig, enter, beaming with vanity and pleasure, and cry out, rapping his snuff-box: "What, children! no one playing, no one eating, no one drinking? The country is made for amusement, and in my house it shall never be wanting. Quick! Cards and lights! and chocolate and lemonade; and afterwards call the fiddlers, and we'll dance a couple of minutes—and those who won't, need not; let all do as they choose! Long live liberty and long live the villeggiatura!"

The wonderful success of Goldoni brought him enemies in plenty. The actors in the mask were bitter against him, and the managers of rival theaters, whose audiences deserted to the new attraction, began systematic attacks upon his works, and unfortunately he engaged in an argument with them and failed to convince the public. The attacks spread in every direction, and in answer to each new accusation Goldoni felt impelled to write a play to show that the charge was unfounded. In this way he was led into fields where his genius could not follow

him, and in attempting imitations of other writers in other nations, in trying to make plays on other models and in introducing characters with whose lives he had no acquaintance, he produced many comedies which were as poor as their critics claimed. The pitiful farce dragged itself out until Goldoni saw himself discredited in Venice and the subject of bitter satire, not only from persons of moderate ability but from such men as the two Gozzis, who poured forth scorching epigrams and sonnets by the dozens.

In the midst of this storm of abuse the rumor gained ground in Venice that Goldoni had accepted an offer to go to Paris and write plays for the Italian theater which had long been in existence there, and a few months later, at Sant' Angelo, the theater for which Goldoni wrote, was performed a new comedy called *One of the Last Evenings of a Carnival*, a charmingly simple picture of Venetian merchant-life in Goldoni's best style:

Sior Anzoleto, a designer of patterns for silk stuffs, is called away to Russia and with a heavy heart is leaving the looms for which he had so long provided patterns. When Anzoleto came forward for the last time, he made this speech in his quaint Venetian dialect: "This is not the first time that I go away, and wherever I have been I have carried the name of Venice engraven in my heart; I have always remembered the good offices and kindness I have received; I have always wished to return;

when I have returned, it has always been with joy . . . and so it will be this time also, if Heaven permit me to return. I attest on my honor that I go away with a sore heart; that no pleasure, no fortune, if I have any, will be able to compensate the pain of absence from people who are fond of me. Preserve your love for me, dear friends; and God bless you. I say so from my heart—!" The audience recognized the allegory at once, and seeing Goldoni in the designer and themselves in the weavers, burst out like one man shouting: "Good-bye, Goldoni! A good journey to thee! Remember thy promise! Return soon! A good journey and return soon!"

Goldoni went to Paris, but though he lived some thirty years there obscurely and for the most part happily, he never again saw his beloved Venice or wrote a masterpiece. During the darkness and chaos of '93 he died in poverty and utter neglect, just as the republicans were ready to restore the royal pension which had been swept away in the horrors of the French Revolution.

VII. CARLO GOZZI. We have already seen that Goldoni's life was embittered by the virulent attacks of his enemies, among whom none was more conspicuous or more instrumental in bringing about the departure of Goldoni to Paris than Count Carlo Gozzi, who was born in 1720 in a ramshackle old palace on one of the canals of Venice. The incidents of his life are not particularly interesting, but his

was a curious personality—tall, gaunt, careless of his personal appearance, silent, self-absorbed, smiling at his unspoken jests. If there was a puddle of water, he stumbled into it; his cloak dragged behind him in the mud of the streets, and in everything he undertook he seemed to succeed rather by the force of outside circumstances than by any personal control over them. As Vernon Lee said, it was as if the fairies and hobgoblins he had invoked had taken charge of his life and controlled its every act. His palace was grotesque and melancholy, his family no less so, and upon the Count Carlo devolved the care of a host of brothers and sisters, none of whom seem to have cut any figure in life, excepting one brother, the Count Gasparo, who achieved great distinction as a writer.

But Count Carlo had an idea. He hated Goldoni and was jealous of the popularity of the realistic comedy, while he grieved over the death of the mask and the pantomime. Pantaloon, Harlequin, Smeraldina and the other buffoons and quaint characters appealed to his imagination, and he undertook to make them again popular. Fortunately, he found in Sacchi, the manager of the San Samuele theater, a genius ready to assist him in every way, for the patronage of the theater was almost destroyed and its mummeries forgotten while joyous Venice alternately laughed and wept in the Sant' Angelo at the plays of Goldoni.

It is related that one day Goldoni, swaggering about in the hour of his success, entered the shop of a bookseller in one of the narrow streets of Venice and began addressing the men there assembled on the grandeur of his success in reforming the Italian comedy. Outraged by the upstart's insolence toward the Comedy of Masks, Carlo Gozzi jumped to his feet and cried: "I wager that with the Masks of the old comedy I will draw a greater audience to hear the story of the *Love of the Three Oranges* than you can with all your Ircanas and Bettinas and Pamelas!" Goldoni laughed at this wager against his three most successful characters, the more hilariously that the *Love of the Three Oranges* was a ridiculous fairy tale, told by every nursemaid throughout Italy. Count Carlo, however, was sincere, and set vigorously to work to make good his wager; and a few weeks later Sacchi, who had recently returned from Portugal in consequence of the great earthquake at Lisbon, announced at the theater of S. Samuele the new comedy. It was one of the strangest medleys ever seen:

The King of Clubs, clothed as on the playing-cards, consulted with Pantaloon, with his medieval robe and scarlet hose, about the mysterious melancholy malady of his son, Prince Tartaglia; Pantaloon, played by the inimitable Barbes, who had been driven out of Medebac's company by Goldoni's reforms, answered the King of Clubs that the malady



of the Prince must be attributed to his having been poisoned by the opiate verses of Goldoni; the Prince Tartaglia, stammering in heroic lines his love of the Three Oranges, goes out to seek them in company of the harlequin Sacchi. When the first orange is opened, a beautiful maiden springs forth, and for lack of a draught of water she withers into thin air; in his anxiety to quench her thirst, Harlequin opens the second orange, only to see a second princess vanish like the first. Tartaglia suffers every agony at the thought of losing his princess, who is enclosed in the rind of the third orange; Smeraldina, the jealous negress, is cast into the flames and comes forth white like a clay pipe; witches and wizards fight; enchantments, harlequinades, satire and nursery tales, all mixed up together, made a composition that first puzzled and then delighted the gay Venetians, who found this new play much more spicy and delightful than the more logical plots of Goldoni. With characteristic inconstancy, the playgoers flocked to the new theater, and Goldoni's popularity began rapidly to wane to the extinction we have seen.

The miraculous success of Gozzi's work delighted the manager Sacchi and he begged for more fairy tales, but the Count, knowing the tremendous labors that Goldoni had undergone when he wrote, for instance, sixteen plays in a single year, refused to enter into any engagements, nor would he promise to write more. But he had created a style, made him-

self popular, and was unable to resist the calls upon him. *The Blue Monster*, *The Serpent Woman*, *The Stag King*, *The Triumph of Friendship* and other quaint comedies, with dramatizations of the brilliant old fairy tales of *Blue Beard*, the *King of the Genii* and others followed each other in rapid succession. After four years of brilliant triumph, Gozzi ceased to write, either because he had exhausted his vein, or feared that public taste would desert him. After that time his principal occupation as a dramatic author consisted in the translation and adaptation of Spanish plays, which met with all the popularity the playwright could wish.

The success of Gozzi may be attributed to the Sacchi company; when that broke up the author of the extravaganzas was forgotten, and no one since has been competent to revive the plays successfully, but a new style had been established, and in the hands of others more reasonable plays attained great popularity. However, one of them has all the charm of the old nursery tales and still shows us the Comedy of Masks in a little masterpiece full of quaint philosophy.

For our account of the plot in the last-mentioned comedy and for our estimate of Gozzi in general, we are indebted principally to the work of Vernon Lee. The plot of *The Little Bird Beautifully Green*, as we may freely translate *l'Augellino Bel Verde*, in substance is as follows:

The wicked old Queen Mother, Tartagliona, has buried alive her daughter-in-law, Ninetta, on the pretense that she has given birth to two spaniel puppies instead of beautiful twins, the real children of the King and Queen. She has sent Pantalone, the Prime Minister, to drown the babies, but he has packed them with twenty-four ells of oilcloth and sent them floating down the river, where they are rescued by Smeraldina, the wife of the pork-seller Truffaldino, who adopts and educates them as her own.

Truffaldino, a lying, bullying, cynical sort of a harlequin, hates Renzo and Barbarina, the twins, and when they are grown up turns them out of doors. The brother and sister have grown philosophical from reading pages of books with which the old pork-seller has wrapped up his sausages and cheese, and they now wander about, believing that morality is a social fiction, that self-love is the only spring of human action, and that wisdom consists in suppressing one's feelings and holding aloof from mankind. While in this state of mind, they are met by Calmon, the philosopher, who appears in the form of a broken, noseless old statue and tells them that four hundred years ago he believed as they did and so hardened himself against his fellowmen that he turned to marble and has lain ignominiously upon the ground through all the centuries. Renzo and Barbarina are not convinced, for they contend that by all the laws of philosophy statues cannot speak. In the end, though, hunger masters

their philosophy, and they throw into the air a magic stone given them by Calmon and invoke his aid. Instantly a fairy palace full of magnificent furniture and splendidly arrayed servants rises out of the ground, and the twins are received as owners. Their change in circumstances alters their philosophy, and when old Truffaldino comes to them and, cynically arguing according to their philosophy that he turned them away when they were poor because self-love is the only spring of human action and now comes to them when they are rich for the same reason, Renzo kicks him out of the palace and only consents to readmit him when Truffaldino kneels abjectly and hypocritically kisses the feet of his adopted children. In the meantime, Barbarina, who has been courted sedulously by the "Little Green Bird" and whose love was her greatest solace in poverty, has become so vain and conceited that she despises it entirely. Tartaglia, the stupid, stammering King of Shadowland, has meanwhile existed in ignorance that his wife is still alive, weeps and whimpers over her loss and curses his mother Tartagliona, who vainly tries to cheer him by suggesting that he play blind man's buff and similar games.

Nothing has amused him, and when Pantalone, the Minister, rushes in to tell him that a palace has suddenly risen during the night opposite the royal residence, it is with difficulty that the King can be persuaded to go onto the balcony and examine the magic building

through the glasses. The instant he sees Barbarina on the terrace, however, he falls madly in love with her. "Pantalone," he cries, "she has on a dress made by the dressmaker Canziani, her hair has been dressed by Carletto; I am in love as a donkey. Look at my eyes; do they not shed sparks?" Pantalone begs his master to keep calm, as the young lady on the balcony is turning her back upon him, and when King Tartaglia kisses his hand to Barbarina she laughs contemptuously. Not to be denied, the King entreats Pantalone to teach him some pretty speech, but the lady, having disapproved of such conduct, Tartaglia says: "Wait a bit; I want to begin the conversation in a brilliant way. Beautiful lady, do you feel this sirocco blowing? Do you not think the sun has risen very bright this morning?" Barbarina answers rudely and leaves the terrace, while Tartaglia dispatches Pantalone to ask her to marry him, having no idea, of course, that she is his daughter.

The wicked old Queen Mother's favorite hanger-on is the poet and prophet Brighella, an intensely-funny character who warns her of danger from Barbarina and urges that she refuse her consent to the King's marriage unless the bride can bring to him the Singing Apple, the Dancing Water and the Little Green Bird, all of which are in the possession of a fairy and guarded by numberless monsters. Many princes have gone in search of the three, but none has ever returned. Barbarina is

ambitious, and, wishing to marry the King, begs her brother to go in quest of her dower. Renzo refuses to risk his life until he learns that by means of a feather from the Little Green Bird he can bring to life a beautiful female statue with which he is infatuated. So he sets out with Truffaldino, having first, however, left with Barbarina a shining, magic knife which will become blood-stained if he dies in the search.

Sometime after they had gone, Barbarina looks at the knife, sees it bloody and, forgetting her ambition, sets off with Smeraldina to share the fate of her brother. On the way she meets Calmon, who opens a magic door for her, and a fountain nymph, who spurts water from her breasts, extinguishes the magic flames, so that she secures the Green Bird in his cage. Renzo, Truffaldino and a number of princes who have sought the Singing Apple and the Dancing Water have been turned into statues, but the Little Green Bird begs Barbarina to pluck a feather from his wings and touch the statues. When she does so, all are restored to life; the Green Bird reveals the rank and station of Renzo and Barbarina; Renzo's statue comes to life, and he marries the beautiful maiden; the Little Green Bird turns into a handsome prince and marries Barbarina. Truffaldino returns to his pork-shop, the Queen Mother and Brighella are metamorphosed into a toad and an ass, and the philosopher Calmon is promised a new nose.

The bewildering transformations, buffooneries, passionate speeches, moralizing passages and magnificent stage appliances carried Gozzi to the height of his fame and marked the best work in Fairy Comedy. It was also the beginning of the end of Sacchi and the San Samuele. One day, about 1782, the poor old manager, worn out, deserted and helpless, called on Gozzi and exclaimed: "I shall never forget the favors you have bestowed upon me, Signor Conte; vouchsafe to grant me your pardon for any offenses, your pity, and the honor of embracing you." The plight of the once prosperous man seemed pitiful.

Count Carlo, writing of the event, says: "Poor Truffaldino pressed me in his withered old arms; he gave me a last sad glance out of his goggle-eyes full of tears, and then ran away, leaving me alone, wandering disconsolate through Venice, separated from my dear comedians, and twenty-seven years older than when they returned from Lisbon. Oh, my poor heart! Oh, national comedy! All around me I cannot find one single person who still shares my love for this comedy, so original and so eminently Italian! But I am waxing pathetic. . . . Quick, let me wipe the cheek upon which Truffaldino has kissed me: the fellow must have been eating garlic. At the same time I may brush away unnoticed the tears on my face; and then I can go off and dine, proud to have succeeded in appearing philosophical, that is to say, heartless."

VIII. “THE GUILTY BRACELET.” The following translation gives one of the entertaining tales of Carlo Gozzi in a somewhat condensed form and shows the humorous nature of his genius:

Messer Gherardo Benvenga was a Venetian silk-mercer, a very pleasant and good kind of man, and as creditable as you would wish to find any tradesman. Rising early, as usual, one Sunday morning, that being the day he had fixed upon, to save time, for the payment of the half year’s rent of his shop, he was no sooner washed and dressed then he counted out the money.

“First of all,” he said, “I will go to mass, after putting these ten sequins in my purse, and when I have heard mass, I will just step over and despatch this other little affair.” . . .

So he hastened into the church, touched the holy water, and approached the altar where the priest pronounced the *introido*. He knelt upon a form, where was no other person except a very pleasing and good-natured looking lady, adorned in the Venetian fashion, with a Florentine petticoat and a black silk vest, apparently just from the mercer’s, trimmed with sleeves of the finest lace, along with gold rings, bracelets of the richest chain gold, and a necklace set with beautiful diamonds, while, full of devotion and modesty, she held a very prettily bound book, from which she was singing hymns like an angel. Messer Gherardo turned his eyes toward her a few moments, anxious to profit by so lovely and edifying an example, without the least alloy of any more terrestrial feeling, and accordingly drew a little psalter from his pocket, and began, quite absorbed within himself, and shaking his head with emotion, to join in the anthem.

The mass being over, . . . he instinctively took the road to pay his ten pieces to the landlord, an agent for one of the noble Morosini family, and knocking at the door, he said:



"I am come here to pay money as usual, but you have never yet returned my calls to pay me anything; come and look at my shop some day;" and in this jocular strain he thrust his hand into his purse, feeling on all sides without finding a single sequin.

"Am I out of my wits?" he cried. "What is this?" and he rolled his eyes like a demoniac, as if under the operation of the bitterest torments.

At last, feeling something hard sticking in a corner of his purse, and hastily seizing it, he drew forth a beautiful bracelet of fine gold with diamond clasps, to the value of about two hundred ducats. The poor tradesman was half petrified at the sight. At first he believed it to be the effect of witchcraft, then a trick; and he was altogether so much at a loss, that, turning briskly round, while the agent grinned in his face, he ran down the steps without saying a word.

"Messer Gherardo, good Messer Gherardo," he cried, as he held pen and paper in hand to give him a receipt, "what is the matter?" Then, looking out of the window, he beheld him running along at a furious pace, every one making way for him.

The agent, shaking his head (for he now thought him a little beside himself), returned to his accounts, regretting only that he had not received the money; while Messer Gherardo, who had all his wits about him as far as his interest was concerned, hastened to the house of his friend the goldsmith, anxious to ascertain the value of the toy, in lieu of the sum he had lost. When he heard it amounted to at least two hundred ducats, he suddenly bethought him of the richly dressed lady who stood near him at mass, imagining he had seen it upon her arm, but of this he was not certain. He next conjectured she had played him a trick, but neither the time nor the place seemed to warrant such a supposition. Besides, he did not know her, nor she him, though he wished to learn where she lived.

"I think I have guessed it though, now," he exclaimed, as if a sudden bright thought had struck him.

“My purse lay beside me; I was buried in profound devotion, and she, wanting money, thrust her hand into my moneybag, and by accident left the bracelet behind her.”

Yet how to reconcile this, he thought, with so much fashion, beauty, and devotion as she displayed? He felt ashamed of such an accusation, and tried to banish it from his mind. He resolved, however, to keep the bracelet and quietly await the result; then returning in better spirits to settle his account with the agent, not without some jeers, he pretended to have forgotten the money, which, having now paid, he felt much happier and easier, and, with a smile on both sides, they took leave.

The next day Messer Gherardo, walking along the streets, observed, upon turning a corner, affixed to a pillar the following advertisement in large letters:

*“Lost or stolen, a rich gold bracelet, with handsome diamond clasps; whoever will restore it to the owner, by leaving it at the sacristy of Santo Marcuolo, shall receive a handsome reward.”*

Messer Gherardo, thunderstruck at these words, read them again and again, as he would otherwise have had no scruples in retaining the bracelet. As it was, however, such was the singularity of the case, that he could not help laughing as he directed his steps toward the said sacristy, where, upon his arrival, he inquired for the curate. Taking him to one side, he said:

“My reverend father, my business with you is no other than a confession, and if you will give me permission, I will inform you. But you must grant me one condition, without which I must take my leave as I came.”

“Speak out,” replied the curate; “what is it? If proper, it is granted.”

“Then,” returned Messer Gherardo, “I am the man that found the bracelet; but I will never restore it unless it be to the lady herself. Now I beg you will not attribute this to any suspicion, or any improper motive; only, it will be far preferable, on the lady’s account, that I should return it to her without other witnesses. If

you will be so good as to point out her abode to me, you may rely upon it that I will go forthwith, like a good subject of the Catholic Church, and return it to the owner; otherwise you must excuse me. I shall keep the bracelet, and without the slightest scruples."

The curate replied, "To any person who should restore such an ornament I have received orders to give three sequins, that he might treat himself to a dram; but as to you, Signor, you are perhaps not in want of one."

"Signor," retorted Messer Gherardo, "I would not return it for a hundred sequins; but if I may restore it into the lady's own hands, I will require nothing."

"My son," replied the curate, "I would recommend to you to entertain a little more reverence and holy fear of Heaven. Surely you would not keep what is not yours; but as you seem resolved to restore it only to the lady, so be it. I will call my clerk, since you are so very obstinate, and he shall point out to you her dwelling."

So, after accompanying him a little way, the little fat clerk said, "That is it, Signor," pointing to a very handsome and spacious house; and upon gaining admission he was shown up a magnificent staircase into a large salon, the walls covered with silk linings, the sight of which made the mercer's heart glow; and such was his confusion at the idea of his temerity in entering, that he could hardly ascertain the quality of the silk. At first he thought of making his escape, imagining that he had committed some gross blunder, and might be running his head into a scrape. While he was doubtful in what way to act, but was gradually edging out, a maid-servant advanced from the staircase, crying:

"Who is it? Pray, who are you and what do you want?"

Half struck dumb, with his hat held politely in his hand, Messer Gherardo replied, "I wish to see the lady of the house, and, if perfectly convenient to her ladyship, to be permitted to speak with her;" and this he said in his usual style when waiting on the great to receive commissions.

“Madam,” cried the girl, calling to her mistress in an adjacent apartment, “it is a gentleman who wishes to speak to you about some business.”

“Then let him come. Why do not you show him in?” answered a voice that startled our poor tradesman, as he hastened to obey her commands.

On entering, he discovered, sitting in an easy-chair, the same beautiful lady whom he had seen at mass, a surprise that had almost cost him his life, for a few degrees more would infallibly have amounted to a fit of apoplexy. The lady looked full at Messer Gherardo, and grew pale as the wife of Lot when she was turned into a pillar of salt; in fact, she had nearly swooned away; for it never had entered into her head, when she missed her bracelet, that she could have left it behind on withdrawing her hand out of the old gentleman’s purse. But such was her hurry to secure the ten pieces, which she effectually did, as she observed him absorbed in his devotions, that it is hardly surprising she was not aware of the loss of it when it came unclasped. On the other hand, she concluded she must have lost it on the road from church, or she never would have had the folly to advertise it. Little did she think, then, such shame and exposure were reserved for her.

Messer Gherardo, in his turn, fixed his eyes upon the lady, whose looks were still directed toward him, neither of them uttering a word. At length, our tradesman, being naturally possessed of much presence of mind and discrimination, further disciplined by his habit of attending to all ranks and descriptions of purchasers, pulled the fatal bracelet from his pocket, and holding it by one end, proceeded to say:

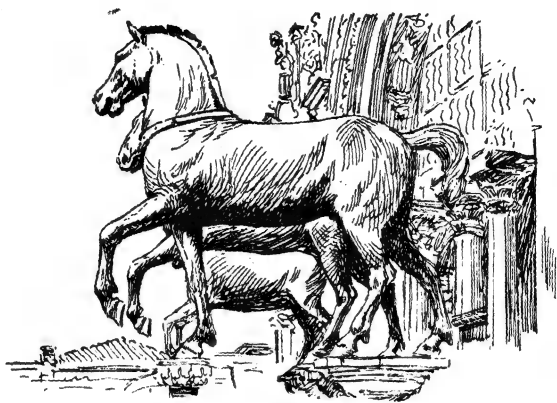
“I am at a loss, Madam, to say in what manner the accident occurred; it is plain that you lost this bracelet, but the wretch has stolen ten sequins out of my purse. Yet you see I have caught him, and hold him fast by the hair,” showing the bracelet in his hand; “and if he refuses to make restitution of my money, which is my heart’s blood, I will put him into such durance that you

will never have the pleasure of beholding the offender again. I know that he is a familiar friend, very dear to you, and that you love him as well as woman ever loved such pretty things. For the sake of your reputation and of your family, then, I would advise you to pay his fine, or I will take such revenge upon him as will prove very disagreeable to you. If, on the other hand, you consent to pay what he owes me, the scandal of this affair shall go no further than ourselves, and I will set the thief free; not, however, without desiring you to give him a word of advice for the future, and a little correction at your hands, such as he will remember to the latest day of his life."

In spite of her confusion, the lady could not avoid bursting into a fit of laughter as he concluded; and upon recovering her presence of mind, she adopted the most prudent course, by walking to her desk and taking out ten sequins, perhaps the identical pieces she had pilfered, which had arrested the guilty bracelet in the very act. Turning toward Messer Gherardo, she said:

"I vow, my dear Signor, that the moment the rogue had committed the deed, he ran away from me, dreading my displeasure. Here is the money he stole; and since you are pleased to set him at liberty and to keep the affair secret, which I entreat you to do, I shall consider myself eternally bound to you. As you say, I will keep him in order for the future, and prevent the possibility of his becoming guilty of such an offense again."

She then counted the pieces into his hand, and received the bracelet in return; and after a few more ceremonies, the good man took his leave. It is certain that this lady was a woman of fashion, of respectable family and connections, the wife of a wealthy citizen, too fond of gayety and extravagance. As her husband did not supply her fast enough with money for dresses and play, she was in the habit of drawing from other resources, in the manner we have here detailed.



## CHAPTER XVIII

THIRD PERIOD (CONTINUED)

1675 TO THE PRESENT TIME

THE DRAMA (CONCLUDED)

**T**RAGEDY. We have seen the growth of comedy, and as we approach the consideration of tragedy in Italy we notice with some surprise that it was not until 1713 that a tragedy appeared which deserved and obtained a European reputation. Prior to this time there had been numerous attempts in that direction, but the authors, while they took a national pride in demonstrating that they were not inferior to other countries in which a national tragedy was well established, contented themselves, nevertheless, with imitations of the French school and failed to use their gifts, whatever they were, for the crea-

tion of a distinctively Italian work. Sincerity and originality are not characteristic of the eighteenth century drama.

Pietro Jacopo Martelli, a professor of literature at Bologna, who died in 1727, taking Corneille for his prototype, preserved the outlines of his models and their theatrical regulations, but with talent something below mediocrity he was unable to achieve great power or a high spirit, though the curious "Martellian" couplet has held the field in Italian versification since Martelli's time.

In 1772 the prize offered at Parma for the best theatrical composition was awarded to five tragedies and three comedies. The former, while they enjoyed a reputation at the time they were written, were forgotten in the year they were produced, and actors who desired success on the stage felt compelled to use the operas of Metastasio without their music, for so great was his popularity that the whole audience, although they knew his lines by heart, always greeted them with undiminished enthusiasm. Of the five tragedies mentioned, one was a romantic love story, the scene of which was laid in Persia among the successors of Artaxerxes; a second had as its hero the famous Scot, Wallace, the antagonist of Edward I and the liberator of his country toward the close of the thirteenth century; the third used as its subject Conrad, the hero of Mont Ferrat, who repulsed Saladin before the walls of Tyre and disputed with Guy of

Lusignan the throne of Jerusalem ; the heroine of the fourth was Roxanna, daughter of Bajazet and slave of Tamerlane ; the fifth and last has disappeared. Of none of them is the subject Italian.

The only writer who achieved anything like success was the Marchese Scipione Maffei, born at Verona in 1675. He was a universal genius in the field of human knowledge and wrote poems and prose works of decided merit, but his chief title to fame rests on the *Merope*, a tragedy which was produced at Modena in the spring of 1713, and which enjoyed a successful run unequalled in the annals of the Italian theater. Sismondi considers Maffei the first author possessed of genius who undertook to treat the very dramatic and affecting story which Euripides embodied in one of his lost tragedies. Voltaire and Alfieri both used the subject afterwards.

In Maffei's tragedy a few scenes are peculiarly affecting because of the contrast offered by the fury of Merope and the resignation of Aegisthus, who is supposed to feel the presentiment that she is his mother. The idea that she burns to execute vengeance with her own hands upon a prisoner lying bound before her excites only disgust, but the anxiety of the spectator is well supported from scene to scene. Maffei wished to present his work in a more natural and easy style than that used by the French, and sometimes succeeded in giving true and touching descriptions, as when Eurysès, to



whom *Merope* has confided, attempts to console her for the death of her son by giving examples of great fortitude under similar calamities:

*Eur.* Think how the mighty king, for whom all Greece  
In arms arose 'gainst Troy, in Aulis gave  
His dear child to a fierce and cruel death,  
As the gods will'd it.

*Mer.* But, O Eurysyes, the great gods had never  
Required it of a mother.

On the whole, the *Merope* has much intrinsic merit, and though there appears to be too great a variety of incident, yet the scenes are skillfully laid and the characters quite true of life. Strangely enough, Maffei had no imitators, and the *Merope* remained unchallenged. The honor of raising tragedy in Italy to its highest standard was reserved for Alfieri, the most remarkable man of his age and according to the estimates of the Italians, of a rank little if any lower than Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto and Tasso.

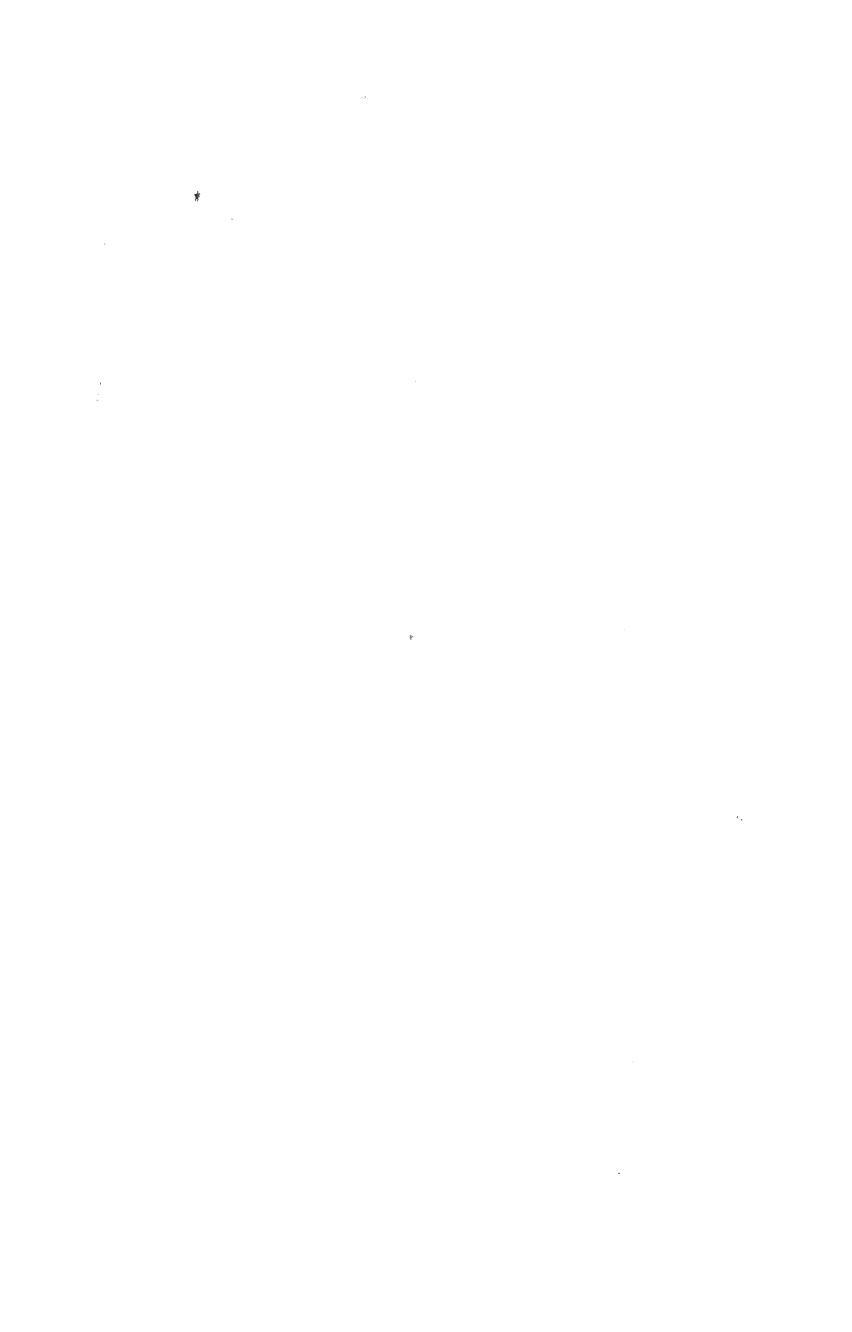
II. ALFIERI'S LIFE. The life of Vittorio Alfieri reads like a romance. He was born in 1749, just the middle of the eighteenth century, of parents in the upper rank of the social order in the little kingdom of Piedmont. As one biographer says, Alfieri's father was a man of independent means, who "had never soiled his mind with ambition nor his hands with labor." The poet's mother was a widow with three children when his father married her. When Vittorio was scarcely a year old his father died, his mother married a third time, and all the



ALFIERI

1749-1803

HELD IN HONOR BY HIS COUNTRYMEN BOTH FOR HIS TRAGEDIES,  
WHICH MADE HIM FAMOUS, AND AS THE REVIVER OF A NATIONAL  
SPIRIT IN MODERN ITALY.



children were brought up together by the stepfather, who seems to have discharged his duties to the best of his ability.

The child Alfieri cared little for books or study of any sort, lived an unusually lonely and wayward life and, as he says in his famous *Memoirs*, succeeded in "acquiring a profound ignorance of what he was expected to learn." Interesting and veracious as are these *Memoirs*, to which frequently we shall have occasion to refer, they seem to have been written with the purpose of exaggerating the peculiarities of his childhood and youth; if they are true, the young Vittorio was certainly an extraordinary personage. It is true, knowledge was **not** held in high esteem at that time, and there **was** little to induce the boy to exert himself unnecessarily. He mentions often the incapacity of his teachers, as for instance: "We translated the *Lives* of Cornelius Nepos; but none of us, perhaps not even the masters, knew who these men were whose lives we translated, nor where was their country, nor in what times they lived, nor under what government, nor what any government was!" Somehow, however, he learned enough Latin to translate the *Georgics* of Vergil into Italian, and was fond of reading Goldoni and Metastasio. At Turin a little later he found conditions no better: "The reading of many French romances, the constant association with foreigners and the want of all occasion to speak Italian, or to hear it spoken, drove from my head that small

amount of wretched Tuscan which I had contrived to put there in those two or three years of burlesque study of the humanities and asinine rhetoric."

Hating all restraint, continually in difficulties, having more money to spend that was good for him, and spending it in wildest extravagances, Alfieri passed his boyhood, "a donkey in the midst of donkeys and under a donkey."

When he was fourteen his uncle died, and the latter's fortune, together with what he possessed himself, made Vittorio rich and practically his own master. How he ever satisfied the university authorities is a mystery, for he led an idle and dissipated life and behaved so badly that they had to place him under arrest; as he refused to apologize, he was confined to his own apartment for months, where he led a curious existence, refusing to take off his clothes and spending most of his time in sleep. His health had always been delicate, but while in the university he became interested in riding, bought horses, and at the mature age of fifteen raced about with the animals from his stable of eight. Two years later he was appointed ensign in the provincial regiment of Asti, where his duties summoned him not more than a few days twice a year, and a little later he obtained permission from the King to travel through Italy with an English Catholic tutor. Then, with no one but his own attendant, he was permitted to go to France.

He was always restless, never much interested in what he saw: "But my poor intellect was then sleeping a most sordid sleep, and every day, as far as regards letters, rusted more and more. It is true, however, that with respect to knowledge of the world and of men I constantly learned not a little, without taking note of it, so many and diverse were the phases of life and manners that I daily beheld." Paris he disliked intensely, "on account of the squalor and barbarity of the buildings, the absurd and pitiful pomp of the few houses that affected to be palaces, the filthiness and Gothicism of the churches, the vandalic structure of the theaters of that time, and the many and many and many disagreeable objects that all day fell under my notice, and worst of all, the unspeakable misshapen and beplastered faces of those ugliest of women."

Concerning his interview with Louis XV, Alfieri wrote: "He received with a cold and supercilious air those who were presented to him, surveying them from head to foot. It seemed as if on presenting a dwarf to a giant he should view him smiling, or perhaps say, 'Ah! the little animal!' or if he remained silent, his air and manner would express the same derision."

In January, 1768, he entered England and found London and the country so charming that he thought of residing there permanently. Of the nature of his pleasures he writes as follows: "My amusements through the course

of the winter consisted in being on horseback during five or six hours every morning, and in being seated on the coach-box for two or three hours every evening, whatever might be the state of the weather."

In June of the same year he went to Holland, where he experienced the first of his several notable love affairs. It was not out of keeping with the fashion of the time that his first love should be a young married woman, nor that he should follow her about as constantly as circumstances permitted. After some weeks of indulgence in this infatuation, his lady was taken by her husband to Switzerland; she left her youthful lover so prostrated by grief that, complaining of illness, he called a doctor and had himself bled. As soon as he was left alone, he tore off the bandages with the idea of suicide, but his faithful valet, knowing something of his peculiarities, entered the room, bound up the wound and led his charge to a saner view of life, though it was some time before he fully recovered his equanimity.

Passing through Belgium and Switzerland, he returned to Piedmont, where for the first time he seems to have found an interest in literature, for he began reading, studied the French authors with diligence and acquired a fondness for one book, of which traces are constantly found in his writings. He says:

The book of all others which gave me most delight and beguiled many of the tedious hours of winter, was Plutarch. I perused five or six times the lives of Timo-

leon, Caesar, Brutus, Pelopidas and some others. I wept, raved and fell into such a transport of fury, that if any one had been in the adjoining chamber they must have pronounced me out of my senses. Every time I came to any of the great actions of those celebrated individuals, my agitation was so extreme that I could not remain seated. I was like one beside himself, and shed tears of mingled grief and rage at having been born in Piedmont where it was impossible to conceive or execute any great design.

It was in his twentieth year that still without any definite purpose in life and possessed by a growing spirit of unrest and melancholy, he started again on his travels. In Vienna he saw Metastasio, but was so disgusted with his servile adulation of royalty that he lost his respect for the author and willingly abandoned the idea of meeting him. In Berlin he was presented to Frederick the Great, of whom he writes: "I mentally thanked Heaven I was not born his slave. Toward the middle of November I departed from this Prussian encampment, which I regarded with detestation and horror." Later, in Russia, he says:

I approached Petersburg with a mind wound up to an extraordinary pitch of anxiety and expectation. But alas! no sooner had I reached this Asiatic assemblage of wooden huts, than Rome, Genoa, Venice and Florence rose to my recollections, and I could not refrain from laughing. What I afterwards saw of this country tended still more strongly to confirm my first impression that it merited not to be seen. Everything but their beards and their horses disgusted me so much that during the six weeks I remained among these savages I wished not to become acquainted with any one, nor even to see the



two or three youths with whom I had associated at Turin, and who were descended from the first families of the country. I took no measure to be presented to the celebrated Autocratrix Catherine II, nor did I even behold the countenance of a sovereign who in our days has outstripped fame.

Not long after this he appeared again in London and engaged in a second love affair, this time with the wife of a well-known peer and army officer. So public was his infatuation that the husband challenged him to a duel, and Alfieri, with his left arm in a sling, fought the enraged Englishman with pistols in St. James' Park. A slight wound satisfied the honor of the peer, and Alfieri left London with his ardor somewhat cooled, especially as the husband sued for divorce and brought the Italian's name into the famous case.

Holland, France and Spain then became the scenes of his travels, on which he read and studied as the whim dictated, but always haunted by morbid ideas and living a dissipated and violently ill-tempered existence. The ungovernable nature of his passions is well indicated by his own story of a murderous outburst of temper which occurred at Madrid. One night, as his valet Elia was dressing his hair, he happened to pull it sharply, and Alfieri leaped from his chair, seized a heavy candlestick, and without a word struck the man such a violent blow upon the temple that the blood gushed over his face and fell upon a young Spaniard who had been dining with Alfieri.

The servant sprang upon his master, who drew his sword and murder would undoubtedly have been committed had not the Spaniard interfered to quiet matters. Alfieri writes:

I told Elia that he would have done well to kill me; and he was the man to have done it, being a palm taller than myself, who am very tall, and of a strength and courage not inferior to his height. Two hours later, his wound being dressed and everything put in order, I went to bed, leaving the door from my room into Elia's open as usual, without listening to the Spaniard, who warned me not thus to invite a provoked and outraged man to vengeance. I called to Elia, who had already gone to bed, that he could, if he liked and thought proper, kill me that night, for I deserved it. But he was no less heroic than I, and would take no other revenge than to keep two handkerchiefs, which had been drenched in his blood, and which from time to time he showed me in the course of many years. This reciprocal mixture of fierceness and generosity on both our parts will not be easily understood by those who have had no experience of the customs and of the temper of us Piedmontese.

In May, 1772, he was again established in Turin, where, in an elegantly furnished house, he met those youths of the city who had similar tastes. At this time we find him again in love, now with a great lady of unworthy character, whose influence over him was extraordinary. He finally conquered this infatuation, but only at the expense of a serious illness and actual physical restraint, for he permitted his servant to tie him in a chair and made him a prisoner in his own house. He discerned, and he was he wrote *Cleopatra*, a tragedy he might have been

which was played in a Turin theater with some success, though Alfieri always claimed to be ashamed of it. Still, it served its purpose in encouraging him to persevere in literature and soon he was embarked with all the fury of his nature upon those thirty years of manhood which he spent, to quote himself, in composition, translations and miscellaneous studies.

The events of this long period we cannot trace in detail, but no account of his life would be complete without reference to the event which exerted the greatest influence throughout them. In October, 1777, he was in Florence, and at that time there were living in the city under the titles of the Count and Countess of Albany, Charles Edward, "The Young Pretender," the last of the English House of Stuart, and his wife Louisa, the Princess of Stolburgh. Charles Edward was a drunken profligate who reflected no honor upon his native land, and whose cruelty and neglect of his beautiful wife had made her the object of great pity to the sympathetic inhabitants of Turin. Alfieri could not help but hear of her, and, though at first he declined to be introduced to her, he soon saw her in public and the never-to-be-forgotten impression she made upon the poet he thus records: "The first impression she made on me was infinitely agreeable. Large, black eyes. ~~full of~~ fire and gentleness, joined to a ~~fair~~ blow upon and flaxen hair, gave to her ~~led~~ over his fancy difficult to withstand. Spaniard who had age, possessing a taste for

letters and the fine arts, an amiable character, an immense fortune, and placed in domestic circumstances of a very painful nature, how was it possible to escape where so many reasons existed for loving?" It is said that finally he met her in one of the galleries of Florence, where she expressed an admiration for the costume in which Charles XII was represented in one of the pictures. Two days later Alfieri presented himself before the Countess dressed exactly as the Swedish king was in the portrait. Whatever truth there may be in the story, it is quite in accordance with Alfieri's character.

Then began the intimacy which continued as long as he lived. Alfieri writes: "I soon perceived that the object of my present attachment, far from impeding my progress in the pursuit of useful knowledge or deranging my studies, like the frivolous woman with whom I was formerly enamored, urged me on by her example to everything dignified and praiseworthy. Having once learned to know and appreciate so rare and valuable a friend, I yielded myself up entirely to her influence." Eventually the Countess left her husband and secured a divorce, and many claim that she was privately married to Alfieri, though nowhere in his works is there any mention of the fact, and no records have yet appeared. Charles died in 1788.

The prominence of the lady made Alfieri's affair with her a public concern, and he was not as free to live with her as he might have been

with one of a more modest position. Yet, by permission of the authorities she traveled with him at one time to Paris, where they happened to be at the time the French Revolution was at its height. Having been interested in the production of a complete edition of his works, the two remained in the city longer than they should have done, and when they came to leave had great difficulty in obtaining passports. At the city barrier they were stopped by the national guards and a group of drunken patriots who threatened violence, but Alfieri acted in his characteristic fiery manner. When the patriots had read the passports, he seized them, and, as he writes, "full of disgust and rage, and not knowing at the moment, or in my passion despising the immense peril that attended us, I thrice shook my passport in my hand, and shouted at the top of my voice, 'Look! Listen! Alfieri is my name; Italian, and not French; tall, lean, pale, red hair; I am he; look at me; I have my passport, and I have had it legitimately from those who could give it; we wish to pass, and, by Heaven, we *will* pass!'" Before the crowd had recovered from their surprise, Alfieri and the Countess had driven past the barriers and were on their way, but two days later the same authorities which had given him the passport confiscated all the property he had left in Paris and declared him and the Countess refugee aristocrats. Thereafter, the two lived in Florence, little grieving over their French experience.

When Alfieri was forty-six years old he began the study of Greek, which he mastered to such an extent that he read the great classics in the original and wrote a drama founded on the *Alcestis* of Euripides. According to the Abbate di Caluso, Alfieri's death was in consonance with his life. Although he suffered intensely from gout, yet he labored away at the comedies he was then writing, impatient at being kept indoors. When they put plasters on his feet, he tore them off because they impeded his walking, and he could not be persuaded to go to bed. Under the influence of opiates, his mind was filled with fleeting memories of things long past. The Abbate writes:

The studies and labors of thirty years recurred to him, and what was yet more wonderful, he repeated in order, from memory, a good number of Greek verses from the beginning of *Hesiod* which he had read but once. These he said over to the Signora Contessa, who sat by his side, but it does not appear, for all this, that there ever came to him the thought that death, which he had been for a long time used to imagine near, was then imminent. It is certain, at least, that he made no sign to the Contessa, though she did not leave him till morning. About six o'clock he took oil and magnesia without the physician's advice, and near eight he was observed to be in great danger, and the Signora Contessa, being called, found him in agonies that took away his breath. Nevertheless, he rose from his chair, and going to the bed, leaned upon it, and presently the day was darkened to him, his eyes closed, and he expired. The duties and consolations of religion were not forgotten, but the evil was not thought so near, nor haste necessary, and so the confessor who was called did not come in time.

The restless youth had matured into the methodical, studious man, and it must have gratified him heartily to have seen the growing delight with which his productions were read. Massimo d'Azeglio writes:

In fact, one of the merits of that proud heart was to have found Italy Metastasian and left it Alfierian; and his first and greatest merit was, to my thinking, that he discovered Italy, so to speak, as Columbus discovered America, and initiated the idea of Italy as a nation. I place this merit far beyond that of his verses and his tragedies.

Passionate, reckless, lacking all self-control, unmoral if not immoral, Alfieri had at least controlled his genius and made himself the greatest Italian writer of the eighteenth century. Of his personal appearance, we are told that he had a tall and commanding figure, an intelligent face and a look of one born to command rather than obey. He had a broad and lofty forehead, around which his red hair fell in masses.

III. ALFIERI'S WORK. The biographical sketch which we have just given is inadequate to convey an idea of the man's genius or his position in Italian literature and life. He was not only a great poet and the creator of Italian tragedy, but he was the apostle of freedom and a leader in the regeneration of Italy, the inspirer of a national life in her scattered and warring states. While his relation to the political events of his day was rather that of a spectator than a leader, his influence over Ital-

ian thought was unbounded. Italy had forgotten her nationality, but when Alfieri reproduced her folklore, the race of Dante, Petrarch and Tasso responded energetically to his call for freedom and unity. At the time of his birth Italy from north to south was disintegrated, its people apathetic, its literature moribund, the spirit of liberty extinguished. Alfieri changed all this; he awakened the national spirit; his austere system of poetry, with its eternal cry for freedom, became immeasurably popular. The French Revolution just at this time aided his fame, and his dramas were translated and published in other countries, where their influence was only less than at home. In a short time eighteen editions were published. At Milan and at Bologna his admirers built large theaters for the production of his plays, and talented actors presented them to enthusiastic audiences.

Alfieri's demands on dramatic talent were excessive, but from among the nervous, imaginative Italians came many who satisfied even his exacting taste. In a few years his tragedies were known everywhere in Italy, and Sismondi tells us that he himself saw them "represented by mechanics, bakers, tailors, the great part of whom were unable to read, but who, notwithstanding, had succeeded in committing them entirely to memory." It is not unjust to place the dramatist as first in point of time among those ardent patriots who, as poets, literary men, philosophers, statesmen



and warriors, succeeded in creating the unified Italy which now occupies so high a position among the nations of the world.

Alfieri created a new Italian drama, and he did it methodically and with intention. Disgusted with the gallantry of romances, the effeminacy of pastorals and the spectacular musical dramas of Metastasio, he passed at once to the other extreme and followed the severe lines of the classic drama. His respect for the unities was extreme. To quote his own words:

The unity of action is observed with the most scrupulous rigor. The unity of place is violated thrice only; in *Philip*, *Agis* and *The Second Brutus*. In the two first pieces, the scene is changed from a palace to a prison; in the third, from the house of a conspirator to the palace of the Senate; but in no case does the change of place take the action from the same city, and from a very limited circle. The unity of time is on no occasion violated, but only sometimes slightly extended, in such a way that probability is never outraged, and the spectator is scarcely sensible of it.

In none of his plays does the *confidante* appear, the character whose function it was to hear the confessions of the principal character and thus enable the audience to fill in the gaps in the story necessitated by an adherence to the unities. His only method then of accomplishing this was by soliloquies from his principal characters, and although many of these are long, they are all skillfully handled and do not interfere with the action of the plot. In fact, the conciseness and animation render his solil-

oquies more useful than a recital to a confidant and afford a much deeper insight into the hearts of his personages.

Perhaps the most important change which Alfieri effected in dramatic art in Italy was in its style. Instead of seeking harmonious numbers and indulging in the softness of Italian meter, he banished them both, together with the brilliant images, lyrical ornaments, commonplace moralizing and philosophical reflection. In fact, he went to the opposite extreme and cultivated an excessive harshness of style, breaking the harmony of his verse, preventing with malice aforethought the possibility of singing his lines and suppressing all ornamentation and imagery. Alfieri tells us the style he wished to create, and in many of his plays he exceeded the severity of his own principles :

I may say, that with regard to style, they appear sufficiently pure, correct and exempt from feebleness, and that their language is neither too epic, nor at any time lyrical, except when it may be so without ceasing to be tragic. It thence happens that there are no similes, except as very short images; very little narrative, which is never long, and never inserted where it is not necessary; very few maxims, and never spoken by the author; the thoughts never, and the expression seldom, inflated; sometimes, though rarely, new words, in all of which we may remark that a love of brevity, rather than of novelty, has created them.

None of his plays contain many characters, and few if any that are not necessary to the development of the plot. No aid is given to the imagination or to the feelings by scenery or

unnecessary incident. That such principles might create a uniformity that would verge on monotony he himself recognizes :

The principal defect which I remark in the conduct of my tragedies is uniformity. Whoever is acquainted with the structure of one is acquainted with them all. The first act is too short ; the protagonist never appears on the stage before the second ; there is no incident ; too much dialogue ; four feeble acts ; chasms occasionally in the action, but the author imagines he has filled them up, or concealed them by a certain vivacity of discourse ; the fifth act exceedingly short, very rapid, generally consisting of action and stage effect ; the dying making very short speeches. This is an abridgment of the constant tenor of all these tragedies.

His conception of liberty bordered on arrogance ; his conception of the duties of a citizen were erroneous, and he showed an unnatural bitterness and hatred of everything that bordered upon tyranny. While these faults sometimes approach affectation, yet there is so much simplicity, sincerity and eloquence in his work that the reader looks with a forgetting eye upon his peculiarities. His merits and his deficiencies will both become more apparent as we consider his dramas more closely.

IV. THE TRAGEDIES OF ALFIERI. There were nineteen dramas published during the lifetime of the author, and three that did not appear until after his death. Most of them are upon classic or Scriptural subjects, and a few only upon recent historical subjects. Given in the order in which they usually appear, the nineteen are *Philip*, *Polynices*, *Antigone*, *Virginia*,

*Agamemnon, Orestes, Rosmunda, Octavia, Timoleon, Merope, Mary Stuart, The Conspiracy of the Pazzi, Don Garcia, Saul, Agis, Sophonisba, The First Brutus, Myrrha* and *The Second Brutus*; the posthumous tragedies are *Antony and Cleopatra, Abel* and *Alcestis II*. *Saul* is usually regarded as his masterpiece, though William Dean Howells regards the *Orestes* as the best play, because it shows the widest range of feeling and the greatest vigor of action. *Mary Stuart* Alfieri himself says is the worst play he ever wrote. *Myrrha; Philip II*, which inspired Schiller's *Don Carlos; Antigone; Orestes*, and *The Conspiracy of the Pazzi* are among his most successful plays. We have selected the following to discuss:

1. *The "Orestes."* The *Orestes* follows closely the plot of the *Choephoroi* of Aeschylus, and forms a natural sequel to *Agamemnon*. The *Electra* of Sophocles is based on the same story, which with variations is found in the *Odyssey*, in Pindar, and elsewhere. It is a stupendous tragedy, extremely violent in action from beginning to end, with all the fatalistic characteristics of the Greek drama.

The characters are the same as in the tragedy of *Agamemnon*, except that the murdered King is replaced by Orestes and his inseparable friend, Pylades. Ten years have elapsed since the murder, and Aegisthus is established on the throne of Argos; Clytemnestra has been incessantly haunted by the memory of her crime; Electra lives only in the hope of seeing ven-

geance taken on Aegisthus, and Orestes is now old enough to become the instrument of punishment. The remorseful sufferings of Clytemnestra, her failing love for Aegisthus, quarrels and recriminations between the guilty pair, reproaches and lamentations from Electra combined with prayers for the return of Orestes, occupy the early part of the play.

The second act opens with the return of Orestes and Pylades to Argos. Orestes speaks:

*Ores.* At last we have arrived.—Here Agamemnon  
Fell massacred; and here Aegisthus reigns!—  
This palace, though I left it but a child,  
I find familiar still. Just Heav'n in time  
Conducts me hither.—Twice five years have pass'd,  
This very night have pass'd, since, slain by treason,  
My father made these palace walls resound  
With mournful cries. O! well I recollect it:  
Electra, swiftly through this very court,  
Carried me thither, where, with pitying arms,  
Strophius received me, who, no less to me  
Than to thyself, has proved himself a father.  
And he, all trembling, through that secret gate  
Fled with me: and behind me there resounded  
A long confusion of lamenting voices,  
Which made me weep, and shriek aloud, and tremble,  
I knew not wherefore: Strophius, weeping too,  
Smother'd my wailings with his hand; embraced me,  
And with his bitter tears bedew'd my face;  
He to the solitary shore, where late  
We landed, meanwhile with his burden came,  
And to the prosp'rous winds unreef'd his sails.—  
In manhood I return, at length in manhood;  
Of hope, of courage, anger, and revenge,  
Full I return, whence I departed once,  
Weeping, a helpless child.

Seeing that the passion of Orestes imperils them both, Pylades seeks to restrain his friend, and proposes that they shall pretend to be messengers sent with tidings of the death of Orestes. After a reluctant consent by Orestes, Electra enters, and they recognize each other. Pylades discloses the plan and Orestes says, "The means are vile."

*Elec.*                      Less vile than is Aegisthus.  
There is none better or more sure: the thought  
Is good. When ye are introduced to him,  
'Twill be my care to plan for you the whole;  
The time, the place, the mode, the implements  
For his destruction. Still I keep, Orestes,  
That sword I keep, which in her husband's breast  
She plunged, whom we no longer since have dared  
To call our mother.

*Ores.*                      Tell me how she fares,  
That impious woman? What life leadeth she?  
How does she force thee for the crime not thine  
To make atonement, that thou art her daughter?

*Elec.* Thou canst not picture to thyself her life.  
All would, and ought to, pity it, except  
The children of Atrides . . . And in truth  
E'en we must be constrain'd to feel compassion.—  
By terror and suspicion always haunted;  
E'en by Aegisthus treated with contempt;  
Loving Aegisthus, though she knew him guilty;  
Repentant, yet p'rhaps capable once more  
Her trespass to commit, if the base flame,  
At which she is incensed, and blushes, will'd it:  
Now wife, now mother; yet ne'er wife or mother:  
Remorseless thoughts, by thousands and by thousands,  
Distract her heart by day; and horrid phantoms  
Scare from her nightly pillow quiet sleep.—  
Behold the life she leads.

*Ores.*                      May Heav'n inflict,

What nature will not suffer us to do,  
 A terrible and lasting vengeance on her;  
 But yet to-day she must decide to be  
 Either a mother or a wife; she must,  
 When at her side, transfix'd by me, she sees  
 The vile adult'rer welt'ring in his blood.

*Elec.* Ah, wretched mother! yet thou hast not seen  
 her; . . .

Who knows? . . . perchance, when she is seen by thee. . .

*Ores.* My father I have heard; and that suffices.

*Elec.* Yet such a mingled conflict in thy heart  
 Wilt thou experience, that, against thy will,  
 Thou wilt be forced to weep, and recollect  
 That she's thy mother. She is still towards me  
 Indulgent; but the infamous Aegisthus,  
 Who only spares my life to her entreaties,  
 Much as he can oppresses me. Yet I  
 Have hitherto endured his cruel gift,  
 The day expecting, when I might to thee  
 Restore the sword stain'd with my father's blood.  
 Although a woman, I have oft been tempted  
 With my right hand to grasp it: but, at last,  
 Orestes, thou art come; and come in time;  
 To-day, Aegisthus, from himself to banish  
 My importuning presence, had decreed  
 My instant union with an abject slave.

*Ores.* I come unbidden to these impious nuptials:  
 The gods shall have an unexpected victim.

*Elec.* My mother, but in vain, opposed.

*Ores.* On her,

Say, might we aught depend?

*Elec.* Ah! not at all.

Although 'twixt vice and virtue she may waver,  
 To vice she still adheres. When at her side  
 No more she sees Aegisthus, . . . then, . . . perchance. . .  
 Ah then, would be the time for thee to see her.  
 She weeps with me, 'tis true; but yet she lives  
 With the usurper. Do thou shun her presence,  
 Till he return.

*Py.* Where is the miscreant gone?

*Elec.* Impious, he spends this day in revelry,  
The anniversary of Atrides' death.

*Ores.* O rage!

*Elec.* E'en now he's outraging the gods.

Towards Mycaene, in a spot not far  
From hence, he offers to the king of hell  
Unhallow'd victims and nefarious vows:  
It cannot now be long ere he return.—  
But let our conf'rence cease: within the palace  
Unseen return I: to await Aegisthus  
Do you still linger in this outer court.  
I to thee, Pylades, commend my brother.  
To-day, Orestes, I shall ascertain  
Whether or not thou lovest me: I pray thee,  
By the remembrance of our murder'd father,  
And by our love, be guided by thy friend,  
And check the' impetuous ardor of thy nature:  
For that revenge, to which we now aspire,  
May be by over-eagerness defeated.

In the following act Clytemnestra is informed by Orestes of his own death, and Pylades asks for an interview with the King, to deliver a similar message. Left alone, Clytemnestra bursts into despair.

*Cly.* Ah, my unhappy son! . . . thou guiltless son  
Of an abandon'd mother! . . . Ah, Orestes! . . .  
Thou art no more! From thy paternal realm  
Banish'd by me, thou diest? Sick, deserted,  
And by what death, who knows? . . . And at thy side,  
In thy last agonies, thou hadst no friend? . . .  
No ritual honors did thy tomb receive . . .  
A fugitive, unknown, and unassisted,  
O what a fate for great Atrides' son! . . .  
No mother, and no sister, with their tears,  
Embalm'd thy livid corpse! . . . Beloved son,  
Thy mother's hands perform'd not the last office,



Closed not thy dying eyes.—But what say I?  
 Were these hands fit for such a function? Still  
 Impure, and reeking with thy father's blood,  
 Thou from thy face, Orestes, and with reason,  
 Wouldst assuredly have thrust them back.  
 O thou, deserving a less barbarous mother! . . .  
 But I, for having sacrificed thy father,  
 Say, am I less thy mother? Never, never  
 Are nature's rights annull'd . . . Yet, had not fate  
 In youth cut short thy life, thou wouldst perchance,  
 (As a vain oracle predicted once)  
 Have turn'd thy sword against thy mother's breast?...  
 Thy duty 'twas: what other hand so well  
 Could punish my irreparable fault?  
 Ah! live, Orestes; come; return to Argos,  
 Fulfill the oracle; in me, no mother,  
 But a vile woman, who usurp'd the name,  
 Wilt thou destroy: ah, come! . . . But thou'rt no more...

ÆGISTHUS, CLYTEMNESTRA

*Aegis.* What mean those groans? what new-born cause  
 of grief? . . .

*Cly.* Yes, now exult; in tears, eternal tears,  
 I have fresh cause of grief: now, cease to stand  
 In tremulous and mute astonishment.  
 At last, for once thy wishes all are granted;  
 That fierce, that terrible, that cruel foe,  
 That foe who never injured thee, is slain.  
 My only son, alas! no longer breathes.

*Aegis.* What dost thou say? Orestes? Is he dead?  
 Whence hadst thou the intelligence? who brought it?...  
 I do not think it true.

*Cly.* Not think it true?  
 No, no; improbable thou judgest it,  
 Since he so often has escaped thy sword?  
 But if thou'rt not persuaded by my tears,  
 My fury may convince thee. Even now,  
 All, all my unextinguish'd love returns  
 To my maternal heart.

*Aegis.* Canst thou adduce

No other proof? . . .

*Cly.* Proofs thou shalt have enough  
To satisfy that wicked heart of thine.  
Yes, word by word, Aegisthus, thou shalt hear  
The dreadful story told; and at each word  
Thy soul will brighten with Thyestean joy.  
Strangers there are in Argos, competent  
To satiate thy inhuman appetite.

*Aegis.* Have strangers ventured to appear in Argos  
Without my knowledge? Why was their arrival  
Not first to me announced?

*Cly.* Does it afflict thee  
That thou wert not the first within my breast  
To plunge the dagger? Such a pious deed  
Belong'd especially to thee: Aegisthus  
Should to a wife and mother, and none else,  
Such grateful tidings bring.

*Aegis.* What thus excites,  
Woman, thy sudden anger? Didst thou love  
So fondly thy dead son, who, when alive,  
Thou scarcely recollectedst?

*Cly.* What say'st thou?  
Never did I, no never, cease to be  
The mother of Orestes: and sometimes  
If I a mother's love conceal'd, to this  
Maternal love impell'd me. I suppress'd  
Much of the fondness that my heart conceived,  
Towards my son, only that he might be  
The less exposed to thy clandestine snares.  
Now that he is no more, no more I feign;  
Know that Orestes was, and ever will be,  
Dearer to me than thou . . .

*Aegis.* Thou sayest little.

Yet I was dearer to thee than thy fame . . .

*Cly.* The fame of her who is to thee espoused  
Should not be spoken of. I gave to thee  
My fame, my husband, and my bosom's peace,  
And of my only and beloved son

The all I gave to thee, except his life.  
 But thou, impell'd by horrible revenge,  
 And a corrupt ambition of the throne,  
 Whate'er I gave to thee, didst deem a nothing,  
 While aught remain'd to take. Who ever saw  
 A heart at once so cruel and so false?  
 To thy nefarious, ill-feign'd tenderness,  
 Which I believed in a disastrous hour,  
 Tell me, ah tell me, was the child Orestes  
 Ever an obstacle? Yet scarce the pulse  
 Of dying Agamemnon ceased to beat,  
 Ere thou didst openly, with threat'ning voice,  
 Demand Orestes' life. Thou, frantic'ly,  
 Exploredst all the palace: then that sword,  
 Which thou dar'dst never, with thy coward arm,  
 Plunge in the father, bravely thou didst brandish;  
 Thou wert a hero 'gainst a pow'rless infant.  
 He from thy fury was withdrawn: that day  
 Fully I knew thee; but, alas! too late.  
 Unhappy son! what did it then avail  
 That from thy father's murd'rer thou wert rescued?  
 A death untimely in a foreign land  
 Awaited thee . . . Ah, thou hast kill'd my son,  
 Aegisthus, thou detestable usurper!  
 Ah, pardon me, Aegisthus . . . pardon me; . . .  
 I was a mother; . . . and am now no longer . . .

The fierce scene continues to the end of the act. Then, at length, in the presence of the King, Pylades gives a circumstantial account of the death of Orestes, who, according to his account, had been killed in a chariot race. Pylades is speaking:

*Py.* Ev'ry fifth year, in Crete, by ancient usage,  
 Renews commemorative games and rites  
 Of festal sacrifice to highest Jove.  
 Desire of fame, and natural love of pleasure,  
 Drew to that shore Orestes: by his side

His Pylades inseparably stood.  
A warm desire for honor prompted him,  
On a light car, within the wide arena,  
To seek the noble palm of rapid coursers:  
Too much intent on triumph, there he lost,  
By gaining it, his life.

*Aegis.* But how? Relate.

*Py.* Too fierce, impatient, and incautious too,  
Now with a threat'ning cry he press'd them forward,  
Now with a whip, which, stain'd with blood, he  
whirled,

So furiously he lash'd his ill-tamed steeds  
(Which, in proportion as they were more swift,  
Became more wild), that past the goal they flew.  
Deaf to the reins, and deaf to all the cries,  
With which he vainly sought to quiet them,  
Their nostrils breathed out fire; and to the air  
Waved in wild masses their luxuriant manes;  
In a thick cloud of dust involved, career'd they  
Like lightning flashes round the circus vast.  
The tortuous whirlings of the chariot brought  
Discomfiture, fear, death, on ev'ry side:  
Until the fervid axle being driven  
With fearful shock against a marble column,  
Orestes fell o'erthrown.

*Cly.* Ah! say no more:

A mother hears thy words.

*Py.* True; pardon me.—

I will not tell thee how, dragg'd by the reins,  
He stain'd the ground with blood . . . To his assistance  
Ran Pylades; . . . in vain; . . . his friend expired  
Within his arms.

*Cly.* O luckless cruel death! . . .

*Py.* All wept for him in Crete; such was his grace,  
His beauty, and his courage . . .

*Cly.* Tears, alas!

Who would not shed for him, except alone  
This infamous usurper? . . . Much-loved son,  
Must I no more behold thee; never more? . . .

But ah! too plainly do I see thee pass  
 The waves of Styx, and clasp thy father's shade;  
 Too plainly see you both direct towards me  
 The angry look, and burn with horrid rage . . .  
 Yes, honor'd shades, 'tis I, and I alone,  
 That am your murderer . . . Inhuman mother!  
 Consort most guilty!—Now, Aegisthus, now,  
 Art thou not satisfied?

*Aegis.*

—Thy narrative

Has certainly the character of truth;  
 That truth will soon be ascertain'd. Meanwhile  
 Remain within my palace; a reward,  
 Such as is fitting, ere ye hence depart,  
 Ye shall receive.

Aegisthus is inclined to believe the story, but the eagerness of Orestes awakens his suspicion and Pylades endeavors to satisfy the King by saying that Orestes is really the friend Pylades, but is overcome by emotion caused by the death of his companion. This is not sufficient to satisfy Aegisthus, who disbelieves the whole story and orders the pair chained and thrown into prison. Then, from the conduct of Electra he suspects the real truth, and at last Orestes, driven to distraction, shows the sword Electra has given him and offers it to Clytemnestra that she may stab Aegisthus with the same sword with which she killed Agamemnon:

My sword to thee,

Whom I will call my mother, I resign:  
 Behold it; take it: thou know'st how to use it;  
 Plunge it, ah, plunge it in Aegisthus' heart.  
 Leave me to die; I shall die satisfied,  
 If to my father I secure revenge:  
 No other proof of thy maternal love  
 Would I from thee receive: kill him this instant.

Ah! what is this? Thou tremblest? thou art pale?  
Thou weapest? from thy hand the weapon falls?  
Lov'st thou Aegisthus? Lov'st him, and art thou  
The mother of Orestes? Cursed sight!  
Let me no more behold thee: go.

Aegisthus exults in his discovery, and swears that he will kill Electra first, then Pylades, and last of all, Orestes.

In the last act, however, the people of Argos arise, release Orestes and Pylades, recognize Orestes as their rightful King, and drive the tyrant from his throne. Clytemnestra cannot resist her fate, and hastens to join him. Aegisthus is captured and slain by Orestes, who accidentally kills his mother at the same time. The last scene depicts the despair of Orestes when he learns what he has done:

*Ores.* O wherefore sad, my better part,  
Art thou? Dost thou not know that I have kill'd,  
I, that usurper? See; my weapon still  
Is reeking with his blood. Ah! thou with me  
The triumph hast not shared! Do thou then feast  
Thine eyes upon this spectacle.

*Py.* O sight!—

Orestes, give to me that sword.

*Ores.* For what?

*Py.* Give it to me.

*Ores.* Then take it.

*Py.* Hear me.—Now

It is no longer lawful in this land

For us to tarry: come . . .

*Ores.* But what? . . .

*Elec.* Ah! speak:

Say where is Clytemnestra?

*Ores.* Name her not:

Perchance she now constructs the funeral pile

For her flagitious husband.

*Py.* More, far more,

Thou now hast perfected than thy revenge:

Now come; ask nothing further . . .

*Ores.* O! what say'st thou? . . .

*Elec.* My mother, Pylades, I ask of thee.—

Ah! through my veins what death-like chillness shoots!

*Py.* The gods . . .

*Elec.* Ah! dead perchance? . . .

*Ores.* Against herself

Infuriate has she turn'd her sword? . . .

*Elec.* —Alas!

O Pylades! . . . thou answerest not?

*Ores.* Relate;

What has occur'd?

*Py.* Transfix'd . . .

*Ores.* By whom?

*Py.* —Ah! come . . .

*Elec.* Thou killed'st her.

*Ores.* What! I a parricide? . . .

*Py.* The sword thou unawares in her didst plunge,  
Blinded by rage, against Aegisthus rushing . . .

*Ores.* What sudden horror seizes me! Am I

A parricide?—That sword, O Pylades,

Give me: once more . . .

*Py.* It shall not be.

*Elec.* My brother . . .

*Py.* Wretched Orestes!

*Ores.* Who now calls me brother?

Thou, impious woman, p'rhaps, who hast to life

Preserved me, and the murder of my mother?—

Restore my sword, my sword, I say; . . . O rage!—

What have I done? . . . Where am I? Who re-  
strains me? . . .

Who thus pursues me? . . . Whither shall I fly?

Where shall I hide myself?—O father, why

Thus fiercely glare? Of me thou ask'st blood:

Here, here is blood; . . . for thee alone I shed it.

*Elec.* Orestes, dear Orestes . . . Wretched brother!

No more he hears; . . . his sense is gone . . .

We ever,

Dear Pylades, will stand beside him.

*Py.* Cruel

Inevitable law of dreadful fate!

Alfieri's own comments upon the play are interesting, not only because of their justice and accuracy but as well for the amusing frankness with which he praises himself:

Orestes, to my thinking, is ardent in sublime degree, and this daring character of his, together with the perils he confronts, may greatly diminish in him the atrocity and coldness of a meditated revenge. . . . Let those who do not believe in the force of a passion for high and just revenge add to it, in the heart of Orestes, private interest, the love of power, rage at beholding his natural heritage occupied by a murderous usurper, and then they will have a sufficient reason for all his fury. Let them consider, also, the ferocious ideas in which he must have been nurtured by Strophius, King of Phocis, the persecutions which he knows to have been everywhere moved against him by the usurper—his being, in fine, the son of Agamemnon, and greatly priding himself thereon—and all these things will certainly account for the vindictive passion of Orestes. . . . Clytemnestra is very difficult to treat in this tragedy, since she must be here,

Now wife, now mother, never wife nor mother,

which is much easier to say in a verse than to manage in the space of five acts. Yet I believe that Clytemnestra, through the terrible remorse she feels, the vile treatment which she receives from Aegisthus, and the awful perplexity in which she lives . . . will be considered sufficiently punished by the spectator. Aegisthus is never able to elevate his soul; . . . he will always be an unpleasing, vile and difficult personage to manage well; a character that brings small praise to the author when



made sufferable, and much blame if not made so. . . . I believe the fourth and fifth acts would produce the highest effect on the stage if well represented. In the fifth, there is a movement, a brevity, a rapidly operating heat that ought to touch, agitate and singularly surprise the spirit. So it seems to me, but perhaps it is not so.

2. "*Merope*." The original of the story of Merope, so far as we can ascertain, may be found in Apollodorus, although that version has not been followed exactly by Alfieri. It is the subject, it will be remembered, of Maffei's tragedy, and has been used also as the plot of a tragedy by Voltaire. Alfieri says that he wrote his play after reading Maffei's work, which "excited him to a perfect pitch of indignation and anger at seeing Italy in such a state of theatrical misery and blindness as to make it supposed that this was the best and only tragedy not merely hitherto written (which was true enough), but that could possibly be produced in Italy." Critics have not agreed altogether in their estimate of Alfieri's work, but on the whole it is regarded as one of the best of his plays.

*Merope* is dedicated to Alfieri's mother, the Countess Monica Tournon Alfieri, in the following appreciative words:

A tragedy of mine, which has for its basis maternal love, belongs to you, my most beloved mother.

You can judge with accuracy whether I have known how to paint that sublime and pathetic affection which you have so often felt; and principally on that fatal day in which you were by death robbed of another son, my elder brother.



**ALFIERI'S TOMB**

**THE WORK OF THE GREAT SCULPTOR, CANOVA; IN THE CHURCH OF  
SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE.**



I have yet before my eyes the expression of your genuine and profound grief, which in every gesture of yours transpired with so much intensity: and though I was then in my most tender age, I have still in my heart those words of yours, which were few and simple, but true and terrible: "Who has taken my son from me? Ah! I loved him too much: Shall I never see him again?" and others of the same sort, with which, as much as I could, I have enriched my *Merope*. Fortunate am I, if I have in part expressed that which you so warmly felt, and which I, grieved with your grief, have so vividly retained in my mind!

Although, from my fatal circumstances, I have passed the greater part of my days at a distance from you, I still always preserve for my most beloved mother a lively esteem, respect, and infinite love; of which I give you a most slight proof in dedicating to you this tragedy of mine: but great will be my recompense in exchange, if you give me an assurance of having derived pleasure from it.

Polyphontes, the tyrant of Messene, acquired the throne by killing Cresphontes, the King, and two of his sons. The third, who also bore the name Cresphontes, was saved by a faithful attendant, Polydore, and brought up in Elis under the name of Aegisthus. He has now become a young man, and his mother, Merope, is still kept in honorable captivity by Polyphontes in the palace in Messene. A year before the opening of the play Aegisthus had disappeared from Elis, and cannot be found.

In the opening scene Merope is shown lamenting her sad fate, for she has remained alive only for the sake of her son, and grieves at his disappearance. Polyphontes has always

beer assured by her that Aegisthus was murdered with her other sons, and now, entering, he declares to her that, though he aspired to the throne, her husband and children were slain by the soldiers contrary to his wishes. After pointing out that he has constantly tried to do all he could for her, he tries to persuade her to calm her grief and by marrying him again share the throne. She so indignantly spurns his offer that Polyphontes suspects that Aegisthus may still be alive. Just at this time the guards bring in a youth accused of murder. He makes an ingenuous defense and frankly tells the whole story, claiming that he was compelled to slay in order to preserve his own life. Polyphontes decides not to punish the murderer until he hears more about the youth's history and has learned the name of the man who was killed. The youthful murderer is in reality the lost Aegisthus, but when Merope enters she does not recognize him, though she feels an involuntary interest in him, but when he tells the story of his fray she suspects that the murdered man is her child. Polyphontes, suspicious, but wishing to acquire favor with Merope, places the fate of the young murderer entirely in her hands, and the latter gives her such an account of his own life that she thinks possibly he may be her son, but on the other hand many things point to the murdered man as the real Cresphontes.

In the third act Polydore appears. In his search for the wandering Aegisthus he has

found, soaked in blood, the young man's girdle. Merope enters, recognizes Polydore, and asks eagerly after her missing son, but he can only show the bloody girdle and she is now convinced that Aegisthus has been killed. Polyphontes, hearing her moans, enters, and she acknowledges that until now her son has been alive. Now, however, he has been murdered and thrown into the river by the young man whose fate had been left in her hands. Merope is speaking:

*Me.* And art thou not  
Content to know he's dead? Wouldst thou perchance  
Also behold him? Wouldst thou reassure  
Thy apprehensive and ignoble heart  
With the atrocious sight? And view a mother  
Shed tears of blood upon her lifeless son?  
Go then; and fetch him from the river's bed,  
Where, not an honor'd, but a quiet tomb,  
He has obtain'd, and drag him through Messene;  
Insults, which thou couldst not, when living, give him,  
Inflict on him when dead; go. He, who was  
Erewhile assassinated, was my son.

*Polyp.* And shall I trust this tale? Wert thou with him?  
Say. How? . . .

*Pol.* Alas, indeed, I came too late!  
Ah! this assassin should have slain me with him.  
I never saw him . . .

*Polyp.* How then dost thou know it?

*Pol.* Behold; this is his girdle, formerly  
The cincture of Cresphontes; with his blood . . .  
Still is it reeking; in a sea of blood  
I found it by the river: dost thou know it?  
Feast on it thy fierce eyes.—A youth, unknown,  
A stranger, and from Elis . . . Heav'ns! if only  
It had not been the same!

*Me.*                        Soon will my death  
 Convince thee that 'tis he.—But thou, perchance,  
 Who here feign'st ignorance, didst in that place  
 His murder foul contrive . . . Why say, perchance?  
 There is no doubt of it. A short time since  
 Thou tranquilly didst talk with the assassin:  
 Whence sprang that pity which he raised in thee,  
 If not begotten by thy cruel joy?  
 Ah! yes; he was thy messenger . . .

*Polyp.*                        Canst thou  
 Be so deluded, Merope? I swear,  
 I never saw him. If thy son came here  
 Conceal'd, alone, a fugitive, disguised,  
 How could I ever know him? He who slew him,  
 How could he recognize him, if to him,  
 Not less than to myself, he was unknown?  
 Wouldst thou have further proofs? Didst thou thyself  
 Not feel compassion for the murderer?  
 Did I not leave him with thee? At thy will  
 Didst thou not question him? The arbitress,  
 Did I not make thee, of his destiny?

*Me.* If then thou art not guilty of the crime,  
 The wicked culprit now is in thy power  
 Within these palace walls: revenge alone  
 Can now protract my life a few brief moments.  
 Grant now that I may quickly see him fall  
 Upon the tomb of unavenged Cresphontes;  
 There, midst a thousand and a thousand torments,  
 Let me behold him his perfidious soul  
 Breathe forth in death: and then . . .

*Polyp.*                        With equity  
 I might award a recompense to one  
 Who slew a vile assassin that approach'd  
 With circumventive arts to murder me:  
 But yet I will myself avenge the death  
 Of my invet'rate foe (thus learn that thou  
 Aspersest me unjustly): for that death  
 I promise thee a plenary atonement . . .

*Me.* Severe and unexampled, swift and dreadful,

I will that it should be : never till now  
I ask'd of thee a boon : be this from thee,  
As 'tis the first to me, the latest favor . . .  
But, speak'st thou truly ? . . . I can scarcely trust  
          thee . . .

With all the blood of that ferocious man  
I'll satisfy my eyes . . . What do I say?  
My eyes? I will myself inflict the blow;  
I will within that heart a thousand times  
Immerge the dagger . . . That atrocious heart,  
That heard my son, with his expiring voice,  
In lamentable tones, invoke his mother . . .  
He heard him; yet he toss'd him in the stream,  
P'rhaps yet half living; p'rhaps in such a state,  
That even then he might have been deliver'd  
From death's tremendous jaws . . . And he erewhile  
Recounted this to me; I listen'd to him;  
And almost thought him innocent; thus more  
The murd'rer than the murder'd woke my pity.—  
Pity? Yes, now will I atone for it:  
Such an example will I make of him,  
As never yet was heard of; I myself:  
This thou didst promise me; now answer me:  
Wilt thou not keep thy word?

*Polyp.* Thou shalt thyself  
Here speedily wreak on him what revenge  
Pleases thee best. Ah! might his blood abate  
Within thy heart the hate it bears towards me!  
Ah, may thy indignation utterly  
Exhaust itself in him!

In the next act Polydore joins Aegisthus; the former tells him that he is the son of Merope and not his own child, as the young man had hitherto supposed. Polydore begs him to escape, but Aegisthus declines :

*Aegis.* In vain were the attempt; I should be sought for;  
I was commanded to wait here. But, why



Conceal myself? . . .

*Pol.* Thou never didst incur  
 Danger more imminent; and I ne'er felt  
 Such mortal anguish. Merope herself  
 Has sworn thy death: and Polyphontes here  
 Amid his minions comes with Merope.  
 Herself would be thy executioner;  
 As the assassin of her only son  
 Merope deems thee.

*Aegis.* What have I, then, done?  
 A son remain'd to her? a son? and I  
 Have robb'd her of him?—Ah! come here, come here,  
 Disconsolate mother; thy just wrath appease  
 In this perfidious heart. What punishment,  
 What death, what infamy, deserve I not?

*Pol.* But, . . . thou . . . art not . . . the murd'rer  
 . . . of her son.

*Aegis.* Then?

*Pol.* Thou art not . . .

*Aegis.* But what does this avail?  
 She thinks me so: she is a childless mother,  
 Of her last hope bereft: 'twill be a solace  
 To her distress to sacrifice my life;  
 Then let her come . . .

*Pol.* Ah no! . . . She of her son  
 Is not bereft.

*Aegis.* But he whom I have slain . . .  
 At all risks I will see her; hear her . . .

*Pol.* Fly . . .

*Aegis.* I will not; and I cannot.

*Pol.* Or at least . . .

*Aegis.* But if I am not then . . .

*Pol.* Thou art . . . that son  
 Whom she laments as dead.

*Aegis.* I? What dost tell me? . . .  
 I am? . . . Thou not my father? Am I then  
 Sprung from Alcides' blood?

*Pol.* O Heav'ns! . . . be silent!  
 Though not my son, to me thou'rt more than son.

I rescued thee from hence; I brought thee up  
Under the feign'd name of Aegisthus; I  
Preserved thee, wretched that I am, perchance  
For a more cruel fate.

*Aegis.* O mystery,  
Evermore, hitherto, to me profound,  
Impenetrable! Yes, for Merope,  
Whene'er I saw her, in myself I felt  
I know not what of indefinable,  
Confused, and unimaginable love;  
And at the same time felt tow'ards Polyphontes  
More indignation and antipathy,  
Than ever yet mere tyranny excited.  
Yes, now I recollect, now I behold,  
Now comprehend it all. Thy name is not  
Cephisus.

*Pol.* It is Polydore. At once  
My name and rank I hid from thee: I fear'd  
The indiscretion of thy youth: but how  
Could any one foresee? . . . Meanwhile, O Heav'ns!  
Time passes, and ere long . . . Ah! if I could  
Give Merope a timely warning . . .

*Aegis.* Heav'n,  
Which o'er my life hath hitherto alone  
Seem'd to preside; that Heav'n which rescued me,  
An infant, from the vigilant revenge  
Of a bloodthirsty tyrant; Heav'n which lent  
The heart of youth to thy old age, the strength,  
The enterprise, the courage; shall it be  
That Heav'n now leaves me by the very hands  
Of my own mother to be sacrificed?—  
Shall I, who am the offspring of Alcides,  
If there be one who with a sword will arm  
This strong right hand, shall I permit myself  
To be affrighted by an abject tyrant? . . .

*Pol.* Ah, youth! thou seest nothing but thy valor;  
But I behold thy danger. To deceive  
Merope more completely, and abate  
The gen'ral hatred, crafty Polyphontes

Now, feigns a pity for that very son,  
 Whom, if within his pow'r, he would have slain.  
 But, if the base usurper should behold him  
 Restored to life, he will at once resume  
 His bloody and ferocious character;  
 And thou wilt fall his victim. Ah! now leave me;  
 I will fly swiftly Merope to meet:  
 P'rhaps yet I may be able . . . Ah! if I  
 Arrived in time! . . .

*Aegis.* Methinks that I behold

Soldiers approaching us . . .

*Pol.* Alas! What see I?

With Polyphontes Merope approaches . . .

*Aegis.* And after them a train of armed men . . .

*Pol.* What shall I do? . . . Stand at my side, O  
 son; . . .

I swear at least to die in thy defense.—

POLYPHONTES, MEROPE, AEGISTHUS, POLYDORE,  
 PEOPLE, SOLDIERS

*Polyp.* Within thy hands, behold, O Merope,

The vile destroyer of thy son I place.

Let him be manacled with heavy chains;

And, at a nod from thee, be forthwith slain.

*Me.* Ah miscreant! barbarous, atrocious wretch!

Assassin vile! hast thou imbrued thy hands

In the pure blood of my beloved son?

What now avails it that I spill all thine?

Can all thy blood redeem one drop of his?—

I, who already was so much afflicted!

And thou, beyond all women and all mothers,

Hast render'd me incomparably wretched.—

Rivet those iron chains; prepare for him

Horrid and unexampled agonies:

Let him breathe forth his soul 'mid dreadful torments.

I will behold his burning tears gush forth:

I will myself inflict on him, not one,

But thousand horrid deaths.—Ah, Merope,

Alas! Will this restore to thee thy son?

*Aegis.* O Merope, I yield myself to thee:  
 Yes, to a mother willingly I yield,  
 So justly desperate: and, if in chains  
 They had not bound me, thou hadst well sufficed  
 To wreak on me what torments please thee best.  
 Just is thy indignation . . . Yet, thou knowest  
 That guiltless, and e'en worthy of compassion,  
 Erewhile I seem'd to thee.

*Me.* I? . . . felt for thee? . . .  
 Compassion? . . .—Yet those accents on my heart,  
 Whence is their unknown pow'r? . . .—Why thus  
 delay?  
 What pity do I feel? What words were those?  
 Let us depart; and drag him to that tomb:  
 The father's shade, and those of his slain sons,  
 May by his blood be pacified; . . . and mine;  
 For I shall quickly follow them.

*Polyp.* One instant  
 Be pleased yet to suspend,—Soldiers, and you,  
 Messenians, witnesses I wish you all  
 Of this just solemn act.—Clandestinely  
 This angry mother to my detriment  
 Conceal'd a son: yet not the less I feel  
 Compassion for her grief; and I attest  
 The righteous gods, that had she, when alive,  
 With gen'rous confidence reveal'd him to me,  
 I had, as though he were a son of mine,  
 Watch'd over his well-being constantly:  
 Dead, 'tis my duty to avenge that son.—  
 Ye hear?—Forthwith be Merope obeyed:  
 One victim is but little for such grief.

*Aegis.* Ah! a far diff'rent victim is required  
 To calm Cresphontes' shade.

*Me.* What sayest thou?  
 Let us depart . . .

*Pol.* I pray thee, pause a little . . .  
 I would impart to thee . . . Ah! hear me . . .

*Me.* Why  
 Speakest thou thus in whispers? Thou wert once

Devoted to Cresphontes; of his son  
 Thou wert the guardian: dost thou now repent  
 Of thy fidelity? And what? dost thou  
 Grieve for the murd'rer? . . . Feel'st thou pity  
 for him? . . .

And pray'st thou that the blow? . . .

*Pol.* I? . . . pity? . . . no . . .

But, thou'rt a mother . . . Pause . . . Now more at  
 length

Thou shouldst from him himself hear many things  
 About thy son.

*Polyp.* This youth, then, knew that son? . . .

*Me.* What can I hear?—What dar'st thou to propose?

Hop'st thou to mitigate my rage? Did he  
 Not slay my son? Didst thou not tell me so?  
 Did not himself confess it? This his belt,  
 Reeking with blood, placed in my hands by thee,  
 Does that not give assurance of the fact?

*Aegis.* That belt is mine, I swear to thee. Unclasp'd  
 I lost it from my side . . .

*Pol.* P'rhaps there might be

Another like to this . . . That murder'd youth . . .

P'rhaps he was not thy son . . .

*Me.* What new deceit

Am I compell'd to hear! . . . Ah, guilty tyrant!  
 Then hast thou all corrupted? Even him,  
 So faithful to us once? As in defiance,  
 Wouldst thou th' assassin of my son preserve,  
 And feign'st to wish him slain? and means like these?

*Polyp.* O lady, thou'rt distracted by thy grief.

Who cannot here perceive? . . .

*Me.* If then, in truth,

Thou dost desire his death, there now remains  
 No more for me to hear. E'en now I hold  
 My rage restrain'd no longer: all delay  
 Will turn this tide of passion 'gainst myself.  
 Wherefore advance we farther? On these thresholds  
 Where equally my immolated spouse  
 Is witness to the deed: without delay

- Let him be pacified.—To me that sword;  
 Myself, . . . with my own arm will strike thee  
                   now . . .
- Aegis.* Bared to thy blow behold my breast. Ah,  
                   mother! . . .
- Pol.* Pause . . .
- Me.* Let him die.
- Pol.* Ah! stay . . .
- Polyp.* Thus darest thou?
- Me.* Perfidious one! . . . what now? . . . Thou weep-  
                   est, tremblest? . . .
- And I, I cannot smite him! . . .
- Polyp.* What means this?
- What secret have we here? Speak, old man, speak.
- Pol.* For pity's sake . . .
- Polyp.* Speak.
- Me.* Let me smite him now . . .
- Pol.* He is . . .
- Me.* Who, who?
- Polyp.* Quick, speak . . .
- Pol.* He . . . is my son.
- Me.* Ah! how? . . .
- Polyp.* This youth thy son?
- Aegis.* He was my father.
- Me.* He lies:—But, if he were, he slew my son.
- Pol.* Ah! pause . . . He is thy son.
- Aegis.* O mother . . .
- Me.* O Heav'ns!
- Polyp.* Her son? . . .
- Pol.* Thou art a mother; save him.
- Me.* My son! . . .
- Polyp.* What plot is this? Quick, guards, advance . . .
- Me.* I am thy shield, O son . . . Ah, yes, of this  
                   My heart assures me; I am yet a mother . . .
- Polyp.* Soldiers . . .
- Me.* No sword that has not first pierced me,  
                   Shall touch his form . . .
- Aegis.* I clasp thee in my arms,  
                   O mother! . . .

- Polyp.* Now, what lies dost thou bring here,  
 'Thou vile inventor of these worn-out fables?  
 An infamous assassin, one who also  
 Denies not that he is such, he thy son?  
 Shall I believe it? Guards, dispatch him quickly.
- Me.* Infamous thou . . . But while I breathe, my son  
 Is safe.
- Pol.* I call the Heav'ns to witness it,  
 He is Cresphontes. That belt is his own:  
 From this alone the error sprung. To you,  
 Messenians, I am known; I am not perjured . . .
- Aegis.* Do none among you recognize my face?  
 Of your illustrious monarch I am now  
 The only representative. Alas!  
 Is there not one that fought beneath his banners  
 In all this multitude? . . .
- Polyp.* He lies. Dispatch him . . .
- Me.* Me first . . . No, never . . .
- Aegis.* Ah! release my arm;  
 Give me a sword, a sword: by my exploits  
 I shall be quickly recognized.
- Me.* What words!  
 O true descendant of the great Alcides!  
 By his deportment, by his lofty speech,  
 Do not ye all now recognize him? Thou,  
 Dost thou not recognize him by thy fear,  
 O Polyphontes? Tremble now . . . Ah no!  
 'Tis I that tremble; to the earth I bend  
 My suppliant knees . . . Ah! do thou yield to pity!  
 This realm of mine, which thou wouldst share with me  
 (At least it seem'd so), keep exclusively;  
 Let it be always thine. The throne usurp'd,  
 My slaughter'd consort and my sons, all, all  
 I freely pardon thee; except this son,  
 Nothing remains to me in all the world;  
 I ask no other boon; spare him to me . . .

Aegisthus explains to the assembled people  
 that he is the real Cresphontes and the rightful

King, but they do not assert themselves in his behalf. Polyphontes declares the young man an impostor, and informs Merope that unless she marry that same day he himself will kill Aegisthus. After the tyrant has gone out, Polydore advises Merope to pretend to accept the suit of Polyphontes, advises Aegisthus to be careful not to irritate him, and promises to rescue both.

At the beginning of the fifth act Polyphontes is alarmed at the rising murmurs of the Messenians, and although he does not really love Merope, he feels that his only safety lies in marrying her, after which he can dispose of her quickly. The priests appear to celebrate the nuptial rites, and all the characters assemble on the stage. Polyphontes in a speech to the crowd vaunts his own generosity, and assures them that if Merope marries him he will adopt Aegisthus as his heir, inquires what more he could do, and wonders if he is not asking too much to have them swear homage to an obscure and beardless youth, one who is ignorant of every public art. The tragedy then closes as follows:

*Aegis.* Ignorant? Yes, 'tis true, of arts like thine;

I am not, no, of those Alcides practiced:

And shall give proofs of this . . .

*Pol.* Ah! hold thy peace:

Why thus exasperate him? Thou dost see;

Too many are his satellites: each man,

From terror, here is mute.

*Polyp.* —No, ye are mute,

Messenians, by profound amazement stricken



At my incautious lenity. My words,  
 I clearly see, have thoroughly convinced you:  
 And, further, ye esteem'd my act unwise,  
 Now that to these I wholly trust myself;  
 And since their hearts already have been made  
 To me so manifest. 'Tis true; but yet  
 I wish, whate'er the cost, to make to them  
 A memorable and sublime atonement  
 For my past victory.—Now, Merope,  
 On thy decision I depend: erewhile  
 I gain'd thy free assent; wouldst now retract it?

*Me.*—This universal petrifying silence  
 But too distinctly doth announce my fate.—  
 My son, yes, let my death insure his life:  
 This duty orders.—O thou unavenged,  
 And sorrowing shade of my adored Cresphontes,  
 Pardon the' involuntary breach of faith!  
 By thee was I a mother; for thy son  
 To these funereal marriage-rites I come.  
 O son, thou call'st me to a bitter trial . . .  
 But, I am recompensed abundantly,  
 If thou remain'st alive . . . Can it be true,  
 That I am thus by violence constrain'd? . . .  
 O ye, in former times, of this youth's father  
 The faithful subjects, can ye witness us  
 Reduced to such extremity? . . .

*Polyp.* Make haste . . .

*Me.* Ah! be not thou incensed: a few words more,  
 And I shall cease to speak.—Hear thou, O son,  
 My latest admonitions. Do thou bend  
 That brow, where ineffectual pride sits throned,  
 To the despotic victor: I, alas!  
 Can teach thee naught, excepting how to serve.  
 Now, by anticipating his desires,  
 And now by executing them in silence;  
 By the assumption of humility,  
 By never mentioning thy father's name;  
 'Tis only by these arts thou mayst perchance  
 Divert his thoughts from blood. Ere long wilt thou

See me for ever to the tomb consign'd :  
 Do thou meanwhile, though difficult to keep,  
 Store up within thy mind these my last words.

*Aegis.* O wretched mother! . . . O excessive  
 grief!

But, can I be persuaded to drag on  
 A life like this, bought at so vast a price?  
 To pine in servitude is not to live,  
 To natures such as mine. Do thou live on,  
 Beloved mother; and permit that I  
 Die, at least worthy my exalted father.

*Polyp.* 'Tis past all suff'rance, this delay of thine,  
 O Merope. The kingdom, perfect peace,  
 Thy son, these I restore to thee at once.  
 Whence are these tears? Art hoping to excite  
 My subjects to rebellion? I confide  
 In their fidelity: e'en if I would,  
 Each of them now sees clearly that, for thee,  
 I could do nothing more.—Resolve; on high  
 O'er the bull's neck the sacred axe impends.  
 Behold my right hand; thine, O Merope,  
 Is now by me expected as the signal  
 To immolate the victim to the gods.

*Me.* . . . What shall I do? . . . Unhappy I! . . . O  
 day! . . .

O dreadful moment! . . . Here's my right hand  
 then . . .

But, O! all-bleeding, menacing, and fierce,  
 Cresphontes interposes! . . . Where am I? . . .  
 Ah! . . . whither shall I fly? . . . Messenians,  
 pity . . .

*Aegis.* O rage! and shall I suffer this? . . .

*Pol.* Be silent

On thee already does the tyrant dart  
 His rabid eyes . . .

*Polyp.* No more. Yet once again,  
 O lady, do I offer it to thee:  
 Behold my right hand.

*Me.* O distraction! . . . Mine . . .

*Aegis.* Die thou.<sup>1</sup> This is the right hand due to thee.

*Pol.* Audacious youth!

*Me.* What do I see?

*Aegis.* Die thou.<sup>2</sup>

*Polyp.* O treason! Guards . . . I die . . .

*Soldiers.* He is a traitor;

Slay him.

*People.* No! rescue him; he is our King.<sup>3</sup>

*Me.* He is my son, I swear to you! your King . . .

*Aegis.* Far other proofs will I give you of this:

And this my single axe shall soon disperse

Lances and swords.<sup>4</sup>

*Me.* Messenians, ah! defend him . . .

*Pol.* I breathe again . . . Behold the tyrant's troops

Already are dispersed . . .

*Me.* O son, return! . . .

Ah, wretched I! . . .

*Pol.* Through blood will I pursue him:

Had I my youthful arm! But, for his sake,

I will lay down my life.—Ah! hear me, son:

Return: rush not so rashly forward; ah!

Let me alone now die in thy defense . . .

*Aegis.* At length we've conquer'd them. Rejoice, O mother;

Thou see'st the mercenary soldiers fly,

Fly to a man: Adrastus, by my hands,

Lies lifeless; and the citizens in crowds

Flock more and more . . .

*Me.* He is my son, Messenians!

He is Cresphontes: do ye know him not

Both by his face, his voice, his looks, his deeds

Of mighty daring, and my love immense? . . .

*Pol.* And by my oath which now confirms her words?

O ye Messenians, by my hoary locks,

<sup>1</sup>Having seized the axe from the hand of the priest, he darts toward Polyphontes, and levels him to the earth with a blow.

<sup>2</sup>He repeats the blow.

<sup>3</sup>The people attack the soldiers.

<sup>4</sup>He darts among the combatants.

- By my integrity well known to you,  
 By the remembrance of that great Cresphontes,  
 Rather to us a father than a king;  
 Yield, I conjure you, an implicit faith  
 To my asseveration. I myself  
 Rescued him from Messene; brought him up . . .
- Aegis.* Messenians, there, stretch'd lifeless on the earth,  
 (Do ye behold him?) Polyphontes lies:  
 I slew him; I alone avenged to-day  
 My father, and my brothers, and my mother,  
 Myself, and you: if hence I guilty seem  
 To you, I yield myself to you alone.—  
 Behold; the axe, which for such deeds sufficed,  
 I cast it on the earth: behold me now  
 Wholly defenseless, wholly in your power:  
 If I have shed the blood of these unjustly,  
 Be mine in retribution shed by you.
- People.* O gen'rous, noble youth! In ev'ry thing  
 His father he resembles.
- Me.* And in him  
 Cresphontes lives again . . .
- People.* O joyful hope!  
 He is our rightful King . . .
- Pol.* And worthy King.  
 Let me first, humbly prostrate at his feet,  
 Offer to him my reverential homage!  
 And, citizens, do ye all kneel with me.
- People.* To thee we all swear everlasting faith:  
 Thou wilt be just as thou art truly brave:  
 That lofty aspect cannot be deceitful.
- Aegis.* I swear to be so. But, if I be not,  
 May I, as this usurper, lifeless fall.
- Pol.* Ah! why do I not breathe my last this day!  
 Ne'er should I die more happy.
- Me.* O my son,  
 Come to my breast . . . But ah! . . . from . . .  
 too much . . . joy . . .  
 I feel myself o'erwhelm'd . . .
- Aegis.* O mother! . . . She

Sinks lifeless from immoderate emotion.  
To some more still apartment let us lead her—  
Hither, Messenians, I ere long return,  
To tell to you the story of my life.—  
Thou, my good father, follow me: do thou  
Still deem me less thy monarch, than thy son.

Some critics have preferred the more natural conclusion of the story as given by Maffei. According to him, Polyphontes felt perfectly secure because he believed that Aegisthus had slain Cresphontes; Aegisthus was free and unknown to all except his mother. Aegisthus, entering unobserved, stood behind Polyphontes, took up the axe which lay amongst the paraphernalia of the priest, and struck the blow. Alfieri, however, defends his own version thus:

Merope is a mother from the first to the last line, and nothing but a mother; but a Queen Mother of tragedy, and not a babyish mamma. Polyphontes is a sagacious, dexterous, and prudent, but not a vile tyrant. Aegisthus is a well-born youth, and so educated as to be able to assume the part of a descendant of Alcides when he learns who he really is. Polydore is a proper person to have entrusted to him by a Queen her only remaining son and the sole rightful heir to the throne.

3. "*The Conspiracy of the Pazzi.*" We have already had so full an account of the conspiracy of the Pazzi in Machiavelli's *History of Florence* that it is unnecessary to recite the circumstances. The characters of Alfieri's play are those of the historical incident: Raymond Pazzi, his wife Bianca, and his father Guglielmo; Lorenzo and Julian de' Medici,

brothers of Bianca, and Salviati, archbishop of Pisa and one of the chief conspirators. Raymond's lamentations to his father Guglielmo at the tyranny of the Medici open the first act, and the speaker regrets that he is allied with them by marriage. The father counsels prudence and patience, but implies that if necessary he will coöperate in procuring redress. When Bianca meets her husband she suspects plotting of some kind, and when her husband denies everything she implies that she will side with her husband rather than with her brothers.

In a conference between Lorenzo and Julian the former urges stern action to destroy the seeds of disaffection, but Julian favors the milder course, the two agreeing that Raymond is their most dangerous enemy. An interview follows between them and the two Pazzis. The father begs the Medici not to depose Raymond from the post of *gonfaloniere*. Raymond, however, haughtily denounces the Medici as tyrants, and departs with angry pride. Lorenzo advises Guglielmo to reconcile his son, as only ruin can come of his actions, and Bianca fails to effect a reconciliation between her husband and her brothers.

In the third act Raymond is informed by Salviati that the forces of King Ferdinand, blessed by the Pope, are approaching, and intend to assist in overthrowing the Medici. Raymond informs the archbishop that Guglielmo, who is of a vacillating disposition, has

not been informed of the conspiracy, and when he enters the two overcome his objections and induce him to join the enterprise. The Medici had learned of the arrival of Salviati in Florence, and Julian interviews Guglielmo, hoping to get information of what is transpiring, and in the end succeeds in persuading Guglielmo to attempt to induce his son to go into voluntary exile. Lorenzo enters and desires his brother to proceed with him at once against the invaders. This gives an opportunity for Raymond and Salviati to tell Guglielmo that the plot has been laid to slay both Lorenzo and Julian in the church, whither they are going to ask blessings upon their arms. Raymond explains that he will strike the first blow on Julian, who, from his timid nature, is probably wearing a coat of mail, while Salviati rejoices in the opportunity to kill Lorenzo with his own hand.

The fifth act of the play follows:

SCENE I

RAYMOND, BLANCA

*Ray.* What wouldst thou now? withdraw to thy apartments:

Leave me; I shall return here presently.

*Bi.* And may I not go with thee?

*Ray.*

No.

*Bi.*

Ah, why? . . .

*Ray.* Thou canst not.

*Bi.*

Dost thou disregard me thus?

O dear departed days, where are ye gone?

Then from thy side thou didst not banish me;

Nor didst thou ever move, but I moved with thee!—

Wherefore do I displease thee? and in what  
Have I offended thee? Thou fliest from me,  
And, what is worse, thou driv'st me from thy presence.  
Ah, then, the sound of this my once-loved voice,  
No longer reaches, much less penetrates,  
Thy heart? Unhappy I! . . . I will pursue thee,  
If only at a distance . . .

*Ray.* But, what fear'st thou?

Or what dost thou suspect? . . .

*Bi.* Thou know'st.

*Ray.* I know

That thou lov'st me, that thee I also love;  
Love thee indeed far more than thou dost think.  
My lips divulge it not; but ev'ry gesture,  
My looks, my countenance, my heart declare it.  
Now, if I chase thee from me, or avoid thee,  
I do it, since I wish to grieve thee less  
With my calamities: . . . what solace, say,  
Canst thou give me?

*Bi.* Cannot I weep with thee?

*Ray.* To see thee waste away thy life in tears,  
In useless tears, redoubles my affliction.  
I fly from all society, thou seest;  
And to myself am burdensome.

*Bi.* I see

Far more than this; too certainly I see  
That thou mistrustest me.

*Ray.* I tell thee not

All my misfortunes? . . .

*Bi.* Thy misfortunes, yes;

But not their remedies. With some great scheme  
Thy heart is laden. And thou deemest not  
That thou shouldst tell it me? Conceal it, then.  
I ask of thee alone to follow thee;  
And thou refuseth it? I may, perchance,  
A little help; but never injure thee.

*Ray.* . . . What say'st thou? . . . Nothing in my heart  
I hide . . .

Except my rage, as useless as 'tis ancient.



*Bi.* But yet this long uninterrupted night,  
 Which scarcely yet the rising dawn disperses,  
 How different, how very different,  
 Was it to thee from all preceding nights!  
 Not one brief moment did calm sleep descend  
 Upon thy weary eyes. Thou closedst them,  
 The better to deceive me; but the thick,  
 And frequently pantings of thy breast, thy sighs  
 Suppress'd by force, thy face alternately  
 Inflamed with fire, or bathed in hues of death; . . .  
 All I observed, yes, all, for love watch'd with me:  
 I'm not deceived, in vain thou wouldst conceal .

*Ray.* And vainly dost thou rave.—Above my head,  
 'Tis true, no genial and profound repose  
 Spread forth its wings; but this oft happens to me.  
 And who the blessedness of sleep enjoys  
 Where tyrants dwell? Eternally on high,  
 Above the head of slaves, a naked sword  
 Hangs by a slender thread. Save idiots, here  
 No other men repose.

*Bi.* What wilt thou say  
 Of thy so sudden starting from thy pillow?  
 Is this thy wonted hour? The shades of night  
 Were undiminish'd yet, when thou already  
 Hadst leap'd abruptly from thy bed, like one  
 Whom unaccustom'd care consumes. Towards me  
 Did not I see thee afterwards direct,  
 Sighing, thy pitying eyes? and, scarcely risen,  
 Thy children one by one embrace? What say I?  
 Nay, rather to thy breast a thousand times  
 Glue them, devouring them with eager kisses;  
 Convulsed with agony, did not I see thee,  
 With copious torrent of paternal tears,  
 Their little breasts and faces inundate? . . .  
 Thou, erewhile so ferocious? Thou, a man  
 Whose eyes are never visited by tears? . . .  
 And shall I think that in thy heart thou hid'st not  
 Matters of most momentous consequence?

*Ray.* . . . I wept? . . .

- Bi.* And thou deniest it?
- Ray.* . . . I wept? . . .
- Bi.* Thy pupils still are running o'er with tears.  
If in their breast thou shedd'st them not, ah,  
where? . . .
- Ray.* Feel, feel, these eyes are dry: . . . no tears  
are there . . .  
And, if erewhile I wept, . . . I wept the fate  
Of the poor children of an outraged father.  
Must I incessantly not weep their birth,  
And their existence?—Hapless little ones!  
What fate in this long death, which we call life,  
Awaits you! To increase your infamy,  
Ye are at once the tyrants' slaves and nephews . . .  
I ne'er embrace you, but I weep for this . . .  
These pledges of our love, let them be dear  
To thee, O consort; since I, with a love,  
Love them too diff'rent from thy love, and now  
Too ill-adapted for these times corrupt.  
Yet, notwithstanding, weep their destiny; . . .  
And, to their father, take especial heed  
They be not like, if it can comfort thee,  
Rather to bring them up to servitude,  
Than to the practice or the love of virtue.
- Bi.* O Heav'ns! . . . what words? . . . My children!  
. . . ah! . . . in danger? . . .
- Ray.* If peril rises, I to thee confide them.  
Do thou withdraw them from the tyrants' rage,  
Should it be ever needful.
- Bi.* Woe is me!  
Now I perceive, I understand, and now  
Am certain. Thou art come, O fatal day!  
Now is the mighty enterprise mature:  
Thou wouldest change the state.
- Ray.* . . . And if I would,  
Have I the strength for such a deed? Perchance  
I wish it; but, these are but sick men's dreams . . .
- Bi.* Ah! ill thou feignest: those beloved lips  
Are not accusom'd to deceive thy consort.

That thou dost undertake a mighty task,  
 My terror tells me; and those manifold  
 Tremendous workings of thy countenance,  
 That in a crowd in quick succession throng,  
 Despairing agony, compassion, rage,  
 Hatred, revenge, and love. Ah, by those  
 children,

Which thou, spite of thyself, dost so much love;  
 Not by myself, O no! for I am nothing;  
 But by thy eldest child, our growing hope,  
 Our mutual precious hope, I do conjure thee;  
 At least, in part, reveal to me thy thoughts;  
 Only convince me thou'rt exempt from danger,  
 And I am pacified: if 'tis not so,  
 Suffer me at thy side. Ah! how can I  
 E'er save thy children, if I do not know  
 What peril threatens them? I prostrate fall  
 Before thy feet; and I will never rise,  
 Till thou dost speak. If thou mistrustest me,  
 Slay me at once; if, on the other hand,  
 Thou dost confide in me, why art thou silent?  
 I am thy wife; and nothing else: ah, speak!

*Ray.* . . . . Lady, . . . O rise! Thy terror  
 represents

Danger to thy affrighted phantasy,  
 At present far removed. Arise; return,  
 And stay beside our children: I to them  
 Will also come ere long: leave me.

*Bi.* . . . . Ah no! . . . .

*Ray.* Leave me; 'tis my command.

*Bi.* . . . . Abandon thee?

Ah! rather kill me: by no other means  
 Shall this fond grasp be loosen'd . . . .

*Ray.* . . . . Cease.

*Bi.* . . . . O Heav'ns! . . . .

*Ray.* Desist; or I . . . .

*Bi.* . . . . I will pursue thy steps.

*Ray.* Unhappy I! Behold my father here;  
 Behold my father.

## SCENE II

GUGLIELMO, RAYMOND, BIANCA

- Gu.* What dost thou do here?  
There are who now expect thee at the temple;  
And meanwhile idle here? . . .
- Ray.* Heard'st thou? I go;  
What dost thou fear? Ah stay! detain her, father:  
I fly, and soon return.—To thee, Bianca,  
I recommend our children, if thou lov'st me.

## SCENE III

GUGLIELMO, BIANCA

- Bi.* What words! Unhappy I! to death he flies!  
And thou forbiddest me to follow him?  
Cruel . . .
- Gu.* Stay, stay; be pacified; ere long  
He will return.
- Bi.* O cruel one! Is this  
Thy pity for thy son? Thou leavest him  
Alone to meet his death, and thou his father?  
Abandon him if thus thou canst; but ah!  
Stop not my steps; loose me, I follow him . . .
- Gu.* Thy going now would be mistimed, and late.
- Bi.* Late? Ah! it then is true, that he attempts . . .  
Ah! tell me . . . Speak, or let me go . . . Where flies  
he?  
To some most dang'rous enterprise, I know;  
But ought I not to hear whate'er affects  
One who's a living portion of myself?  
Ah, ye indeed remember more than I  
The blood from which I spring! Ah, speak! I am  
Now fashion'd of your blood: I do not hate  
My brothers, no; but I love Raymond only;  
I love him much as human heart can love;  
And now I fear for him, lest, ere he take  
The state from them, they take from him his life.
- Gu.* If this be all thou fear'st; and since thou seem'st  
To know so much already; be assured

Less doubtful is his life, than that of others.

*Bi.* O Heav'ns! are, then, my brothers' lives in danger? . . .

*Gu.* Tyrants are never safe.

*Bi.* What do I hear?

Alas! . . .

*Gu.* Think'st thou that one can wrest the state  
From those possessing it, and not their lives?

*Bi.* My consort then, . . . would treach'rously . . .  
my kindred? . . .

*Gu.* Yes, it behoves us treach'rously to spill  
Their blood, ere ours they treach'rously quaff:  
And to the hard extremity by force  
They have compell'd us. Yes, at any moment  
Thy spouse and children might be taken from thee:  
Ah, thence 'twas indispensable for us  
Their cruel purpose to anticipate.  
Myself, thou see'st, to aid the enterprise,  
Have girt the sword, so many years disused,  
To my enfeebled side.

*Bi.* Ferocious souls!

Dissembling hearts! I could not have believed . . .

*Gu.* Daughter, what wouldest thou? Necessity  
To this compels us. For us to retract  
'Tis now too late. Put up what vows to Heav'n  
Thou likest best: meanwhile departure hence  
Is not allow'd to thee: thou'rt guarded now  
By many armed warriors.—If thou art,  
As thou shouldst be more than aught else, a mother,  
Return to thy poor children, ah! return . . .  
But now, methinks, I hear the sacred toll  
Of the lugubrious bell . . . I'm not mistaken.  
O son! . . . I fly to liberty, or death.

#### SCENE IV

*BIANCA, armed Soldiers*

*Bi.* Hear me . . . O how he flies! And I am forced  
To tarry here? In pity let me go!  
This is the only breast that, interposed,

Can staunch that sea of blood . . . Are your hard hearts,  
Barbarians, inaccessible to pity?—  
Impious, flagitious, execrable marriage!  
I ought to have foreseen that blood alone  
Could finish such immeasurable hate.  
Now I perceive why Raymond could not speak:  
In truth, thou hast well done to hide from me  
Such unimaginable wickedness:  
I thought thee capable of high revenge;  
But never of an abject treason, never . . .  
What tumult do I hear? . . . O Heav'ns! . . . What  
          shrieks!  
Methinks the earth doth shake! . . . With what a loud  
And clamorous dissonance the air resounds! . . .  
The name of liberty, of liberty,  
I hear distinctly . . . <sup>1</sup> Ah! perchance already  
My brothers are no more . . . Whom do I see?  
O Heav'ns! Is't Raymond? . . .

## SCENE V

RAYMOND, BIANCA

- Bi.*                   Wretch! what hast thou done?  
Speak. Com'st thou back, perfidious spouse, to me,  
Thy guilty dagger reeking with my blood?  
Who would have ever thought thou wert a traitor?  
What do I see? Alas! from thy own side  
The blood spouts forth in ample streams? . . . Ah!  
          husband . . .  
*Ray.* . . . Bianca, . . . scarcely . . . I . . . support my-  
          self . . .  
Sustain me . . . Dost thou see? That blood, which  
          bathes  
My sword, it is the tyrant's; but . . .  
*Bi.*                   Alas! . . .  
*Ray.* This is my own blood; . . . I . . . in my own side . . .  
*Bi.* O frightful wound! . . .  
*Ray.*                   Yes, frightful; I myself  
With my own hand, inflamed by too much rage,

<sup>1</sup> The soldiers retire.

Indicted it . . . I threw myself on Julian:  
And planted in him so, so many wounds,  
That I . . . with one . . . at last . . . transfix'd my side.

*Bi.* O fatal cruelty! . . . O mortal blow! . . .

How many of us hast thou slain at once!

*Ray.* I told thee not, O spouse . . . Ah! pardon me:

Thee should I not have told; nor shouldst thou  
Have heard of it, till it was done: . . . and yet,  
At all events, I was constrain'd to do it . . .

It grieves me that to consummate the deed

My strength allows not . . . If it was a crime,

I come to expiate it with my blood,

Before thine eyes . . . But, do I hear the cry

Of liberty more fervently resound?

And I can nothing do! . . .

*Bi.* O Heav'ns! and . . . fell . . .

Lorenzo . . . also? . . .

*Ray.* A most strict injunction

I gave to his assailant for this purpose . . .

I shall die unlamenting, if I leave

Safe, and in liberty, . . . my sire, . . . my spouse, . . .

My children, . . . and my fellow-citizens . . .

*Bi.* Thou leavest me to tears . . . But, can I live?

Give me thy sword . . .

*Ray.* Bianca . . . O sweet spouse . . .

Part of myself; . . . remember, thou'rt a mother . . .

Thou for our children shouldst consent to live;

Live for our children, . . . if thou lovedst me . . .

*Bi.* O children! . . . But the tumult grows apace? . . .

*Ray.* And it approaches; . . . and I seem to hear

Discordant cries . . . Run to the little ones,

And leave them not: to their protection fly.—

And now, . . . for me . . . no hope . . . of life . . . remains.—

Thou seest, . . . that . . . I am . . . a dying man . . .

*Bi.* What shall I do? . . . Near whom shall I remain? . . .

What do I hear? The cry of "Slay the traitor!"

The traitor, who? . . .

*Ray.* The traitor, . . . is . . . the vanquish'd.

## SCENE VI

LORENZO, GUGLIELMO, BIANCA, RAYMOND, and a reinforcement of Soldiers

*Lo.* Slay him!

*Ray.* O sight!

*Bi.* And dost thou live, my brother?

Have pity . . .

*Lo.* Here the miscreant sought a refuge;  
And slunk from danger to his consort's arms;  
In vain. Drag him by force . . .

*Bi.* My spouse! . . . my children . . .

*Ray.* Thou manacled, O father! . . .

*Gu.* And thou wounded?

*Lo.* O! what do I behold? thy faithless blood  
Thou sheddest from thy side? Now, who forestall'd  
My arm?

*Ray.* Mine; but it err'd: this was a blow  
Aim'd at thy brother's heart. But, he from me  
Had many more like this.

*Lo.* My brother's dead:  
But I live, yes, I live; for killing me,  
A soul unlike that of an expert,  
Unlike that of a perjured dastard priest,  
Was needful. Salviati lifeless fell;  
And with him fell his comrades: I reserved  
Thy father only, that to see thy death  
Before receiving his, might swell his pangs.

*Bi.* What boots this cruelty? He languishes  
Half dead . . .

*Lo.* And thus half dead, do I exult . . .

*Bi.* He bears the punishment of his offense.

*Lo.* What do I see! Dost thou embrace a  
wretch

Stain'd with thy brother's blood?

*Bi.* He is my husband; . . .

And he is dying . . .

*Ray.* Now, . . . why thus beseech him?—

See, if thy death were trusted to my power,



If thou wouldst live.<sup>1</sup>

*Bi.* O Heav'ns! what hast thou done? . . .

*Ray.* I . . . never . . . strike . . . in vain.

*Gu.* My son! . . .

*Ray.* O father!

Imitate me. Behold the steel.

*Bi.* 'Tis mine . . .

*Lo.* No, it is mine<sup>2</sup> . . . Thou slayer of my brother,

How many other deaths, O steel, art thou

Ordain'd to give!

*Ray.* My wife, . . . farewell . . . for ever.

*Bi.* And shall I live? . . .

*Gu.* O dreadful sight!—Quick, quick,

Put me to death: why dost thou hesitate?

*Lo.* Go now to thy degrading punishment.—

Meanwhile, by force from that unworthy neck

Remove the weeping lady. Time alone

Can soothe her grief.—And time alone can prove

That I'm no tyrant, and that these are traitors.

4. "*Philip*." The first tragedy published by Alfieri was *Philip II*; it appeared in 1783, and it is interesting to know that only his posthumous *Antony and Cleopatra* had been written before it. Alfieri showed great care in its production, made no fewer than seven different versions of it, and has been justified in his care, as it is considered next to *Saul* the best of his plays. On the whole, it follows history with considerable accuracy, although Don Carlos really died in prison after a few months' confinement and not without a suspicion that his end had been hastened by poison. Philip II is considered one of the blackest monsters of

<sup>1</sup> He plunges into his heart the dagger which he had hidden at the arrival of Lorenzo.

<sup>2</sup> He wrests the dagger from the hand of Guglielmo, who had taken it up as soon as Raymond threw it to him.

modern times, and the secret and disastrous passion of his son Carlos, with its tragic ending, is a subject peculiarly suited, as Sismondi has pointed out, to the genius of Alfieri.

Philip II, husband of Queen Mary of England, was the father of Don Carlos by his first wife, Mary of Portugal. Originally Carlos was betrothed to Elizabeth of France, who is called Isabella by Alfieri. However, for reasons of state policy, Philip married Isabella himself, but, as history says, neither the Queen nor her stepson forgot their early attachment. The scene of the play is laid in Madrid early in 1568, when Don Carlos was twenty-two years old. At the beginning Isabella appears alone on the stage and reproaches herself bitterly for the passion she has for Don Carlos while she is still the wife of Philip. Carlos presently enters, and she attempts to fly, but in the dialogue which follows he complains that she shuns him since he has lost his father's favor, and implores her compassion. The most trying of all his griefs, he says, is being separated from her:

Alas! thou knowest not my father's nature,  
And may kind Heav'n that ignorance prolong!  
The treacherous intrigues of this vile court  
To thee are all unknown. An upright heart  
Could not believe, much less such guilt imagine.  
More cruel than the sycophantic train  
Surrounding him, 'tis Philip that abhors me.  
He sets the' example to the servile crowd;  
His wrathful temper chafes at nature's ties;  
Yet do not I forget that I'm his son.  
If for one day I could forget that tie,

And rouse the slumbers of my smother'd wrongs,  
Never, O never, should he hear me mourn  
My ravish'd honors, my offended fame,  
His hate unnatural and unexampled;  
No, of a wrong more deep I would upbraid him . . .  
He took my all, the day he tore thee from me.

Isabella represses his passion, which has become apparent, representing it as a crime. She, however, is deeply moved, and when he exclaims, "Am I then so guilty," she replies, "Would it were only thou." In the end she commands him to avoid her presence forever, and after she leaves, his only true friend, the courtier Perez, enters and begs the Prince to tell him the source of the deep agitation in which he is discovered; Carlos refuses, although the enmity and bitterness existing between Philip and his son is apparent.

In the second act Philip and his minister, Gomez, appear upon the scene, and their dialogue is characterized by the sententiousness of Alfieri, though it is imposing and harmonious with the treacherous character of Philip:

*Phi.* What, above all things that this world can give,

Dost thou hold dear?

*Gom.* Thy favor.

*Phi.* By what means

Dost hope to keep it? . . .

*Gom.* By the means that gain'd it:

By silence and obedience.

*Phi.* Thou art call'd

This day to practice both.

*Gom.* 'Tis no new function:

Thou know'st that I . . .

*Phi.* I know that thou hast been,

Among the faithful, still most faithful found.  
But on this day, on which my mind revolves  
Affairs of import high, perchance my lips  
Will utt'rance give to plans so new and vast,  
That, as a prologue to my after-speech,  
It seem'd to me expedient to recall,  
In a few words, thy duties to thy mind.  
*Gom.* Then may the mighty Philip, on this day,  
More thoroughly than he has ever done,  
Bring to the test my truth.

*Phi.* The task is light  
That I enjoin; and light alone to thee:  
Never, no never, to another man.—  
The Queen forthwith is coming. Thou wilt hear me  
Converse with her at length. Meanwhile do thou  
Watch the minutest workings of her face.  
Fasten on her thy look inquisitorial,  
That look with which thou'rt skillful to unravel  
All the unspoken inmost inclinations  
Of thy King's inmost heart, ere silently  
Thou dost embody them in execution.

Isabella is summoned. Philip consults her about Don Carlos and accuses him of odious intrigues with the Batavian rebels, of having supported them in revolt against their God and their King, and of having received their ambassador. However, he is artfully trying by his broken sentences and pauses to extract from her some evidence of her attachment, and Isabella's danger is apparent to the audience:

But tell me also, ere the fact I state,  
And tell without reserve: dost love, or hate,  
Carlos my son? . . .

*Isa.* My lord? . . .

*Phi.* I understand thee.  
If thou didst yield to thy first impulses,  
And not obey the stern behests of duty,

Thou would'st behold him as thy . . . stepson.  
*Isa.* No.

Thou art deceived . . . The prince . . .  
*Phi.* Is dear then to thee.

Yet hast thou so much of true honor left,  
That being Philip's wife, that Philip's son  
Thou lov'st with . . . love maternal.

*Isa.* Thou alone  
Art law to all my thoughts. Thou lovest him . . .  
At least I deem so . . . and e'en so I love him.

*Phi.* Since thy well-regulated, noble heart  
Beholds not Carlos with a step-dame's thought,  
Nor with blind instinct of maternal fondness,  
I choose thee for that Carlos as a judge . . .

*Isa.* Me? . . .

*Phi.* Thou hast heard it. Carlos the first object  
Was many many years of all my hopes,  
Till, having turn'd his footsteps from the path  
Of virtue, he those lofty hopes betray'd.  
How many pleas did I, from time to time,  
Frame to excuse my disobedient son!  
But now his mad and impious hardihood  
Hath reach'd its greatest height; and I'm compell'd,  
Compell'd against my will, to means of force.  
To his past crimes such turpitude he adds,  
Such, that, compared with this, all others vanish;  
Such, that words fail me to express his baseness.  
With outrage so immense he hath assail'd me,  
As all comparison to baffle; such,  
That, from a son, no father could expect it;  
Such, that no longer I account him son . . .  
Ah! thou e'en shudder'st ere thou know'st its vast-  
ness? . . .

Hear it, and shudder in another fashion.—  
More than five years, thou know'st, a wretched band  
On swampy soil, and shores whelm'd by the ocean,  
Have dared my sov'reign mandate to resist;  
Rebels no less to God than to their King.  
They find in their repeated crimes defense.

Thou know'st with what expense of blood and treasure  
This realm hath borne this sacrilegious war.  
I would not suffer that rebellious crew  
To go unpunish'd, with mock majesty  
To triumph in their crimes, though perseverance  
In such a cause cost both my throne and life.  
To immolate the impious generation  
As victims of my wrath, I swear to Heaven.  
And death perchance may be a benefit  
To those who spurn at all authority.—  
Now, who from me would credit the assurance  
That with such dreadful, such ferocious foes,  
I am compell'd t' enumerate my son,  
Alas! my own, my only son? . . .

*Isa.* The prince? . . .

*Phi.* The prince, yes: many intercepted letters,  
Clandestine messages, seditious words  
Pronounced incautiously, of this dire fact  
Too certainly convince me! I conjure thee  
To picture to thy mind my agonies,  
As sire betray'd, as circumvented King;  
And to pronounce what lot by justice falls  
From me, his sire, on such an impious son.

*Isa.* O God! Thou will'st that I pronounce his fate? . . .

*Phi.* Yes, thou of that art arbitress supreme.  
Fear not the monarch, flatter not the father:  
Pronounce.

*Isa.* I fear alone offending justice.  
In presence of the throne, the innocent  
Are oft-times undistinguish'd from the guilty . . .

*Phi.* Canst thou then doubt of what thy King affirms?  
Who more than I can wish him innocent?  
Ah, would that the impeachment were unfounded!

*Isa.* By clearest evidence he stands convicted? . . .

*Phi.* Who can convict him? Turbulent and headstrong,  
He scorns to bring against the clearest proofs  
Some palliative pretexts, much less reasons.  
I would not, of this latest misdemeanor,  
With him hold conference, till I had calm'd

The first emotions of my just resentment.  
 But though my rage be mute, stern policy  
 Moves me to speak . . . Alas! the voice of father,  
 That agonizing voice, resounds within me . . .

*Isa.* Ah, hear that voice! no voice can equal it.  
 Perchance he's less a culprit than thou thinkest; . . .  
 Indeed his guilt on this emergency  
 Seems too impossible to challenge credence.  
 Hear him thyself, whatever be his crimes:  
 Who than a son, between a son and father,  
 Can be a mediator more persuasive?

Finally the King appears convinced, sends for Carlos, and while questioning him frightens him by similar means. He alludes to the affection of the Queen and to the fact that she had undertaken to defend him, seems to be aware of his interview, but, having frightened both, he dismisses them pleasantly enough and advises them to see each other frequently. The last scene of the act between Philip and Gomez was intended to show the audience the bitterness of Philip's hatred:

*Phi.* Didst hear?

*Gom.* I heard.

*Phi.* Didst see?

*Gom.* I saw.

*Phi.* O rage!

Suspicion, then . . .

*Gom.* Is certainty.

*Phi.* Is Philip

Still unavenged?

*Gom.* Think . . .

*Phi.* I have thought.—Now follow.

Carlos, well acquainted with the character of his father, is alarmed at the kindness and con-

sideration with which he has been treated, thinking it the mere prelude to still greater cruelty. He seeks the Queen, and at the beginning of the third act begs her never to speak of him again to the King. She cannot believe that his fears are well founded, and after her departure Gomez enters, congratulates Carlos on recovering the favor of his father, but is treated with disdain by Carlos, who immediately goes out. Philip assembles a council, and in a crafty discourse tells them that he has assembled them to judge his son. He accuses Don Carlos of having attempted to assassinate him, says that the Prince has approached him from behind with sword raised to strike, when the cries of the courtiers put him to flight. Gomez supports the accusation and produces letters of the Prince which he claims prove a treacherous correspondence with France and other enemies of Philip, and judges Carlos worthy of death. Lionardo, who was probably intended to represent the Grand Inquisitor of the Inquisition, though not so specified, ferociously accuses Don Carlos of heresy and impiety and insists that the King shall avenge the cause of offended Heaven. Perez, the only friend of Don Carlos, triumphantly defends him, proves the accusation false and convinces all present of the innocence of the accused, but his arrogance is so outrageous that it offends Philip. In Perez Alfieri himself may be recognized, and the exaggerations in the four eloquent speeches by their very im-



probability produce on the reader an unfavorable effect and show the weakness of the dramatist. Philip dismisses the council as follows:

O do not thus, by oft-repeated thrusts,  
Plunge in my heart the dagger: pause a while:  
I have not strength to listen to you more.  
Let a new council forthwith be assembled  
Out of my sight. There let the priests assist,  
In whom all worldly impulses are dead.  
By their means truth may be made manifest:  
'Tis truth alone we need.—Meet, and pass sentence.  
My presence might too much restrain the right; . . .  
Or bring to too severe a test my virtue.

After they go out, the act ends with the following soliloquy of the King:

. . . O! . . . what may be the number of the traitors?  
Can Perez be so bold? Can he have read  
My secret heart? . . . Ah, no! . . . but yet what bold-  
ness!  
What boiling pride! And can a soul so form'd  
Spring where I reign?—and where I reign, exist?

The fourth act begins with this soliloquy by Don Carlos:

Shadows of night, far more than beams of day,  
Suiting the horrors of this guilty palace,  
With mournful joy I witness your return!  
'Tis not that from your influence my grief  
Finds intermission: but that, for a time,  
I lose the sight of faces that appal me.—  
Here did Elvira pledge herself to meet me  
In Isabella's name: what would she tell me? . . .  
Profound the silence! . . . 'mid their gnawing cares,  
Spite of remorse, and spite of dark suspicion,  
Does placid slumber from on high descend  
To seal the eyes of tyrants and of traitors?

That sleep which flies from innocence oppress'd?  
But sleepless nights to me are not unwelcome:  
I hold communion with the dear impression  
Of all that's fair and virtuous. 'Tis my solace  
Here to return where last I parted from her,  
And heard expressions, that in one swift moment  
Gave me both life and death. Ah, far less wretched,  
But far more criminal, than heretofore,  
I deem myself since that eventful meeting . . .  
Whence does this visionary horror rise?  
Is it the pain that wrings a guilty conscience? . . .  
Yet wherefore? How have I been criminal?  
I was not silent, true: but who that felt  
Such throes of passion ever could conceal them?—  
I hear, or seem to hear, approaching footsteps.  
Elvira comes . . . ah, no! what deaf'ning clamor! . . .  
Who is't approaches? What a flash of torches!  
Arm'd men draw nigh! Ye traitors, come . . .

It is the King, who, preceded by his guards, enters. Carlos has drawn his sword to defend himself, but, seeing the King, sheathes the weapon. The latter accuses his son of having raised his arm against him, and in the violent altercation which follows Carlos uses the bitter language which Alfieri always employs against tyranny and in favor of liberty, making it so caustic and outrageous that a man must be more than human to hear it patiently. Philip orders the arrest and imprisonment of his son, and as the latter is led to prison Isabella enters and is told that Don Carlos has been arrested because he attempted the life of the King, and that her life is equally in danger from him. When Carlos is out of hearing, the King informs Isabella that the Don has been sentenced

to death, and offers to obtain an interview with the prisoner. Gomez enters to Isabella alone, bearing the sentence of the council which has condemned Don Carlos. By manifesting sympathy with the victim and enlarging upon the atrocious character of Philip, he wins the confidence of the Queen, and, although he is known to be wholly in the King's service, yet when the act closes the impression given the audience is that there is yet some hope for the freedom of Don Carlos and the safety of the Queen.

The scene of the fifth act is the prison, where Carlos is discovered alone:

## SCENE I

*Car.* What have I now to hope, what fear, but death?  
 Would I might have it free from infamy! . . .  
 From cruel Philip, I, alas, shall have it  
 Replete with infamy.—One doubt alone,  
 Far worse than any death, afflicts my heart.  
 Perchance he knows my love: Erewhile I saw,  
 In the fierce glances of his countenance,  
 I know not what of bitterness, that seem'd,  
 Spite of himself, his meaning to betray . . .  
 His conversation with the Queen erewhile . . .  
 My summons; his observing me . . . What would . . .  
 (O Heav'ns!) what would her fate be, should his wife  
 Excite the wrath of his suspicious nature?  
 Perchance e'en now the cruel tyrant wreaks  
 Vengeance on her for an uncertain fault;  
 Vengeance that always, when a tyrant rules,  
 Precedes the crime itself . . . But, if to all,  
 And almost to ourselves, our love's unknown,  
 Whence should he learn it? . . . Have my sighs per-  
                   chance  
 Betray'd my meaning? What? Shall love's soft  
                   sighs

Be by a guilty tyrant understood? . . .  
To make him furious and unnatural,  
Could it be needful to a sire like this  
To penetrate my love? His vengeful hate  
Had reach'd its height, and could not brook delay.  
The day at length is come, the day is come  
When I may satisfy his thirst for blood.—  
Ah! treach'rous troops of friends that crowded round  
me  
In my prosperity! where are ye now?  
I only ask of you a sword; a sword,  
By means of which to 'scape from infamy,  
Not one of you will bring me . . . whence that noise? . . .  
The iron gate grates on its hinges! Ah!  
What next may I expect? . . . Who comes there? Ho!

## SCENE II

ISABELLA, CARLOS

*Car.* Queen, is it thou? Who was thy guide? What  
cause

Hither conducted thee? Love, duty, pity?  
How didst thou gain admission?

*Isa.* Wretched prince,  
Thou know'st not yet, the horrors of thy fate:  
Thou as a parricide art stigmatized;  
Thy sire himself accuses thee; to death  
A mercenary council hath condemn'd thee;  
Nothing is wanting to complete the sentence  
But the assent of Philip.

*Car.* If that's all,  
That soon will follow.

*Isa.* Art thou not o'erwhelm'd?

*Car.* 'Tis long since nought but death has been my  
choice:

Thou know'st it well, of whom I nothing ask'd,  
But leave to breathe my last where thou dost dwell,  
'Tis hard, yes, hard, the horrible aspersion;  
Not unexpected. I'm compell'd to die:  
And can I shudder if thou bring the tidings?

*Isa.* Ah! if thou love me, do not talk of death.

Yield, for a short time, to the pressing need . . .

*Car.* Yield? now I see that thou hast undertaken  
The cruel office to degrade my nature.

My vengeful father hath deputed thee . . .

*Isa.* And canst thou think it, prince, that I am then  
The minister of Philip's cruelty? . . .

*Car.* He may to this constrain thee, p'rhaps deceive  
thee.

But wherefore, then, has he permitted thee  
To see me in this dungeon?

*Isa.* Thinkest thou

That Philip knows it? That indeed were death! . . .

*Car.* What say'st thou? Nothing can escape his knowl-  
edge.

Who dares to violate his fierce commands? . . .

*Isa.* Gomez.

*Car.* Alas! what is it that I hear?

What an abominable, fatal name

Hast thou pronounced! . . .

*Isa.* He's not thy enemy,  
As thou dost think . . .

*Car.* O Heav'ns, if I believed  
He were my friend, my countenance would burn  
With shame, more than with anger.

*Isa.* He alone  
Feels pity for thy fate. To me confess'd he  
Philip's atrocious plot.

*Car.* Incautious Queen!  
Thou art too credulous! what hast thou done?  
Why didst thou trust to such a feign'd compassion?  
Of the base King the basest minister,  
If he spoke truth, 'twas with the truth to cheat thee.

*Isa.* What could it profit him? Of his compassion  
Undoubted proofs I quickly can display,  
If thou wilt yield to my entreaties. He  
By stealth conducted me to this recess;  
Prepares the means of thy escape: 'twas I  
That influenced him. No longer tarry; fly!

Fly from thy father, fly from death and me!

*Car.* While thou hast time, ah, hasten from my presence;

Gomez no pity feign'd without good reason.  
Into what snare thou'rt fallen! Now, O Queen,  
Indeed I shudder! Now, what doubt remains?  
The secret of our love is fully known  
By Philip now . . .

*Isa.* Ah, no! Not long ago  
Philip I saw, when, from his presence, thou,  
By dint of force, wert dragg'd: he burn'd with rage:  
Trembling I listen'd to him, not exempt  
From fears like thine. But when in solitude  
His converse I recall'd, I felt secure,  
That, rather than of this, his fury tax'd thee  
With ev'ry other crime . . . I now remember,  
He charged thee with intriguing 'gainst my life,  
As well as 'gainst his own.

*Car.* 'Twould be a toil  
That made me vile as he, yea, e'en more vile,  
The dark perplexities to penetrate  
Of guilt's inextricable labyrinth;  
But, sure I am, that this thy embassy  
Conceals some bad design: that which till now  
He but suspected, he would now make clear.  
But, be it what it may, depart at once  
From this disastrous place. Thy hope is vain,  
Vain thy belief that Gomez wills to serve me,  
Or, if he will'd it, that I should consent.

*Isa.* And must I, then, drag on my wretched days  
Midst beings such as these?

*Car.* 'Tis too, too true!—  
Delay not now a moment: leave me; save me  
From agonies insufferably keen . . .  
Thy pity wounds, if for thyself it feels not.  
Go, if thou hold life dear . . .

*Isa.* Life dear to me? . . .

*Car.* My honor, then, remember, and thy fame.

*Isa.* And in such danger must I quit thee thus?

*Car.* Ah, what avails it to expose thyself?

Thyself thou ruinest, and sav'st not me.

Virtue is spotted even by suspicion.

Ah! from the tyrant snatch the hellish joy

Of casting imputation on thy name.

Go: dry thy tears; and still thy heaving bosom.

With a dry eye, and an intrepid brow,

Hear of my death. To virtue's cause devote

The mournful days in which thou shalt outlive me . . .

And if among so many guilty creatures

Thou seekest consolation, one remains:

Perez, thou know'st him well, clandestinely

Will weep with thee;—To him sometimes speak of  
me . . .

But go—depart; . . . Ah, tempt me not to weep . . .

Little by little rend not thus my heart!

Take now thy last farewell, . . . and leave me; . . . go!

I've need to summon all my fortitude,

Now that the fatal hour of death approaches . . .

### SCENE III

PHILIP, ISABELLA, CARLOS

*Phi.* Perfidious one, that hour of death is come:

I bring it to thee.

*Isa.* Are we thus betray'd? . . .

*Car.* I am prepared for death. Give it at once.

*Phi.* Wretch, thou shalt die: but first, ye impious pair,

My fulminating accents hear, and tremble.—

Ye vile ones! long, yes, long, I've known it all.

That horrid flame that burns in you with love,

In me with fury, long has fix'd its torment,

And long been all discover'd. O what pangs

Of rage repress'd! O what resentment smother'd! . . .

At last ye both are fallen in my power.

Should I lament? or utter vain regrets?

I vow'd revenge; and I will have it soon;

Revenge full, unexampled.—On your shame

Meanwhile I feast my eyes. Flagitious woman,

Think not I ever bore thee any love,

Nor that a jealous thought within my heart  
E'er woke a pang. Philip could never deign  
On a degraded bosom, such as thine,  
To fix the love of his exalted nature;  
Nor could a woman who deserved betray it.  
Thou hast in me thy King offended, then,  
And not thy lover. Thou, unworthily,  
Hast now my consort's name, that sacred name,  
Basely contaminated. I ne'er prized  
Thy love; but such inviolable duty  
Thou should'st have felt towards thy lord and King,  
As should have made thee e'en at a frail thought  
Shudder with horror.—Thou seducer vile; . . .  
To thee I speak not. Guilt becomes thy nature:  
The deed was worthy of its impious author.—  
Undoubted proofs to me (too much so!) were,  
Although conceal'd, your guilty sighs, your silence,  
Your gestures, and the sorrow which I saw,  
And still can see, your wicked bosoms filling  
With equal force.—Now, what more shall I say?  
Equal in crime, your torments shall be equal.

*Car.* What do I hear? In her there is no fault:  
No fault? not e'en the shadow of a fault!  
Pure is her heart; with such flagitious flame  
It never burn'd, I swear: she scarcely knew  
My love; the trespass then . . .

*Phi.* To what extent  
Ye, each of you, are criminal, I know;  
I know that to thy father's bed, as yet,  
Thou hast not raised thy bold and impious thoughts.  
Had it been otherwise, would'st thou now live? . . .  
But from thy impure mouth there issued accents,  
Flagitious accents, of a dreadful love;  
She heard them; that suffices.

*Car.* I alone  
Offended thee; I seek not to conceal it:  
A rapid flash of hope athwart my sight  
Shot: but her virtue instantly dispell'd it:  
She heard me, but 'twas only to my shame;





*Isa.*

In vain

Thou seek'st to save me. Ev'ry word of thine  
Is as a puncture, which exasperates  
The wounds of his proud breast. The time is past  
For palliatives. To shun his hated sight,  
The torment of whose presence nought can equal,  
Is now my only refuge.—Were it given  
To one that is a tyrant e'er to feel  
The pow'r of love, I would remind thee, King,  
That thou at first didst form our mutual ties:  
That, from my earliest years, my fondest thoughts,  
My dearest hopes, were centered all in him;  
With him I trusted to live bless'd and blessing.  
To love him then, at once, in me was virtue,  
And to thy will submission. Who but thou  
Made what was virtue guilt? Thou didst the deed.  
Ties the most holy thou didst burst asunder,—  
An easy task to one that's absolute.  
But does the heart change thus? His image lay  
Deeply engraven there: but instantly  
That I became thy wife, the flame was smother'd.  
And I depended afterwards on time,  
And on my virtue, and, perchance, on thee,  
Wholly to root it out . . .

*Phi.*

I will then now,

What neither years, nor virtue, have perform'd,  
Do instantly: yes, in thy faithless blood  
I'll quench the impure flame . . .

*Isa.*

Yes, blood to spill,

And, when that blood is spilt, to spill more blood,  
Is thy most choice prerogative: but, O!  
Is it by a prerogative like this  
Thou hopest to win me from him to thee?  
To thee, as utterly unlike thy son,  
As is, to virtue, vice?—Thou hast been wont  
To see me tremble; but I fear no more;  
As yet, my wicked passion, for as such  
I deem'd my passion, I have kept conceal'd:  
Now shall it be without disguise proclaim'd,

Since thy dark crimes have made it seem like virtue.

*Phi.* He's worthy of thee; thou of him art worthy.—

It now remains to prove, if, as in words,

Ye will be bold in death . . .

SCENE IV

GOMEZ, PHILIP, ISABELLA, CARLOS

*Phi.* Hast thou, O Gomez,  
All my commands fulfilled? What I enjoin'd thee  
Dost thou now bring?

*Gom.* Perez has breath'd his last:  
Behold the sword, that with his smoking blood  
Yet reeks.

*Car.* O sight!

*Phi.* With him is not extinguish'd  
The race of traitors . . . Be thou witness now  
How I take vengeance on this impious pair.

*Car.* Before I die, alas! how many deaths  
I'm destined to behold. Thou, Perez, too? . . .  
O infamy! now, now I follow thee.  
Where is the sword to which my breast is fated?  
Quick, bring it to me. May my blood alone  
The burning thirst of this fell tiger slake!

*Isa.* O would that I alone could satisfy  
His murd'rous appetite!

*Phi.* Cease your vile contest.  
This dagger, and this cup, await your choice.  
Thou, proud contemner as thou art, of death,  
Choose first.

*Car.* O weapon of deliverance! . . .  
With guiltless blood yet reeking, thee I choose!—  
O luckless lady, thou hast said too much:  
For thee no refuge now remains but death:  
But, ah! the poison choose, for this will be  
Most easy . . . Of my inauspicious love  
The last advice is this: collect at once  
All, all thy fortitude:—and look on me . . .<sup>1</sup>  
I die . . . do thou now follow my example . . .

<sup>1</sup> He stabs himself.

- Bring, bring the fatal cup . . . do not delay . . .
- Isa.* Ah, yes, I follow thee. O Death, to me  
Thou art most welcome; in thee . . .
- Phi.* Thou shalt live;  
Spite of thyself, shalt live.
- Isa.* Ah, let me . . . O  
Fierce torture! see, he dies: and I?
- Phi.* Yes, thou,  
Sever'd from him, shalt live; live days of woe:  
Thy ling'ring grief will be a joy to me.  
And when at last, recover'd from thy love,  
Thou wishest to live on, I, then, will kill thee.
- Isa.* Live in thy presence? . . . I support thy sight? . . .  
No, that shall never be . . . My doom is fix'd . . .  
The cup refused . . . thy dagger may replace it.<sup>1</sup>
- Phi.* Stop.
- Isa.* Now I die . . .
- Phi.* Heav'ns, what do I behold?
- Isa.* Thou see'st thy wife . . . thy son . . . both innocent . . .  
And both by thy hands slain . . .—I follow thee,  
Loved Carlos . . .
- Phi.* What a stream of blood runs here,  
And of what blood! . . . Behold, I have at least  
Obtain'd an ample, and a horrid vengeance . . .  
But, am I happy? . . . —Gomez, do thou hide  
The dire catastrophe from all the world.—  
By silence, thou wilt save my fame, thy life.

Sismondi, in commenting on this tragedy, says:

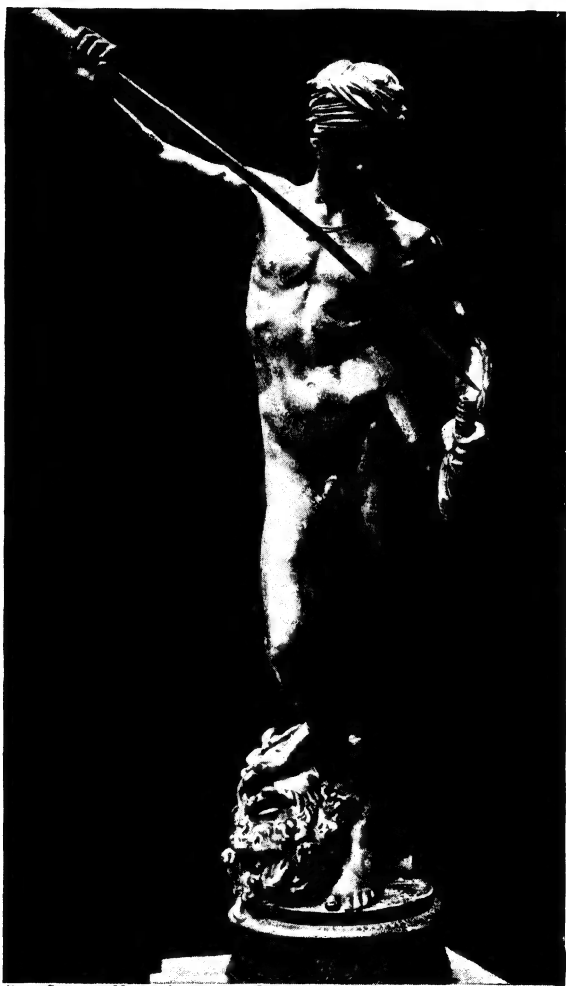
Such is Alfieri, who paints with terrific truth the profound dissimulation of the Spanish monarch; throws a somber veil over his councils and his policy, and conducts him to the close of the piece without his revealing to any one his secret thoughts. If we should one day treat of the German theater, we may then compare the

<sup>1</sup>She darts most rapidly towards the dagger of Philip, and stabs herself with it.

Don Carlos of Schiller with this powerful tragedy. The German poet has succeeded better in his representation of the national manners, of the age and of the events; but he is far inferior to Alfieri in the delineation of the character of Philip. He has deprived it of all that terror, derived from the dark and impenetrable silence with which the tyrant invests himself. It is a master-stroke in Alfieri, to have assigned a confidant to Philip, to whom he communicates nothing, even at the moment that he calls him to his councils. The silent concert between Gomez, Lionardo, and the King, in the perpetration of the crime, excites the most profound terror.

5. "*Saul*." There are few characters in this fine tragedy. Saul, the king; Jonathan, his son; David; Michal, Saul's daughter and David's wife; Abner, and Ahimelech, the priest, all of whom appear in the Bible narrative in the first book of *Samuel*, compose the list. When the play opens David appears at Gilboa at the time when he was a fugitive from Saul. Having announced his intention to surrender to the King, Jonathan enters and is delighted to see his friend again, but tells David that Saul is under the influence of an evil spirit, that Abner has gained the mastery over him, and that Michal laments the absence of her husband. David asks when he can see her again, and just at that moment she enters and tells Jonathan that she is going in search of her husband. David reveals himself, and after a happy meeting they decide to appear before Saul and seek a reconciliation.

At the beginning of the next act Saul bewails his past greatness and present misfortunes to



*From Statue by Mercie, Luxembourg, Paris*

DAVID



Abner, who ascribes them all to David. Saul then relates a dream he has just had, in which the spirit of the prophet Samuel took the crown from the head of Saul and placed it upon the head of David, but the latter refused it and induced Samuel to place it again upon the head of Saul. At this moment Jonathan and Michal enter and prepare Saul for the coming of David, who appears and submissively asks for forgiveness and employment against the Philistines, with whom the Hebrews are about to fight. As Saul seems about to accept the services of David, Abner interposes and accuses the young man of conspiring with the priests against Saul. David establishes his regard for Saul by showing a fragment which he had cut from the latter's robe when he lay asleep in the cave of En-gedi and when David might easily have slain him. Satisfied of David's loyalty, Saul gives him the command of the armies and sends Jonathan to fight at his side.

In the third act Abner explains his plan of battle to David, who praises it highly and appoints Abner to lead the main part of the army, while he, with Jonathan, is to fight near Saul's tent. As soon as David is alone, Michal enters and explains that Abner has again roused Saul's fury against David and recounts the dangers which beset her husband. Saul and Jonathan join them, and Saul raves in the fury of his madness, ending in a flood of tears. At Jonathan's persuasion David sings in a variety of lyrics those songs which had at other times



quieted the madness of Saul, but in concluding with a warlike song the madness returns, and, seizing his sword, Saul attempts to strike David, who, however, is rescued and aided to escape by Jonathan and his sister.

While, as the fourth act opens, Jonathan and Michal are lamenting Saul's madness, he enters and tells his daughter to bring David before him. When alone with Jonathan he describes the conflicting feelings of love and hatred of David which alternately sway him, and Jonathan attributes them to Heaven. Abner comes in, bringing Ahimelech, and tells the King that at the hour of battle David is missing and the priest has been caught in the camp. The latter acknowledges that he is Ahimelech and that he has taken the sword of Goliath out of the tabernacle and delivered it to David, whom he defends while he foretells Saul's fate and warns the monarch that Abner is his evil genius. Despite the entreaties of Jonathan, Saul orders him to instant death, and tells Abner to change the plan of battle and fight in the morning and not in the afternoon, as David and Abner had arranged.

The great fifth act is as follows:

#### SCENE I

DAVID, MICHAL

*Mi.* Come forth, my consort; come: the night already  
Is far advanced . . . Dost hear what mingled sounds  
Issue from yonder camp? The fierce encounter  
To-morrow's dawn will witness.—Round the tent  
Where sleeps my father, ev'ry sound is hush'd.

Behold the heav'ns themselves assist thy flight :  
The moon is setting, and a black cloud veils  
Her latest rays. Let us depart : for no one  
Watches our footsteps now ; let us depart ;  
We may descend the mountain by this slope,  
And God, where'er we go, will be our guide.

*Da.* O spouse, the better portion of my soul,  
While Israel is preparing for attack,  
Can it be true that I prepare for flight ?  
And what is death, that I should thus avoid it ?—  
I will remain : Saul, if he will, may slay me ;  
So that I first in numbers slay the foe.

*Mi.* Ah ! thou know'st not : already hath the rage  
Of Saul in blood his lifted arm embued.  
Ahimelech, discover'd here, hath fallen  
The victim of his violence already.

*Da.* What do I hear ? Hath he indeed his sword  
Turn'd on defenseless priests ? Ill-fated Saul ! . . .

*Mi.* Thou must hear more. The monarch gave himself  
Cruel command to Abner, that, if thou  
In battle shouldst be seen, our champions should  
Against thee turn their arms.

*Da.* And Jonathan,  
My friend, bears this ?

*Mi.* O Heav'ns ! what can he do ?  
He too endured his father's rage ; and ran  
Distractedly 'mid combatants to die.  
Now, thou see'st clearly, thou canst not stay here :  
Thou'rt forced to yield ; to fly from hence ; and wait,  
Or that my father change, or that he bend  
Beneath the weight of years . . . Ah, cruel father !  
'Tis thou thyself dost force thy wretched daughter  
To wish the fatal day . . . But yet, O no,  
Thy death I do not wish for : live in peace ;  
Live, if thou canst ; 'twill be enough for me  
To dwell for ever in my consort's presence . . .  
Ah, come then ; let us go . . .

*Da.* How much I grieve  
To leave the fight ! I hear an unknown voice

Cry in my heart: "For Israel and its king  
The dreadful day is come . . ." Could I! . . . But  
no:

The guiltless blood of sacred ministers  
Was here pour'd out: the camp is now impure,  
Contaminate the soil; the face of God  
Is hence averted: David now no more  
Can combat here.—It is my duty, then,  
To yield a while to thy anxiety,  
And careful love.—But, thou must yield to mine . . .  
Ah! suffer me alone . . .

*Mi.* What! shall I leave thee?

Behold, I clasp thee by thy garment's hem;  
No, never more I part from thee . . .

*Da.* Ah, hear me!

Ill could thy tardy steps keep pace with mine:  
Paths rough with stocks and stones shall I be  
forced  
To tread with indefatigable feet,  
If I would seek, complying with thy wish,  
A place of refuge. How can thy soft limbs  
Bear up against the unaccustom'd torment?  
And shall I in the wilderness alone  
Ever abandon thee? Thou see'st clearly;  
Owing to thee, I soon should be discover'd:  
Quickly would both of us be reconducted  
To the fear'd vengeance of the King . . . O Heav'ns!  
The mere thought makes me shudder . . . Further  
grant

That we ensured our flight; can I remove thee  
From thy sick sorrowing father? He is placed  
Far from the dainty shelter of his palace,  
Amid the hardships of a camp: his pangs,  
His irritable age, some solace need.  
Ah! soothe his grief, his fury, and his tears.  
Thou only pleasest him; thou waitest on him,  
And thou alone preservest him alive.  
He wishes me destroy'd; but I would see him  
Rescued from danger, happy, and triumphant: . . .

To-day I tremble for him.—Ere thou wert  
 A wife, thou wert a daughter; 'tis not right  
 To love me overmuch. If I escape,  
 What further canst thou wish for me at  
 present?

From thy already too-afflicted father  
 Do not depart. As soon as I'm in safety,  
 I'll cause the tidings to be sent to thee;  
 We shall, I hope, be reunited soon.  
 Think what it costs me to abandon thee . . .  
 Yet, . . . how? . . . alas! . . .

*Mi.* Ah! must I once more lose thee? . . .  
 Once more permit thee to return alone  
 To former labors, to a wand'ring life,  
 To perils, and to solitary caves? . . .  
 Ah, if I only always were with thee! . . .  
 I might, perchance, alleviate thy ills, . . .  
 By sharing them with thee . . .

*Da.* I do beseech thee,  
 By our affection; and, if there be need,  
 I also do command thee, as a lover;  
 Do not now follow me; thou canst not do it,  
 Without ensuring my effectual ruin.—  
 But, if God will my safety, I ought not  
 To tarry longer here: the time advances:  
 Some spy from his pavilion might detect us,  
 And cruelly divulge our purposes.  
 I know each single corner of these hills;  
 And feel most certain that I can elude  
 All human vigilance.—Give, give me now  
 The last embrace. May God by thy support!  
 And do thou never, never quit thy father,  
 Till Heav'n once more unite thee to thy consort . . .

*Mi.* The last embrace? . . . And shall I then sur-  
 vive it? . . .

I feel, I feel my trembling heart-strings burst . . .  
*Da.* . . . And I? . . . But, . . . I beseech thee . . .  
 check thy tears.—

Wings to my feet now lend, Almighty God!

## SCENE II

MICHAL

*Mi.* . . . He flies! . . . O Heav'ns! . . . I will pursue him now . . .

But, with what iron fetters am I bound? . . .

I cannot follow him.—He flies from me! . . .

Scarce can I stand, much less o'ertake his steps . . .

Once more, then, have I lost him! . . . Who can tell,

When I shall see him? . . . And art thou a wife,

Thou wretched woman? . . . were thine nuptial rites?

—No, no; no more beside my cruel father

Will I remain. I follow thee, O spouse . . .

Yet, if I follow him, alas! I kill him;

Can I, to imitate his rapid steps,

Dissemble my slow pace? . . .—But, from yon camp

What murmur do I hear, like din of arms? . . .

I hear it plainly . . . and it waxes louder;

And with the trumpet's dissonance is mix'd . . .

The tramp of horses also . . . What is this? . . .

The fight before the rising of the sun,

Of this gave Saul no hint. Who knows? . . . Perchance

My brothers . . . Jonathan . . . Alas! . . . in

danger . . .

But, tears, and howlings, and deep groans I hear

From the pavilion of my father rise? . . .

Unhappy father! . . . I will run to meet him . . .

But . . . he himself approaches; O sad sight! . . .

How desolate he looks! . . . Alas, my father! . . .

## SCENE III

SAUL, MICHAL

*Sa.* Incensed, tremendous shade, ah, go thy way!

Leave, leave me! . . . See: before thy feet I kneel

Where can I fly? . . .—Where can I hide myself?

O fierce, vindictive specter, be appeased . . .

But to my supplications it is deaf;

And does it spurn me? . . . Burst asunder, earth,

Swallow me up alive . . . Ah! that at least

The fierce and threat'ning looks of that dire shade  
May not quite pierce me through . . .

*Mi.* From whom dost fly?

No one pursues thee. Dost thou see me not,  
Father? dost thou not know me?

*Sa.* O most high,

Most holy priest, wilt thou that here I pause?  
O Samuel, thou my real father once,  
Dost thou command it? Prostrate, see, I fall  
At thy supreme command. Thou, with thy hand,  
Placedst the royal crown upon this head;  
Thou didst adorn it; strip it, strip it now  
Of all it honors; tread them under foot.  
But O, . . . the flaming sword of God's revenge  
Which glares eternally before my eyes, . . .  
Thou, who canst do it, snatch it not from me,  
O no, but from my children. Of my crime,  
My children they are innocent . . .

*Mi.* O state

Of agony unparallel'd!—Thy sight  
Bodies forth things that are not: father, turn  
Thyself to me . . .

*Sa.* O joy! . . . Is peace inscribed

Upon thy face? O fierce old man, hast thou  
In part my prayers accepted? from thy feet  
I will not rise, till thou hast first deliver'd  
My unoffending children from thy vengeance.—  
What voice exclaim'd: "And David was thy son;  
And thou didst persecute him, e'en to death?"  
Of what dost thou accuse me? Pause, O pause!  
David, where is he? find him: let him come;  
And let him slay me at his will, and reign:  
Provided only that he spare my children,  
Be his the throne . . . —But, art thou pitiless?  
Thine eyes are orbs of blood; thy hand is fire,  
And fire thy sword; thy ample nostrils breathe  
Sulphureous flames, that glare and dart at me . . .  
They've caught me now; they burn my heart to dust:  
Where shall I fly? . . . I'll go in this direction.

*Mi.* Cannot my hands restrain thee, nor my voice  
Convince thee of the truth? Ah, hear me: thou . . .

*Sa.* But no; on this side a prodigious stream  
Of blood restrains my steps. Atrocious sight!  
On both its shores in mountains are up-piled  
Great heaps of recent corpses: all is death  
On this side: thitherward I then will fly . . .  
But what do I behold? Who then are ye?—  
“We are the children of Ahimelech.  
I am Ahimelech. Die, Saul, then, die.”—  
What cry is that? I recognize him well:  
With recent blood he reeks; let him drink mine.  
And who is this that drags me from behind?  
Thou, Samuel, thou?—What did he say? that soon  
We all should be with him? I only, I  
Shall be with thee; but as for my poor children . . .  
Where am I?—In an instant from my sight  
Have all the specters vanish’d. Where am I?  
What have I said? What am I doing? Who  
Art thou? What dissonance is this I hear?  
It seems to me most like the din of battle:  
But the day dawns not yet: ah yes, it is  
The uproar of the battle. Quickly bring  
My shield, my spear, my helmet: now with speed  
The weapons. I will die, but in the camp.

*Mi.* What art thou doing, father?  
Be tranquil . . . To thy daughter . . .

*Sa.* I will have  
My arms; what daughter? Now, thou dost obey me.  
My helm, my spear, my shield; behold my children.

*Mi.* I will not leave thee, no . . .

*Sa.* The trumpets sound  
Louder and louder? Thither let me go:  
For me my sword alone will be sufficient.—  
Thou, quit me, go; obey. I thither run:  
There, where the death I seek for has its home.

## SCENE IV

SAUL, MICHAL, ABNER, with a few fugitive Soldiers

*Ab.* O hapless King ! . . . Now whither dost thou fly ?  
This is a dreadful night.

*Sa.* But, why this battle? . . .

*Ab.* The foe assail'd us unawares: we are  
Wholly discomfited . . .

*Sa.* Discomfited ?

And liv'st thou, traitor ?

*Ab.* I ? I live to save thee.

Hither perchance Philistia's hordes are streaming :

We are compell'd to shun the first attack :

Meanwhile the day will dawn. Thee will I lead,

With my few followers, to yonder slopes . . .

*Sa.* Shall I then live, while all my people fall ?

*Ab.* Ah, come ! . . . Alas ! the tumult grows : approaches.

*Sa.* My children, . . . Jonathan, . . . do they too fly ?

Do they abandon me ? . . .

*Ab.* O Heav'ns ! . . . Thy children, . . .

No, no ; they fled not . . . Ill-starr'd progeny ! . . .

*Sa.* I understand thee : they are all destroy'd . . .

*Mi.* Alas ! . . . My brothers ? . . .

*Ab.* Thou no more hast sons.

*Sa.*—What now remains for me ? . . . Thou, thou alone,

But not for me, remainest.—In my heart

Have I been long time finally resolved :

And now the hour is come.—This, Abner, is

The last of my commands. My daughter now

Guide to some place of safety.

*Mi.* Father, no ;

Around thee will I twine myself : the foe

Will never aim a sword against a woman.

*Sa.* O daughter ! . . . say no more : compel me not

To weep. A conquer'd king should never weep.

Save her, O Abner, go : but, if she fall

Within the foeman's hands, say not, O no,

That she's the child of Saul ; but rather tell them

That she is David's wife ; they will respect her.

Go ; fly . . .

*Ab.* She shall, I swear to thee, be safe,

If I can aught avail ; but thou meantime . . .



*Mi.* My father . . . ah! . . . I will not, will not leave thee . . .

*Sa.* I will it: and I yet am King. But see,  
The armed bands approach. Fly, Abner, fly:  
Drag her by force with thee, if it be needful.

*Mi.* O father! . . . and for ever? . . .

## SCENE V

## SAUL

*Sa.* O my children! . . .

—I was a father.—See thyself alone,  
O King; of thy so many friends and servants,  
Not one remains.—Inexorable God,  
Is Thy retributory wrath appeased?—  
But, thou remain'st to me, O sword: now come,  
My faithful servant in extremity.—  
Hark, hark! the howlings of the haughty victors:  
The flashing of their burning torches glares  
Before my eyes already, and I see  
Their swords by thousands . . .—O thou vile Philistia,  
Me thou shalt find, but like a King, here . . . dead.<sup>1</sup>—

The Oriental and Biblical coloring given to the language and the situations in the play is peculiar to it, and the lyrical passages are beautiful and skillfully introduced. This was the last of the original set of fourteen tragedies which Alfieri wrote in the seven years ending in 1782. At the end of *Saul*, he wrote, "Here I lay down the buskin forever." Seven years later he added, "Fool that I was, I thought so then; but I had scarcely begun."

V. MONTI. Vincenzo Monti was born near Ravenna in 1754, and died at Milan in 1828. He was a professor of rhetoric at Pavia and

<sup>1</sup>As he falls transfixed on his own sword, the victorious Philistines come up to him in a crowd with blazing torches and bloody swords. While they rush with loud cries toward Saul, the curtain falls.

held important political offices, but the weakness and vanity of his character caused him to favor in turn every party as it became successful. Nevertheless, he had exquisite taste and a brilliant imagination which enabled him to excel both in epic poetry and in tragedy. Following Dante's example, he assisted in the movement to return literature to those severe beauties which characterized the infancy of the art in Italy and is perhaps best known by his tragedies, which in loftiness of character, energy of sentiment, and simplicity of incident are strikingly similar to the work of Alfieri.

His tragedy *Aristodemus*, which is founded on the narrative of Pausanius, is characterized by Sismondi as one of the most affecting of all the Italian tragedies. Aristodemus, in order to gain the suffrages of his fellow citizens and to attain regal power, has, fifteen years before the opening of the play, offered his daughter as a sacrifice to the gods. While in his public capacity he is represented as one of the heroes of antiquity, yet his remorse at the crime he has committed is terrible in its intensity. Moreover, he has a profound love for another daughter who has long been lost to him and who, he thinks, is a captive among the Spartans. The tragedy of the drama lies not in its incidents but in the picturing of his remorse, accumulating in force until in consequence at the conclusion of the plays he kills himself.

The plot of another tragedy, *Galeotto Manfredi*, is drawn from Italian chronicles of the

fifteenth century. The climax of the play is the assassination of the Prince by the order of his jealous wife, and under her own eyes.

VI. NICCOLINI. One of the most faithful and successful of the imitators of Alfieri was Giovanni Battista Niccolini (1782–1861), a Florentine by birth and best known in Italy by his beautiful tragedy, *Polyxena*. According to tradition, Polyxena, the daughter of Priam, was betrothed to Achilles at the time of his death, and was immolated after the capture of Troy by Pyrrhus, on the tomb of his father. Niccolini, however, varies the tale by supposing that Polyxena in the division of the spoils falls to the lot of Pyrrhus, that a mutual attachment is formed between them, but that the gods have decreed that the Greeks shall not return to their own country until one of the daughters of Priam shall have been sacrificed to appease the shade of Achilles. Pyrrhus is torn by the violence of his religious fervor and filial piety as opposed to his love for Polyxena. In the final scene, which is laid within the yet smoking walls of Troy, Polyxena throws herself upon the sword with which Pyrrhus was about to strike Calchus, and thus sacrifices herself. The strong features of the tragedy, according to Sismondi, lie in “the purity of the conception, the simplicity of the action, the grandeur of the characters, which are all of the first cast, without confidants or idle attendants, and the power and elevation of the language.”



## CHAPTER XIX

### MODERN POETRY

**I**NTRODUCTORY. It is impossible within any reasonable space limits to discuss or even mention the poetry of the scores of Italian writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We have thought it best to give plenty of space to the really great writers and to omit entirely those poets of less popularity and limited influence, whose works produced no important effect upon Italian literature as a whole. Many of their poems are interesting and not a few are meritorious, but the volume of the writings produced by the cultivated Italians is so great that it would require a lifetime to read it.

The last of the sixteenth century and practically the entire seventeenth was a period of decadence and decline in proper literature. A glance at the history of Italy during this

century shows the reason, for the peninsula was oppressed by a number of conscienceless tyrants, whose one aim was to prevent the free discussion of morals or politics, and who saw that all refinement and culture must of necessity operate against their schemes. Whatever literature there was possessed two grave faults which in the writings of some were carried to an extent that made them not only of little value but created, as well, examples of extremely bad style. Far-fetched analogy and an extraordinary love of antithesis killed simplicity and clearness of style, and by extraordinary circumlocutions destroyed every beauty. For instance, in describing the stars as the "shining holes of the sky," the "glowing coins of the bank of the sky" and as "bright lambskins," the writers carried euphuism to such an extent that poetry became a jest rather than an inspiration.

This extravagance culminated in the writings of Gian Battista Marino (1569-1625) and his followers. For a time he appeared to have a just idea of poetry, but he early forsook it to follow the decadent tendencies of his age. His epic *Adonis* was once extremely popular; the king of France gave him a title and paid him a high pension as a reward, but the subject was old and he added nothing to it, although it gave him an opportunity for great license and enabled him to indulge his talent for description. An example of the strained antitheses which pervade his work may be found in a description

of Love, whom he calls "lynx, bereft of light, a blindfold Argus, suckling old man and aged little boy, ignorant yet learned, naked yet armed."

From the eighteenth canto, which is called *The Death*, Sismondi quotes the following description of the chase in which Adonis was killed by the wild boar:

That soft white hand now hurls the threatening spear,  
Straining each nerve, against the monster's side,  
But, ah! in vain, to check his fierce career;  
Harmless it flew, now drew the crimson tide;  
And stouter heart and stouter arm might fear  
To urge the quivering point, he vainly tried,  
Through that dark bristling shield; like some firm wall,  
Or anvil, fix'd it stood; no red drops fall.

Adonis saw; his purple cheeks grew pale;  
The startled blood flew to his throbbing breast;  
Late he repents, late sees his bold hopes fail,  
And doubts, and turns to fly, while onward prest  
The terrors of his foe, that ever quail  
Young hunters' hearts; sharp growl, erected crest,  
And rapid pace, with eyes more fearful bright  
Than meteors seen 'mid darkest clouds of night.

Marino represents the boar as for a time enchanted by the beauty of the young hunter who is flying for his life, but when Adonis attempts to defend himself with his dart, the ferocious animal strikes him to the ground and gores his tender side with deep and terrible wounds:

Soft-breathing sighs, sweet languor, sweetest hue  
Of pallid flowers, Death's ensigns beautiful,  
With Love's triumphant smiles, no terrors threw

O'er his bright face and form, and eyes late full  
Of amorous fires. Though quench'd those orbs of blue,  
Their beauty doth not yet look cold or dull;  
Shining, as Love and Death young brothers were,  
And sported midst those graces, cold as fair.  
Cool fountains shed their urns, warm-gushing tears,  
Proud oaks and pines low bend their mournful heads,  
And Alpine height, and forest murmuring hears,  
And pours a flood of sorrow o'er the meads.  
Now weep the Nymphs, and Dryads weep with fears  
For Venus now; her lost Adonis bleeds;  
While spring and mountain-haunting Nymphs lament;  
Through springs and mountains is a sighing sent.

The followers of Marino eclipsed him completely and spread their literary conceits so thickly upon their work that the extravagant metaphors of the seventeenth century have become proverbial. The period, however, was not without those who tried to stem the tide of decadence, some by argument and others by ridicule.

Gabriello Chiabrera (1552-1638) passed a studious, uneventful life, principally at Rome and Savona, from both of which places he was banished, as it appears, because of affairs of honor in which his adversaries were probably assassinated by him. At fifty he married, but had no children. Possessing sufficient means to live in easy style, he was able to travel extensively and make literature a real profession. He produced five epic poems in the manner of Ariosto, innumerable dramatic pieces, treatises on religious subjects and three large volumes of lyrics, making a total that has been sur-

passed by few writers. His improvements in Italian verse were noteworthy, as he varied the meters, changed rhyme systems and invented two forms of verse which fitted well with the musical flow of the Italian; yet his sycophancy and lack of judgment caused him to select subjects that had in them no enduring interest. It is difficult to understand the popularity of Chiabrera or to see the justice of the remark of Cardinal Pallavicini, who said that "in order to find out whether a man had good talents, it was needful to see if Chiabrera pleased him." The reforms he attempted, however, were not readily supported, and his own writings are weakened at times by the very faults which he was the first to condemn.

Other poets, as has been intimated, exerted themselves to ridicule the strange style out of existence. Their writings made a great stir in Italy, but although their success was considerable, only a few of them are read to-day, and they are doomed to be forgotten. Among them may be mentioned Menzini and Salvator Rosa (1615-1676). While the former wrote better verses and showed greater skill in the art of poesy, yet the reputation of the latter is the greater, perhaps because he was a skilled painter as well as a poet. Some of his lyrics, which, by the way, display the same energy and life that he exhibited in his paintings, he set to music. The best-known of his satires, in which he was by no means adept and in which he displayed his learning ostentatiously, are



on the subjects War, Envy, Poetry and Music. His long-continued bitter and shameless attacks upon Michelangelo have always been condemned.

Francesco Redi (1629–1697) made a name and fame for himself both as a doctor of medicine and as one of the most brilliant men of letters of his day, and his investigations or experiments were valuable in the domain of biology. His lyrical poems are remembered only by students as examples of pure diction, but his dithyramb, *Bacchus in Tuscany*, describes with great delicacy and wit the characteristics of the different kinds of Italian wines and their effects upon the drinker. The poem mimics the phases of a drunken fit, and in a variety of meters and most plausible phrases becomes wilder and wilder as it proceeds.

*The Gentle Soul* is thus translated by Walter Savage Landor:

Ye gentle souls! ye love-devoted fair!

Who, passing by, to Pity's voice incline,

O stay a while and hear me! then declare

If there was ever grief that equals mine.

There was a woman to whose sacred breast

Faith had retired, where Honor fixed his throne;

Pride, though upheld by Virtue, she repressed—

Ye gentle souls, that woman was my own!

Beauty was more than beauty in her face;

Grace was in all she did, in all she said—

In sorrow and in pleasure there was grace:

Ye gentle souls, that gentle soul is fled!

Edmund Gosse thus translates *Love, the Minstrel*:

Love is the minstrel, for in God's own sight,  
The master of all melody, he stands,  
And holds a golden rebeck in his hands,  
And leads the chorus of the saints in light;  
But ever and anon those chambers bright  
Detain him not, for down to these low lands  
He flies, and spreads his musical commands,  
And teaches men some fresh divine delight.  
For with his bow he strikes a single chord  
Across a soul, and wakes in it desire  
To grow more pure and lovely and aspire  
To that ethereal country where, outpoured  
From myriad stars that stand before the Lord,  
Love's harmonies are like a flame of fire.

*The Garden of Earthly Love* is translated by Edmund Gosse as follows:

O ye that follow Virtue, go not there!  
Those meadows are the flowery ways of Love,  
And he who there as Lord and King doth move  
Is ever on the watch to trap and snare  
Th' incautious hearts of all the young and fair;  
And if those sunny, perilous ways ye prove,  
Your soul will flutter like a caged dove.  
Oh, pause, and taste not that perfumed air!  
Those shy, white-breasted girls who smile and stand  
With flower-bound hair, and singing, hand in hand,  
Among the roses will lay wait for you,  
And clip your wings, and never let you through,  
But shut your soul up in a thirsty land,  
And Love will come with them and mock you too!

Undoubtedly the greatest name of this epoch is that of Alessandro Tassoni (1565-1635), whose *Rape of the Bucket*, a burlesque epic, is a poem of reputation throughout Europe.

He was a man with a natural love for freedom, and utter contempt for everything servile and cringing, but his own circumstances and the influences of the times were sadly against him, and his poverty compelled him to dance attendance on the wealthy. The *Rape of the Bucket* was published under a pseudonym at Paris in 1622, after it had long circulated in manuscript form. For his plot he took a real incident of a serio-comic nature, the war which in the thirteenth century had broken out between the republics of Modena and Bologna respecting a bucket which the inhabitants of Modena had carried off. Some of the characters are historical and others were sketched from Tassoni's contemporaries, and the treatment of the whole subject is admirable. Here and there are passages of great charm and touches of pathos which show the ability of the writer as a poet, but it is the humor and sarcasm of the piece which are its greatest strength. The wretched dissensions which had been the ruin of Italy could not be described with more biting irony. Other writers attempted the mock-heroic, but none succeeded so well as Tassoni.

We ought not to close this section without mention of two friends of Redi at the Tuscan court. Benedetto Menzini (1646-1704) wrote caustic satires and clever odes and produced poetry as good as could be expected in that age. As an example of his best style we have the satiric sonnet:

A tender slip of laurel I of late  
    Implanted in fair soil, and Heaven besought  
    To prosper till it might, to fullness brought,  
Enshade the brow august of Laureate;  
And Zephyrus to boot did supplicate  
    To fan with soothing wing, lest harm in aught  
    By bitter breath of Boreas should be wrought,  
Loosed from the cave where Aeolus holds state.  
Tardy and difficult, full well I know,  
    The upward striving of Apollo's spray,  
    Matched with frail growths that lightly come and go;  
Yet chide we not the fortunate delay,  
    If, when the bay is worthy of the brow,  
    Brow there be also worthy of the bay.

Redi's other friend was Vincenzo Filicaja (1642-1707), a brilliant example of the man who studied and wrote poetry as an art, but in whom the poetic inspiration was often lacking. He was deeply religious, a grave and honorable magistrate, who sang the triumphs of Christianity. Early disappointed in love, he carried the wound through life, and in many instances his own grief appears with remarkable dignity in his sonnets. Majesty and tenderness, combined with pomp of diction, confined, however, within the limits of good taste, are the characteristics by which he is best known. Upon the deliverance of Vienna by the great Sobieski he wrote a cycle of odes which is a grand monument to his genius. By far the finest of his sonnets, however, is the famous one to which the Italians turn with great reverence:

Italia, O Italia, doomed to wear  
    The fatal wreath of loveliness, and so  
    The record of illimitable woe

Branded for ever on thy brow to bear!  
Would that less beauty or more vigor were  
Thy heritage! that they who madly glow  
For that which their own fury layeth low,  
More terrible might find thee, or less fair!  
Nor from thine Alpine rampart should the horde  
Of spoilers then descend, or crimson stain  
Of rolling Po quench thirst of Gallic steed:  
Nor should'st thou, girded with another's sword,  
Smite with a foreign arm, enslavement's chain,  
Victor or vanquished, equally thy meed.

II. THE ARCADIAN ACADEMY. At the close of the seventeenth century literary academies were very much the fashion in Italy, and practically every city was the home of one or more of them. The names which they bore were fanciful and grotesque enough, such, for instance, as *The Unconquered*, *The Dissonant*, *The Insipid*, *The Illuminated* and *The Tipsy*. All wasted their time in foolish discussions upon the most trivial questions and in the production of wishy-washy poetry on silly subjects. It is related that at the meetings of one of the celebrated academies of Milan a little child, scarcely able to talk, was placed upon a table, and its answers to profound questions were accepted with extreme gravity by the members, who proceeded to debate the value of the infantile oracles. Membership in these academies, however, was considered a high honor; a card of introduction to one of them was a favor almost too great to be asked, and was invariably accepted with the highest gratitude.

The absurd length to which the Marinists and the academicians had gone led to the formation of a new academy, whose professed purpose was to counteract the twaddle of the others and substitute in place of their platitudes literature of a higher nature. The founder of the Arcadian was Crescimbeni, a rather dull man but an inveterate maker of verses, who was held in high esteem during his own day. His idea was to imitate as closely as possible in his academy the pastoral affectations of classic days, and the languorous, sentimental Italians accepted the notion with enthusiasm.

The Central Roman Arcadia, the "Arch-Flock," was located at Rome, and within three years it had acquired a membership of thirteen hundred; each of these had qualified as a poet. They took names of the shepherds and shepherdesses out of Theocritus and displayed their writings under such pseudonyms as Thyrsides, Meliboeus, Chloris, Phyllis, etc. No one appears to have noticed the absurdity of such affectations, and the gravest judges and most learned men rejoiced in their membership and their pastoral names. Giudici in his history of Italian literature says: "Happily, the fire of Arcadian verse did not really burn! The institution was at first derided, then it triumphed and prevailed in such fame and greatness that, shining forth like a new sun, it consumed the splendor of the lesser lights of heaven, eclipsing the glitter of all those

academies—The Thunderstruck, The Extravagant, The Humid, The Tipsy, The Imbeciles and the like—which had hitherto formed the glory of the Peninsula.”

In spite of the sentimentalism of its members and the weakness of their poetry, their influence was on the whole for the good of literature, and the Arcadians may be said to have prepared the way for the literary revival which marked the eighteenth century. People outside of Italy sought membership long after the Academy had ceased to be influential, and Longfellow, when in Rome, was visited by the secretary of the Arcadians in that city, presented with a glowing sonnet in his honor, and afterwards made a member of the body and given lands and titles in the imaginary realm of Arcadia. The value which Longfellow placed upon this honor may be estimated from the fact that, in telling of the circumstance afterwards, he said that he could remember nothing of his new name except that it was “Olympico-something.”

The best account of the Arcadians is the delightful first chapter of Vernon Lee's *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy*, in which she tells of her discovery of the chief fold of the academy in Rome and her visits thereto. She describes this *Bosco Parrasio* as follows: “The house, once the summer resort of Arcadian sonneteers, was now abandoned to a family of market-gardeners, who hung their hats and jackets on the marble heads of im-

provvisatori and crowned poetesses, and threw their beans, maize and garden tools into the corners of the desolate reception-rooms, from whose mildewed walls looked down a host of celebrities—brocaded doges, powdered princesses and scarlet-robed cardinals, simpering drearily in their desolation,” and “sad, haggard poetesses in sea-green and sky-blue draperies, with lank, powdered locks and meager arms, holding lyrics; fat, ill-shaven priests in white bands and mop-wigs; sonneteer-ing ladies, sweet and vapid in dove-colored stomachers and embroidered sleeves; jolly extemporaneous poets, flaunting in many-colored waistcoats and gorgeous shawls.” Her picture of the first men of the institution and of the fluent versifiers who took themselves so seriously with their crooks and their wigs and their ethereal possessions, is charming enough to be quoted, but its extreme length prevents.

Two of the Arcadians showed real poetic genius, namely, the two Zappis of Imola. Filice wrote exquisite sonnets, madrigals and lyrical trifles, whose melody is not often marred by dissonance. The work of Fostina, his wife, is more ambitious but less finished. Nevertheless, some of her sonnets are beautiful, and are marked by heartfelt sincerity, as, for example, the following:

Lady, on whom my Lord was wont to gaze  
Complacent so, that oft unto mine ear  
Of thy abundant tress and aspect clear  
And silvery speech he yet resounds the praise;



Tell me, when thou to him discourse didst raise,  
Seemed he, immersed in musing, not to hear?  
Or, as to me may chance, did look austere,  
And moody frown his countenance deface?  
Time was, I know, when passionate and weak  
Thy fair eyes found him, and I know that, till—  
But ah! what blushes mantle on thy cheek!  
Thy glance declines to earth, thy eyelids thrill!  
Answer, I pray thee—no! hush! never speak  
If thou wouldst tell me that he loves thee still!

III. MONTI AND FOSCOLO. We have now reached the period of the French Revolution, in which were laid the foundations of modern thought and modern liberty. The Italians were not the originators of the Revolution, nor were they among the first to profit directly by its influence; yet, when it came, it meant more to them than to any other nation of Europe. During the Napoleonic wars, however, and the subsequent domination of Austria, Italy learned the futility of her own disjointed members, recognized the kinship of her scattered people and felt a spirit of real unity. Moreover, her sons fought on the battlefields of Europe, and as a result brought home to their mother country a realization of the sternness and beauty of war for freedom, a realization which prepared the way for another and better régime. The old orders of society discovered their weakness, frivolity and lack of moral stamina. A luxurious life frittered away in idleness and dissipation looked petty in comparison with the manful struggles that were going on around them.

While the Revolution did not at once bring a purer morality into Italy, it did make to appear disgraceful many of the things which had been previously tolerated, if not openly sanctioned. For instance, the lover (*cavalier servente*), who was recognized as the petted attendant upon almost every society woman, was looked upon with the contempt he deserved, and disappeared entirely from Italian view. The great changes which the Revolution brought, if not immediate, came slowly and remorselessly on, yet with characteristic Italian fitfulness they were many times abandoned before being accepted permanently. Many poets wrote during this stormy epoch, but war is not favorable to high art, to careful workmanship or to inspiration, and little was produced that has any present popularity. The two best-known men of that time were Vincenzo Monti, of whose dramatic works we have spoken, and Ugo Foscolo. Both of them lived at the capital of Lombardy, though neither was born in that principality. Monti came from the Arcadian fold at Rome, while Foscolo was born at Zante, an island of the Greek archipelago.

A comparatively insignificant event at Rome made a great impression upon the ardent Monti and inspired him with a warm admiration for the leaders of the Revolution. Ugo Basville, the secretary of the French legation at Naples, appeared at Rome wearing the tricolor of the French Republic, and in the tumult

which followed he lost his life. Monti seized upon the insignificant Basville and made him the hero of an epic modeled closely upon Dante's *Inferno*, but expressed with an originality and ornamented with a freedom and beauty that an imitator rarely possesses. Monti sees Basville at the moment of his death repenting of his republicanism and receiving pardon on condition that he make a pilgrimage through the nether regions until the crimes of his native country have received their just punishment. In detailing the experiences of the wandering soul Monti reviews the events of the French Revolution, exhibits the desolation of the country and gives a description of the allied armies about to swoop down to the destruction of Paris. The *Basvigliana* is written in majestic verse that abounds in noble expressions and rich coloring. In the first of its eighteen cantos Monti describes the soul of Basville bidding adieu to his body:

And then he cast a glance upon the corse,  
His earthly consort, in whose every vein  
Anger and zeal had open'd life's red source.

Oh, sleep in peace! he said: oh! of my pain  
Beloved companion, till that final day,  
When the great trumpet wakens thee again!

And lightly on thee press the earth's cold clay,  
Nor rudely blow the winds of heaven o'er thee,  
Nor ever traveler taunt thee on his way!

The entry of Basville into Paris is made at the moment of the execution of Louis XVI:

The Shade upon his guide, whose cheeks were stain'd  
With tears, in wonder gazed, and on each street,  
Along whose bounds still deepest silence reign'd.

Mute was the brazen trumpet, and the feet  
Of artizans were heard not, nor did sound  
Of anvil, or of saw, the strangers greet;

A whisper only tremblingly crept round,  
'Mid guarded looks, and fearful questionings,  
While grief within each heavy heart was found.

Voices were heard, confused murmurings,  
The voice of many a mother, who in fear  
Her trembling arms around her infant flings;

Voices of wives, who, as their husbands dear  
Pass o'er the threshold, on their footsteps press,  
And stay their ardent course with sigh and tear;

But woman's love and kindly tenderness  
Were conquer'd by their fury's fiercer power,  
Which tore them from the conjugal caress.

This, the greatest poem of Monti, shows him an opponent of the Revolution, and to an extent places him outside the group who represent modern ideas of liberty, but he was unspeculative, changeable, and so prudent as to be unable to hold friends from any side. In time he lost his court position, retired to private life and spent his latter days in embittered controversies and wearisome neglect.

Ugo Foscolo (1778-1827) was a remarkable contrast to Monti, at one time his champion and at another his bitter adversary. Foscolo's character was a more wholesome one than that of Monti, though he was violent, vain

and adventurous. His life was a disturbed and anxious one, and his ill-regulated passion tended to make him so gloomy and sad that at one time he contemplated suicide; but a term of service in an army destined for the invasion of England brought him to his senses, and he spent many years as a literary man in Milan, whence at the overthrow of the Empire he was banished because of his refusal to praise Napoleon or yield to the Austrians. Ultimately he went to England, where he was warmly received, but his extravagance and irregular manner of life alienated most of his friends, though he is said to have been surrounded to the end of his days by all that was luxurious and beautiful.

Besides many critical and literary essays, which here we shall have no occasion to discuss, he wrote several tragedies which attained no great popularity. *The Graves* is the finest of his poems, the one of which Arnaud says: "Not Jena nor Friedland could dull the sensation it imparted to the Italian republic of letters." Guidici calls it the sublimest lyrical composition modern literature has produced; De Sanctis describes it as the "earliest lyrical note of the new literature, the affirmation of rehabilitated conscience of the new manhood." Foscolo's *The Last Letters of Jacopo Ortis*, an imitation of Goethe's *Werther*, is one of the best productions of Italian romanticism.

IV. PINDEMONTI. Ippolito Pindemonti (1753-1828), born of a rich and cultured Vero-

nese family, showed poetic taste from childhood, and traveled and studied extensively in most of the countries of Europe. Although there is little resemblance between him and Foscolo, either in manner of living or of writing, their names are frequently associated because of a reply which Pindemonti wrote to Foscolo's *The Graves*, a subject which he treated with a tranquil spirit of resignation. His finest work, however, is the *Antonio Foscarini*, a true tale written in elegant verse. Pindemonti was a gentle, melancholy man who resembled our own Cowper in disposition and manner of writing, although he does not occupy in literature as high a place as his English counterpart. The prevailing taste in poetry at that time needed to be purified and ennobled by being brought closer to nature, and this duty was performed by Pindemonti with great skill and beauty, first in a poem which he wrote after the loss of a friend and an attack of sickness borne by himself. In those verses he muses on his own tomb, a humble stone unmarked by any inscription :

Oh, then, thus softly to the silent bed  
Of the dark tomb let me at length descend ;  
Where the bleak path which now on earth I tread,  
So dear and yet so sad, shall have an end.  
Day shall return ; but this unconscious head  
Shall never from its pillow damp ascend,  
Nor on the fields and all their tenants gaze,  
Nor watch the setting sun's sweet parting rays.

Perchance, across these pleasant hills, one day,  
In search of me some much-loved friend will come,

And asking for me, as he takes his way,  
 Some peasant-boy will lead him to my tomb;  
 My tomb—this nameless stone—where oft I stray  
 And rest my weary limbs as 'twere my home,  
 And sit unmoved and sad, or to the breeze  
 Pour all my soul's poetic ecstasies.

And these dark groves, which o'er me gently sigh,  
 In death above my peaceful grave shall nod,  
 And the tall grass, so welcome to my eye,  
 Over my head shall deck the verdant sod.  
 "O happy thou!" my friend perchance shall cry,  
 "The calm and lonely path which thou hast trod  
 Hath led thy footsteps to a holier state,  
 And half deceived the stern decrees of Fate."

The resemblance of his style to that of the English poet Gray cannot but be noticed here, and is seen even more clearly in other writings. The nobility and purity of Pindemonti's sentiments draws us to him, particularly as many of his subjects are taken from English life or that foreign to Italy. Nevertheless, his affection for his own land was strong and permanent:

Oh! happy he, whose foot hath never stray'd  
 O'er the sweet threshold of his native land;  
 Whose heart hath never been enthrall'd to those  
 He ne'er again must see; whose spirit mourns not  
 For those that live, though ever dead to him.

A little further on are the following lines:

And if the importunate  
 Stern hand of death should seek thee, dost not fear  
 That it should find thee in the wretched chamber  
 Of some poor hostel, far from all thy friends  
 Mid unaccustom'd faces, in the arms

Of thine hired servant, who, though erewhile faithful,  
Corrupted by temptations on thy travels,  
Now casts a greedy eye upon thy mails,  
Furnished with snow-white linen, silks, and goods  
Of price, till in his heart at least he kills thee?  
No pious kinsman comes, no weeping friend,  
To close thine eyes; nor can thy languid hand  
Clasp with faint grasp some dear and faithful palm.  
Thy dying wandering eyes in vain would rest  
Upon some much-loved object, till at length,  
Discerning nought they love to gaze upon,  
They close amid thy sighs.

V. MANZONI. Alessandro Manzoni was born in Milan in 1785, at the time when Alfieri was at the height of his power and influence. Pietro Manzoni, the father of Alessandro, belonged to the nobility, but the title *Count*, which his son had a perfect right to bear, was rejected by him. Alessandro's mother, a remarkably intelligent woman of high character and fine disposition, was the daughter of Beccaria, the famous author of the humane work, *Crimes and Punishments*.

As was the custom of wealthy Lombards, the child Alessandro was sent to the hills, where with an intelligent nurse and governess he gained a ruggedness of health that carried him through the vicissitudes of his long life. If we may believe reports, the boy was not an apt pupil and, in fact, learned rather slowly, but the splendid opportunities which were given him in excellent schools and colleges bore fruit, and by the time he had reached manhood he was well educated and scholarly in tastes and



habits. He was quite young when he met Vincenzo Monti, then one of the most popular poets in Italy, and he attracted the attention of the great man, for whom he conceived a profound admiration. When Alessandro was twenty, his father died; several years later the mother's health failed, and Alessandro left college to accompany her to Auteuil, a fashionable watering-place in France, where the young student met and gained the interest of some of the leading thinkers of France. Their influence upon their young friend was very marked, and for a time Alessandro appeared to imbibe their atheistic principles and to wander still further away from strict Catholicism in a path he had already entered. However, a revulsion came, and Manzoni finally emerged from his friendship with those men a more pronounced churchman than he had been when he met them.

In 1810 he married Henriette Blondel, the daughter of a Genoese banker, who, though a Protestant by birth, had been converted to Catholicism, and her unbounded enthusiasm carried Manzoni with it and established him so firmly in her faith that he never abandoned it. She was a beautiful woman, remembered in Milan for her "fresh blonde head and her blue eyes, her lovely eyes." The young husband retired with his wife to a country seat which she bought for him, and there he began his literary career, adopting for his models Alfieri, Monti and Foscolo. His very first

works were a series of beautiful hymns of deeply-religious feeling; appearing, as they did, when the tendencies of literature were toward atheism, the young poet was regarded by all churchmen as a valuable recruit to their forces. Even then, however, Manzoni did not believe in the temporal power of the Pope, and his religious attitude may be best understood from the remarks he is said to have made to Madame Colet:

I bow humbly to the Pope, and the Church has no more respectful son; but why confound the interests of earth and those of heaven? The Roman people are right in asking their freedom—there are hours for nations, as for governments, in which they must occupy themselves, not with what is convenient, but with what is just. Let us lay hands boldly upon the temporal power, but let us not touch the doctrine of the Church. The one is as distinct from the other as the immortal soul from the frail and mortal body. To believe that the Church is attacked in taking away its earthly possessions is a real heresy to every true Christian.

In 1833 his wife died, and four years later he married Teresa Borri, the widow of Count Stampa. Subsequently his was the quiet life of a refined man of the highest culture, and he was rewarded by seeing the cause of national freedom, which he had always advocated so eloquently, win its way, and the King, to whom he had been so devoted, unite under his rule the scattered states of Italy. He saw, too, with quiet gratification the fall of the temporal power of the Pope, and then in 1873, with his children grown up about him, he passed away.

His death is described in a Milanese journal published at that time:

Towards mid-day he turned suddenly to the household friends about him, and said: "This man is failing—sinking—call my confessor!" The confessor came, and he communed with him half an hour, speaking, as usual, from a mind calm and clear. After the confessor left the room, Manzoni called his friends and said to them: "When I am dead, do what I did every day: pray for Italy—pray for the king and his family—so good to me!" His country was the last thought of this great man dying as in his whole long life it had been his most vivid and constant affection.

The name of Manzoni is universally regarded as one of the greatest in Italian literature. Moreover, he was the scholar and the man of letters in the group that brought about the unification of Italy, and his work was accomplished through his writings rather than by any active participation in political affairs. To comprehend his genius and his position in Italy, we must study him as a poet, a dramatist and a novelist. The quantity of his poetry is small indeed, and its influence must be attributed not only to its fineness but also to its peculiar fitness for the time at which it appeared. All Italy was in a ferment, and the excitable race was ready and willing to read into every sentence its favorite wrote a volume of meaning which perhaps is not apparent to the foreigner, but there are few poets who have written any more beautiful hymns, and there are few odes that surpass the greatest of Manzoni.

That hymn appointed for Whitsunday, published in 1815, is considered the finest, but outside of Church circles none attracted much attention until after the publication of his famous ode on the death of Napoleon, *The Fifth of May*. Italians regard this ode as the most perfect lyric of modern times, and every one admits its grandeur. William Dean Howells, who has made the finest translation, says somewhat doubtfully of his own work: "But there is yet no photography that transfers the splendor itself, the life, the light, the color; I can give the meaning, but not the feeling, that pervades every syllable as the blood warms every fiber of a man; not the words that flashed upon the poet as he wrote, nor the yet more precious and inspired words that came afterwards to his patient waiting and pondering, and touched the whole with fresh delight and grace." Two stanzas we venture to quote; more than any others they undoubtedly give some idea of its majestic beauty:

How many times, when listlessly  
In the long, dull day's declining—  
Downcast those glances fulminant,  
His arms on his breast entwining—  
He stood assailed by the memories  
Of days that were passed away;  
He thought of the camps, the arduous  
Assaults, the shock of forces,  
The lightning-flash of the infantry,  
The billowy rush of horses,  
The thrill in his supremacy,  
The eagerness to obey.

Ah, haply in so great agony  
His panting soul had ended  
Despairing, but that potently  
A hand, from heaven extended,  
Into a clearer atmosphere  
In mercy lifted him.  
And led him on by blossoming  
Pathways of hope ascending  
To deathless fields, to happiness  
All earthly dreams transcending,  
Where in the glory celestial  
Earth's fame is dumb and dim.

Some of the lyrics in his tragedies deserve almost equal words of praise; one from the *Adelchi* we reproduce in the slightly abridged version by Miss Ellen Clerke:

From moss-covered ruin of edifice nameless,  
From forests, from furnaces idle and flameless,  
From furrows bedewed with the sweat of the slave,  
A people dispersed doth arouse and awaken,  
With senses all straining and pulses all shaken,  
At a sound of strange clamor that swells like a wave.

In visages pallid, and eyes dim and shrouded,  
As blinks the pale sun through a welkin beclouded,  
The might of their fathers a moment is seen;  
In eye and in countenance doubtfully blending,  
The shame of the present seems dumbly contending  
With pride in the thought of a past that hath been.

Now they gather in hope to disperse panic-stricken,  
And in tortuous ways their pace slacken or quicken,  
As, 'twixt longing and fear, they advance or stand still,  
Gazing once and again where, despairing and scattered,  
The host of their tyrants flies broken and shattered  
From the wrath of the swords that are drinking their  
fill.

As wolves that the hunter hath cowed and subjected,  
Their hair on their hides in dire horror erected,  
So these to their covert distractedly fly;  
And hope springs anew in the breast of the peasant;  
O'ertaking the future in joy of the present,  
He sees his chain broken, and broken for aye.

Nay, hearken! Yon heroes in victory warring,  
From refuge and rescue the routed debarring,  
By path steep and rugged have come from afar,  
Forsaking the halls of their festive carousing,  
From downy repose on soft couches arousing,  
In haste to obey the shrill summons of war.

They have left in their castles their wives broken-  
hearted,  
Who, striving to part, still refused to be parted,  
With pleadings and warnings that died on the tongue.  
The war-dinted helmet the brow hath surmounted,  
And soon the dark chargers are saddled and mounted,  
And hollow the bridge to their gallop hath rung.

From land unto land they have speeded and fled,  
With lips that the lay of the soldier repeated,  
But hearts that have harbored their home and its  
bowers.

They have watched, they have starved, by grim dis-  
cipline driven,  
And hauberk and helm have been battered and riven,  
And arrows around them have whistled in showers.

And deem ye, poor fools! that the meed and the guerdon  
That lured from afar were to lighten your burden,  
Your wrongs to abolish, your fate to reverse?  
Go! back to the wrecks of your palaces stately,  
To the forges whose glow ye extinguished so lately,  
To the field ye have tilled in the sweat of your curse!

The victor and vanquished, in amity knitted,  
Have doubled the yoke of your shoulders refitted;  
One tyrant had quelled you, and now ye have twain.

They cast forth the lot for the serf and the cattle,  
They throne on the sods that yet bleed from their battle,

And the soil and the hind are their servants again.

His dramatic works consist of two tragedies, the *Carmagnola*, published in 1820, and the *Adelchi*, in 1822. Neither was successful on the stage, and both are to be regarded as literary productions rather than acting plays.

In the former the Count of Carmagnola is a soldier of fortune in command of the Venetians, who are at war with the Duke of Milan. The Senate, following its usual custom of surveillance over its mercenary soldiers, sent two commissioners into the armies to be spies upon the conduct of the Count. After the battle of Maclodio, the mercenaries of the victorious Venetians began to set free their comrades in arms who had served upon the other side. When the commissioners protested against this sacrifice of costly gains, Carmagnola assured them that it was customary, and that he could not stop it; in fact, he went still farther, and himself liberated some of the prisoners. When his conduct was reported to the Senate they immediately suspected him of treason, an idea which gained strength because of his previous service with the Duke of Milan. Accordingly, he was invited to Venice, where he was received with great honor and conducted with the most flattering ovation to the hall of the great council. Here, after only so much delay as was necessary to entice his followers from the room,

the Doge ordered him to be seized, and after a speedy trial he was put to death.

The plot of the *Adelchi* is laid at the time of the downfall of the Longobard kingdom and the invasion of the Franks. Adelchi and his father Desiderio are kings of the Longobards. Ermenegarda, the sister of Adelchi, espoused to Carlo, the Frankish King, but repudiated by him, has returned to her native city of Pavia. After the Longobards have seized certain lands belonging to the Church, the latter has sent an embassy to invite the Franks to come to the assistance of the ecclesiastics. In the Valley of Susa the invaders defeat the Longobards, and in this scene is introduced the great lyric which aroused the patriotic spirit of the Italians by showing that no matter which side won, the Italian peasants suffered. The Longobards retire to Verona, and with the war still in progress around her Ermenegarda dies in a convent near Brescia. There are desertions from the Longobards, Desiderio is captured, Adelchi makes his last fight at Verona, is mortally wounded and brought prisoner to his father in the tent of Carlo, and there dies in the affecting scene with which the play closes.

Aside from their lyric interest and their political influence, the tragedies of Manzoni are noteworthy because of the canons of structure which he maintained throughout, a series of principles which, adopted and reinforced by the French, really established the form of the modern drama. Manzoni maintained that his-



toric fact rather than poetic invention should rule the composer, that the old Greek unities of time and place need not be observed, that dialogues and style should be perfectly natural, and that the chorus should be a running commentary on the scenes enacted and should give the author an opportunity to express freely his own feelings. It was in accordance with this latter principle that Manzoni wrote those lyric choruses to which we have alluded.

The masterpiece of Manzoni and his most influential work was his novel, *I Promessi Sposi* (*The Betrothed*), of which we shall treat at length in the chapter on modern prose.

VI. LEOPARDI. Count Giacomo Leopardi was born in the little village of Recanati, in June, 1798, in the midst of grinding poverty. His father, whose position was of little importance even in his own family, spent most of his time shut up in a library, where he had accumulated a collection of books not frequently equaled at that time. Bigoted, narrow-minded and opposed to progress, he could see no future for a nervous, sickly and deformed son but within the Church, and to this the boy strenuously objected. That Giacomo's childhood was loveless and unhappy is proved by many allusions in his writings. In a letter to his elderly friend, Giordani, he writes: "Do not speak to me of Recanati. It is so dear to me that it furnishes me with excellent ideas for a treatise on hatred of one's country. But my country is Italy; for which I burn with love,

thanking heaven for having made me Italian." The lonesome boy inherited from his father a passion for study, and devoted himself with an unsparing energy to the languages without any instruction excepting that given by a tutor in the fundamentals. By the time he was sixteen Giacomo had mastered Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish and English, but he had permanently wrecked his health, which was never good, and had fastened upon himself a brooding melancholy that never departed. At seventeen he was writing remarkable articles on philology, at eighteen had composed a long poem upon the omnipotence of death; when he was but twenty he produced his wonderful ode to Italy and an almost equally famous one on the Dante monument which was then being erected in Florence. He was rebellious enough in his narrow life and sought again and again to leave the village, but his father held him rigidly there until at twenty-four the young man severed the ties that bound him to his home, went to Rome and began there that series of unhappy wanderings in which he was tormented by unceasing physical ailments that ended only with his sudden death in his thirty-ninth year. A collection of his letters, extending from 1812 to a few days before his death, gives an intimate picture of the inner man in a familiar style characterized by notable sincerity.

Leopardi's odes are full of the revolutionary spirit of his time but are clouded by his

own bitter disappointments, among which was an ill-fated passion for a young lady, of whom he saw little, but whose voice he frequently heard as she sang in her house across from his father's. This tender passion was nipped in the bud by the stern father, but Leopardi carried the memory of it with him always.

De Sanctis says: "The objects of our desire he called idols; our labors, idleness; and everything, vanity. . . . Inertia—rust, as it were—even more than pain consumed his life, alone in what he called 'this formidable desert of the world.' "

It is the ode *To Italy* upon which rests his chief fame as a patriotic poet, though some of his other lyrics are much more beautiful. Patriotism was the strong element in his character, the one always forcing itself to the surface and speaking in inspiring words to his fellow Italians. The following lines are from the ode in the version of W. D. Howells:

Where are thy sons? I hear the sound of arms,  
Of wheels, of voices, and of drums;  
In foreign fields afar  
Thy children fight and fall.  
Wait, Italy, wait! I see, or seem to see,  
A tumult as of infantry and horse,  
And smoke and dust, and the swift flash of swords  
Like lightning among clouds.  
Wilt thou not hope? Wilt thou not lift and turn  
Thy trembling eyes upon the doubtful close?  
For what, in yonder fields,  
Combats Italian youth? O gods, ye gods,  
For other lands Italian swords are drawn!

Oh, misery for him who dies in war,  
Not for his native shores and his beloved,  
His wife and children dear,  
But by the foes of others  
For others' cause, and cannot dying say,  
"Dear land of mine,  
The life thou gavest me I give thee back."

It is so difficult to render the music and beauty of his minor lyrics that we must content ourselves with the following simple paraphrase of *To Sylvia*, which is one of the masterpieces:

Canst thou remember, Sylvia, that time in thy brief existence when an all-resplendent beauty shone from thine eyes in thy fugitive, shy, and smiling glances, and, when pensive, yet gay, thou wert crossing the borders of thy childhood? The quiet chambers and the lanes around them all resounded all day to thy sweet singing when intent upon thy girlish tasks thou ponderdst, utterly content with the fair fortune which brightened in thy vision. It was in the fragrant month of May that ever thus thou dreamedst away the hours.

Leaving my fair studies, my manuscripts, and the well-thumbed volumes where I spent the slow hours of my existence, I leaned idly from the windows of my father's dwelling and listened to the music of thy sweet voice and watched the busy fingers that moved in and out through the webs that thou wast weaving. As I looked to the serene heavens, over the golden ways and happy gardens to the far-off sea and the mountains, I felt in my heart what no mortal tongue can utter.

What visions, what hopes, what loving hearts, O Sylvia, were ours! How fair and beautiful seemed human life and fate before us. When I recall those fancies, an utter desolation, a mortal sorrow, overcomes me and I return to mourn my evil fortune. O Mother Nature, why dost thou never give us that which we are at first

promised? Why so often dost thou deceive us, thy children?

Ere the verdure of the spring had faded, thou wast stricken by fell disease and fell vanquished. Thou never sawest fruition of thy tender maiden years. Never wast thy heart melted with sweet praises of thy raven tresses and swift, gentle glances.

And briefly, also, perished my own sweet hope. Even youth itself the cruel fates denied me in my childhood. Alas, alas, dear companion of my childhood! Alas, the hope I mourn for ever! Is this the world we pictured? Can these be the pleasures, the loves, the deeds, the events we talked of so fondly when we prattled there so long ago? Is this, O Heaven, the destiny of all mankind? When upon thee truth dawned, thou fellest, thy cold hand pointing to the naked tomb and pale cold death that waited thee afar.

Leopardi's prose writings are even better known than his poetry, and we shall have occasion to refer to them again.

VII. GIUSTI. While Leopardi was proclaiming his patriotism in pessimistic strains, a very different man was assailing directly with humorous indignation and a cheerful optimism the abuses he saw about him. Leopardi was an Italian classicist, while Giusti wrote in idiomatic Tuscan, and if his gifts were fewer, he was quite as original. Giuseppe Giusti was born in 1809 and died of consumption in his forty-first year. Educated as an advocate, he neglected the classic Latin and Greek, but acquired learning in his own tongue and was a keen observer of the events taking place about him. Though once or twice he entered public life, he did not find politics to his taste and

was content with a peaceful life, in which only one event stands out with prominence. He fell seriously and unhappily in love, and his emotional admirers attributed his failing health and early death to the disappointment, but much allowance must be made for the tendency that Italians, particularly, have for associating with their famous poets a disappointment in love. When, years after, Giusti saw the object of his affection, he jestingly wrote in a letter to a friend the following account of the incident:

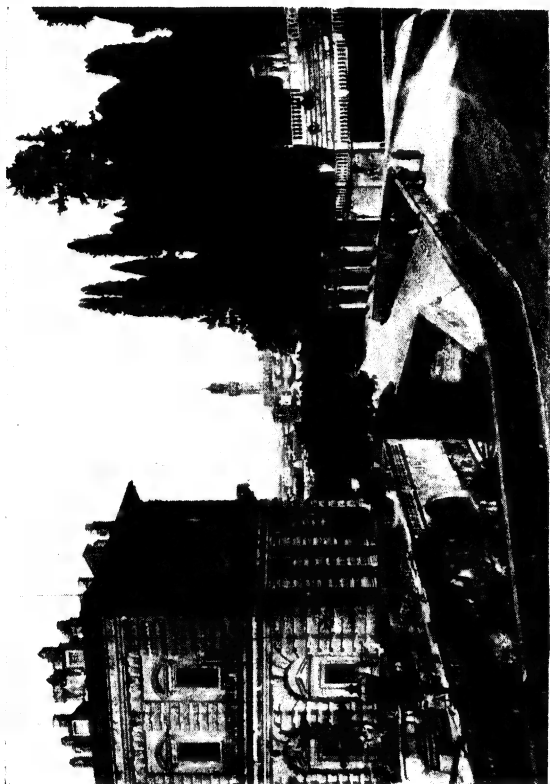
Apropos of the heart, you ask me about a certain person who once had mine, whole and sound, roots and all. I saw her this morning in passing, out of the corner of my eye, and I know that she is well and enjoying herself. As to our coming together again, the case, if it were once remote, is now impossible; for you can well imagine that, all things considered, I could never be such a donkey as to tempt her to a comparison of me with myself. I am certain that, after having tolerated me for a day or two for simple appearance' sake, she would find some good excuse for planting me a yard outside the door. In many, obstinacy increases with the ails and wrinkles; but in me, thank Heaven, there comes a meekness, a resignation, not to be expressed. Perhaps it has not happened otherwise with her. In that case we could accommodate ourselves, and talk as long as the evening lasted of magnesia, of quinine, and of nervines; lament, not the rising and sinking of the heart, but of the barometer; talk, not of the theater and all the rest, but whether it is better to crawl out into the sun like lizards, or stay at home behind battened windows. "Good-evening, dear; how have you been to-day?" "Eh! you know, my love, the usual rheumatism; but for the rest I don't complain." "Did you sleep well last night?"

"Not so bad; and you?" "Oh, little or none at all; and I got up feeling as if all my bones were broken." "My idol, take a little laudanum. Think that when you are not well I suffer with you. And your appetite, how is it?" "Oh, don't speak of it! I can't get anything down." "My soul, if you don't eat you'll not be able to keep up." "But, my heart, what would you do if the mouthfuls stuck in your throat?" "Take a little quassia; . . . but, dost thou remember, once?"—"Yes, I remember; but once was once," . . . and so forth, and so forth. Then some evening, if a priest came in, we could take a hand at whist with a dummy, and so live on to the age of crutches in a passion whose phases are confided to the apothecary rather than to the confessor.

Giusti early evinced a love for poetry, but his first essay was the theft of a sonnet, which was suspected by his teacher; however, the latter was unable to prove the charge. Giusti says:

And so we remained, he in his doubt and I in my lie. Who would have thought from this ugly beginning that I should really have gone on to make sonnets of my own? . . . The Muses once known, the vice grew upon me, and from my twelfth to my fifteenth year I rasped, and rasped, and rasped, until finally I came out with a sonnet to Italy, represented in the usual fashion by the usual matron weeping as usual over her highly-estimable misfortunes. In school, under certain priests who were more Chinese than Italian, without knowing whether Italy were round or square, long or short, how that sonnet to Italy should get into my head I don't know. I only know that it was found beautiful, and I was advised to hide it.

Giusti is unquestionably the greatest satirist in Italian literature, and in most respects was the greatest Italian poet of recent times. He



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**PITTI PALACE**

**WITH UFFIZI TOWER, FLORENCE, IN THE DISTANCE.**





was preëminently a political satirist, but not of the vulgar kind. As a general thing he did not indulge in personalities, but seized upon events and their causes, upon which he commented with satiric cunning, leaving his readers to make the personal application. Having sprung from the nobility, his interests were never thoroughly those of the people, but he was intensely loyal to Italy, and his writings played a large part in creating that popular sentiment which finally led to the stirring events of Italian unification. The greater part of his effective satires were circulated first in manuscript because of the danger he might incur by printing them openly, and when the opportunity came for issuing them in book form they were not received with the fervid joy which had met them when they were passed about in secrecy. Before the poet died, he had seen the effect of combining real poetry with satire, for so much of his writing was purely local in time and place that it has met with the same fate which has overtaken other works of similar character.

All of his compositions are short, and among them are pieces not at all satiric that show the height to which his genius might have attained had his spirit not been so completely enthralled by his patriotism. One of his most celebrated pieces is his *Lo Stivale (The Boot)*, a farcical history of Italy, in which are attributed to her all the misfits, ill-usages and patchings to which the unfortunate symbol was subjected.

Howells liked best the poem which Giusti calls *St. Ambrose*, written in 1846, when the Germans seemed firmly fixed in Milan. It is addressed to some Italian officer under the Austrian government. The following is a brief paraphrase:

Because of certain jests I made lately, your Excellency is not pleased, and because I have put rogues in pillory, you accuse me of being anti-German. Listen to a thing which happened recently:

Wandering as fate led me, by some strange accident I once entered the old church St. Ambrose at Milan. My comrade was by merest chance the young son of one Sandro (Alessandro Manzoni), the troublesome author of *I Promessi Sposi*. Your Excellency knows the book, or perhaps has given it a glance. No? I see; your head, occupied with graver interests, is dead to all such stuff as literature. God give rest to your brain! I found the church full of troops of northern soldiers—Croats, Bohemians—standing there in stiff groups like poles stuck in vineyards, or rather, stiff as if impaled in rigid soldierly lines, with tow-colored whiskers and mustaches. All stood before their God like a row of spindles. I started back, and cannot deny that, being shoved into that herd of human cattle, I felt a disgust which I suppose is unknown unto your Excellency because of your office. Begging your pardon, I must say that the altar candles seemed to be made of fat and the whole edifice stunk of grease. But when the priest had risen with the sacred wafer, there came suddenly over my disdainful mood a sweet note from the band that stood about the altar, a voice like the subdued moan of a people in grave sorrow, dreaming of their lost hopes and happiness. It was Verdi's tender chorus; the song the Lombards, dying of thirst, send up to their God, "Lord, From Thy Native Roof." But moved by this song that has thrilled countless human hearts, I began to forget

myself and went among those greasy men as if they had been of my own land and kin. Why should I apologize to your Excellency? The piece was fine and it was ours, and it was played as it should be. Old grudges are driven out by such divine music as that!

But when the piece was finished, I crept back again to my place and should have stayed there, but just then from those coarse mouths a hymn burst forth, a German anthem that on unseen wings went up to Heaven from the holy church, a prayer that seemed a lament, so pensive, grave, poetic, that in my soul it remains forever. How such heavenly harmony should dwell in the brains of those dense barbarians is more than I can tell! In that sad hymn I felt all the sweet bitterness of those songs learned in childhood from beloved voices. I felt the thought of the dear mother, a regret, a longing for love and rest—the anguish of a distant exile swept over my heart and left it weak and faint. When that strain ceased, tenderer, stronger, and clearer thoughts came to me. The same tyrant who rules Slavs and Italians tears these men, too, from their homes and the arms that cling round them and drives them here as slaves to keep us slaves. To a hard life, a stern discipline, they go, derided, dumb; blind instruments of carnage and of aims they fear not and cannot know; Lombard and Slav aid the foe who tramples both. Poor souls! Far from all they hold most dear and in a land that hates them! Who shall say that in their hearts they love our tyrant? I should like to feel they have our hate for him. At this point I turned in haste and broke away, or I should have kissed a stiff, tall corporal that stood like a scarecrow against the wall.

The sweetness that dwelt in the meek and gentle heart of Giusti, in spite of his biting humor, may be illustrated by the following paraphrase of a little poem written during his last days. It is called *A Prayer*:

For the solace of a spirit filled with doubt and sorrow, let me, O Savior, borrow from thee the light of faith. Life from the spirit the burden that crushes it. I commend myself to thee, sighing and weeping. My faded and useless life thou knowest has melted little by little like wax before the fire, like flakes of snow in the summer sun. Destroy, O Savior, the bands that keep from thee the soul that panteth for a refuge in thy bosom.

VIII. CONCLUSION. Other Italian poets there are who deserve recognition, and it is with regret that we close this chapter without giving some account of their works. We have already, however, by our extensive extracts, shown the preponderance of poetry in Italian literature, and it would be no easier to close the chapter a hundred pages hence than it is at the present time. Italy has her poets of to-day, and her musical language still lends itself to ever new forms, while the vivid imagination of her children supplies new beauties of figure and richer melodies. Of the influence which Italian poetry has had upon other nations, we have said little, leaving that subject to be treated when we shall discuss the different literatures. It suffices to say here that Italy has given to her neighbors quite as much in the way of models and of inspiration as they have furnished to her.



IN THE HARBOR OF VENICE



## CHAPTER XX

### MODERN PROSE

**F**ICTION. 1. "*I Promessi Sposi*." In the preceding chapter we have given a sketch of Manzoni's life and have discussed his work as a poet, but his masterpiece, *The Betrothed*, was the first great Italian romance and still claims the highest rank. Moreover, it is one of the classics of universal fiction, and has been translated into almost every language of the civilized world. In the beauty and thought of its descriptions, the interest of its leading characters, and its perfect fidelity to life, it is transcendently superior to most of our modern novels and romances. The book has its faults, and they are grievous. Nevertheless, as a picture of human nature, the work is above criticism. What strikes the modern English reader as most worthy of criticism is the ex-

treme prominence of the historical element and the dryness of the passages in which the author substantiates his statements by his authorities. The war, the famine and the plague at Milan, however graphically described, weary the reader and detract from the effectiveness of the plot, but they may be omitted without loss by the general reader, while the student and historian who goes to the book may read those passages with profit.

The scene is laid in Milan under the Spanish rule of the seventeenth century, and the plot concerns itself with the vicissitudes of two rustic lovers who are kept apart by a wealthy noble, who secures the assistance of a villain who subsequently becomes converted to better ways; in the end the faithful lovers are united. The realism of the work is wonderful and the minute knowledge exhibited of rustic character, of the manners and customs of the epoch, of the dissipations of the ruling classes and the methods of dealing with war, famine and pestilence, show Manzoni to have been an extremely keen observer, with a marvelous power of graphic narration. The following extracts will give an approximation of the author's style, his method of handling his scenes and his descriptive power; the long story, which fills over seven hundred pages of ordinary size, cannot be given in full. We borrow from the translation published in *Bohn's Library*.

Don Abbondio, a timid priest, has been forbidden under severe penalties to marry the

hero Renzo and the heroine Lucia, by Don Rodrigo, the villain of the early part of the piece; but with the aid of Agnese, the mother of Lucia, a plan has been devised to circumvent the priest and his wicked master. It is only necessary, Donna Agnese has discovered, for a betrothed pair to say in the presence of the parish priest that they take each other as man and wife to make the marriage as binding as one celebrated with all formality. The lovers secure entrance to the priest through the complicity of Tonio, who owes money to the ecclesiastic. The outcome of the scheme is here given:

The reader must know that Don Abbondio was very fond of reading a little every day; and a neighboring curate, who possessed something of a library, lent him one book after another, always taking the first that came to hand. The work with which Don Abbondio was now engaged (being already convalescent, after his fever and fears, and even more advanced in his recovery from the fever than he wished should be believed) was a panegyric in honor of San Carlo, which had been delivered with much earnestness, and listened to with great admiration, in the Cathedral of Milan, two years before. The saint had been compared, on account of his love of study, to Archimedes; and so far Don Abbondio had met with no stumbling-block; because Archimedes has executed such great works, and has rendered his name so famous, that it required no very vast fund of erudition to know something about him. But after Archimedes, the orator also compares his saint to Carneades, and here the reader met with a check. At this point, Perpetua announced the visit of Tonio.

"At this hour!" exclaimed Don Abbondio, also, naturally enough.



‘What would you have, sir? They have no consideration, indeed; but if you don’t take him when you can get him . . . .’

‘If I don’t take him now, who knows when I can? Let him come in . . . . Hey! hey! Perpetua, are you quite sure it is Tonio?’

‘Diavolo!’ replied Perpetua; and going down-stairs, she opened the door, and said, ‘Where are you?’ Tonio advanced, and, at the same moment, Agnese also showed herself, and saluted Perpetua by name.

‘Good evening, Agnese,’ said Perpetua; ‘where are you coming from at this hour?’

‘I am coming from . . . .’ mentioning a neighboring village. ‘And if you knew . . . .’ continued she; ‘I’ve been kept late just for your sake.’

‘What for?’ asked Perpetua; and turning to the two brothers, ‘Go in,’ said she, ‘and I’ll follow.’

‘Because,’ replied Agnese, ‘a gossiping woman, who knows nothing about the matter . . . . would you believe it? persists in saying that you were not married to Beppo Suolavecchia, nor to Anselmo Lunghigna, because they wouldn’t have you! I maintained that you had refused both one and the other . . . .’

‘To be sure. Oh, what a false-tongued woman! Who is she?’

‘Don’t ask me. I don’t want to make mischief.’

‘You shall tell me; you must tell me. I say she’s a false body.’

‘Well, well . . . . but you cannot think how vexed I was that I didn’t know the whole history, that I might have put her down.’

‘It is an abominable falsehood,’ said Perpetua, ‘a most infamous falsehood! As to Beppo, everybody knows, and might have seen . . . . Hey! Tonio; just close the door, and go up-stairs till I come.’

Tonio assented from within, and Perpetua continued her eager relation. In front of Don Abbondio’s door, a narrow street ran between two cottages, but only continued straight the length of the buildings, and then

turned into the fields. Agnese went forward along this street, as if she would go a little aside to speak more freely, and Perpetua followed. When they had turned the corner, and reached a spot whence they could no longer see what happened before Don Abbondio's house, Agnese coughed loudly. This was the signal; Renzo heard it, and re-animating Lucia by pressing her arm, they turned the corner together on tiptoe, crept very softly close along the wall, reached the door, and gently pushed it open; quiet, and stooping low, they were quickly in the passage; and here the two brothers were waiting for them. Renzo very gently let down the latch of the door, and they all four ascended the stairs, making scarcely noise enough for two. On reaching the landing, the two brothers advanced towards the door of the room at the side of the staircase, and the lovers stood close against the wall.

"*Deo gratias*," said Tonio, in an explanatory tone.

"Eh, Tonio! is it you? Come in!" replied the voice within.

Tonio opened the door, scarcely wide enough to admit himself and his brother one at a time. The ray of light that suddenly shone through the opening, and crossed the dark floor of the landing, made Lucia tremble, as if she were discovered. When the brothers had entered, Tonio closed the door inside; the lovers stood motionless in the dark, their ears intently on the alert, and holding their breath; the loudest noise was the beating of poor Lucia's heart.

Don Abbondio was seated, as we have said, in an old arm-chair, enveloped in an antiquated dressing-gown, and his head buried in a shabby cap, the shape of a tiara, which, by the faint light of a small lamp, formed a sort of cornice all round his face. Two thick locks, which escaped from beneath his head-dress, two thick eye-brows, two thick mustachios, and a thick tuft on the chin, all of them gray, and scattered over his dark and wrinkled visage, might be compared to bushes covered with snow, projecting from the face of a cliff, as seen by moonlight.

'Aha!' was his salutation, as he took off his spectacles, and laid them on his book.

"The Signor Curate will say I am come very late," said Tonio, with a low bow, which Gervase awkwardly imitated.

"Certainly, it is late—late every way. Don't you know I am ill?"

"I'm very sorry for it."

"You must have heard I was ill, and didn't know when I should be able to see anybody . . . . But why have you brought this—this boy with you?"

"For company, Signor Curate."

"Very well; let us see."

"Here are twenty-five new *berlinghe*, with the figure of Saint Ambrose on horseback," said Tonio, drawing a little parcel out of his pocket.

"Let us see," said Don Abbondio; and he took the parcel, put on his spectacles again, opened it, took out the *berlinghe*, turned them over and over, counted them, and found them irreprehensible.

"Now, Signor Curate, you will give me Tecla's necklace."

"You are right," replied Don Abbondio; and going to a cupboard, he took out a key, looking round as if to see that all prying spectators were at a proper distance, opened one of the doors, and filling up the aperture with his person, introduced his head to see, and his arm to reach, the pledge; then drawing it out, he shut the cupboard, unwrapped the paper, and saying, "Is that right?" folded it up again, and handed it to Tonio.

"Now," said Tonio, "will you please to put it in black and white?"

"Not satisfied yet!" said Don Abbondio. "I declare they know everything. Eh! how suspicious the world has become! Don't you trust me?"

"What! Signor Curate! Don't I trust you? You do me wrong. But as my name is in your black books, on the debtor's side . . . then, since you have had the trouble of writing once, so . . . from life to death."

"Well, well," interrupted Don Abbondio; and muttering between his teeth, he drew out one of the table-drawers, took thence pen, ink and paper, and began to write, repeating the words aloud, as they proceeded from his pen. In the meantime, Tonio, and at his side, Gervase, placed themselves standing before the table in such a manner as to conceal the door from the view of the writer, and began to shuffle their feet about on the floor, as if in mere idleness, but, in reality, as a signal to those without to enter, and, at the same time, to drown the noise of their footsteps. Don Abbondio, intent upon his writing, noticed nothing else.

At the noise of their feet, Renzo took Lucia's arm, pressing it in an encouraging manner, and went forward, almost dragging her along; for she trembled to such a degree that, without his help, she must have sunk to the ground. Entering very softly, on tiptoe, and holding their breath, they placed themselves behind the two brothers. In the meantime, Don Abbondio, having finished writing, read over the paper attentively, without raising his eyes; he then folded it up, saying, "Are you content now?" and taking off his spectacles with one hand, handed the paper to Tonio with the other, and looked up. Tonio, extending his right hand to receive it, retired on one side, and Gervase, at a sign from him, on the other; and behold! as at the shifting of a scene, Renzo and Lucia stood between them. Don Abbondio saw indistinctly—saw clearly—was terrified, astonished, enraged, buried in thought, came to a resolution; and all this, while Renzo uttered the words, "Signor Curate, in the presence of these witnesses, this is my wife." Before, however, Lucia's lips could form the reply, Don Abbondio dropped the receipt, seized the lamp with his left hand, and raised it in the air, caught hold of the cloth with his right, and dragged it furiously off the table, bringing to the ground in its fall, book, paper, ink-stand, and sandbox; and, springing between the chair and the table, advanced towards Lucia. The poor girl, with her sweet gentle voice, trembling violently, had

scarcely uttered the words, "And this . . . ." when Don Abbondio threw the cloth rudely over her head and face, to prevent her pronouncing the entire formula. Then, letting the light fall from his other hand, he employed both to wrap the cloth round her face, till she was well nigh smothered, shouting in the meanwhile, at the stretch of his voice, like a wounded bull: "Perpetua! Perpetua!—treachery—help!" The light, just glimmering on the ground, threw a dim and flickering ray upon Lucia, who, in utter consternation, made no attempt to disengage herself, and might be compared to a statue sculptured in chalk, over which the artificer had thrown a wet cloth. When the light died away, Don Abbondio . . . . . quitted the poor girl, and went groping about to find the door that opened into an inner room; and having reached it, he entered and shut himself in, unceasingly exclaiming, "Perpetua! treachery, help! Out of the house! out of the house!"

In the other room all was confusion: Renzo, seeking to lay hold of the curate, and feeling with his hands, as if playing at blind-man's buff, had reached the door, and kicking against it, was crying, "Open, open; don't make such a noise!" Lucia, calling to Renzo, in a feeble voice, said, beseechingly, "Let us go, let us go, for God's sake." Tonio was crawling on his knees, and feeling with his hands on the ground to recover his lost receipt. The terrified Gervase was crying and jumping about, and seeking for the door of the stairs, so as to make his escape in safety.

In the midst of this uproar, we cannot but stop a moment to make a reflection. Renzo, who was causing disturbance at night in another person's house, who had effected an entrance by stealth, and who had blockaded the master himself in one of his own rooms, has all the appearance of an oppressor; while in fact he was the oppressed. Don Abbondio, taken by surprise, terrified and put to flight, while peaceably engaged in his own affairs, appears the victim; when in reality it was he who did the wrong. Thus frequently goes the world . . . .

or rather, we should say, thus it went in the seventeenth century.

The besieged, finding that the enemy gave no signs of abandoning the enterprise, opened a window that looked into the churchyard, and shouted out: "Help! help!" There was a most lovely moon; the shadow of the church, and, a little beyond, the long, sharp shadow of the bell-tower, lay dark, still, and well-defined, on the bright grassy level of the sacred enclosure: all objects were visible, almost as by day. But look which way you would, there appeared no sign of living person. Adjoining the lateral wall of the church, on the side next the parsonage, was a small dwelling where the sexton slept. Aroused by this unusual cry, he sprang up in his bed, jumped out in great haste, threw open the sash of his little window, put his head out with his eyelids glued together all the while, and cried out: "What's the matter?"

"Run, Ambrogio! help! people in the house!" answered Don Abbondio. "Coming directly," replied he, as he drew in his head and shut the window; and although half asleep and more than half terrified, an expedient quickly occurred to him that would bring more aid than had been asked, without dragging him into the affray, whatever it might be. Seizing his breeches that lay upon the bed, he tucked them under his arm like a gala hat, and bounding down-stairs by a little wooden ladder, ran to the belfry, caught hold of the rope that was attached to the larger of the two bells, and pulled vigorously.

Ton, ton, ton, ton; the peasant sprang up in his bed; the boy stretched in the hay-loft listened eagerly, and leapt upon his feet. "What's the matter? what's the matter? The bell's ringing! Fire? Thieves? Banditti?" Many of the women advised—begged their husbands not to stir—to let others run; some got up and went to the window; those who were cowards, as if yielding to entreaty, quietly slipped under the bed-clothes again; while the more inquisitive and courageous

sprang up and armed themselves with pitch-forks and pistols, to run to the uproar; others waited to see the end. . . .

Agnese had endeavored to allure her companion as far away from Don Abbondio's house as possible, and up to a certain point had succeeded very well. But all on a sudden the servant remembered that she had left the door open, and she wanted to go back. There was nothing to be said: Agnese, to avoid exciting any suspicion in her mind, was obliged to turn and walk with her, trying however, to detain her whenever she saw her very eager in relating the issue of such and such courtships. She pretended to be paying very great attention, and every now and then, by way of showing that she was listening, or to animate the flagging conversation, would say: "Certainly: now I understand: that was capital: that is plain: and then? and he? and you?" while all the time she was keeping up a very different discourse in her own mind. "I wonder if they are out by this time? or will they still be in the house? What geese we all were not to arrange any signal to let me know when it was over! It was really very stupid! But is can't be helped: and the best thing I can do now is to keep her loitering here as long as I can: let the worst come to the worst, it will only be a little time lost."

Thus, with sundry pauses and various deviations from the straight path, they were brought back again to within a very short distance from Don Abbondio's house, which, however, could not be seen on account of the corner intercepting the view, and Perpetua finding herself at an important part of her narration, had suffered herself to be detained without resistance, and even without being aware of it, when they suddenly heard, echoing through the vacant extent of the atmosphere, and the dead silence of night, the loud and disordered cry of Don Abbondio: "Help! help!"

"Mercy! what has happened?" cried Perpetua.

"What is it? what is it?" said Agnese, holding her back by the gown.

"Mercy! didn't you hear?" replied she, struggling.

"What is it? what is it?" repeated Agnese, seizing her by the arm.

"Wretch of a woman!" exclaimed Perpetua, pushing her away to free herself and to run. At this moment, more distant, more shrill, more instantaneous, was heard the scream of Menico.

"Mercy!" cried Agnese also; and they ran off together. They had scarcely, however, gone a step, when the bell sounded one stroke, then two, three, and a succession of peals, such as would have stimulated them to run had there been no other inducement. Perpetua arrived first by two steps; while she raised her hand to the door to open it, behold! it was opened from within, and on the threshold stood, Tonio, Gervase, Renzo, and Lucia, who having found the stairs, had come down more rapidly than they went up; and at the sound of that terrible bell, were making their escape in haste to reach a place of safety.

"What's the matter? what's the matter?" demanded the panting Perpetua of the brothers; but they only replied with a violent push, and passed on. "And you! How! what are you doing here?" said she to the other couple on recognizing them. But they, too, made their escape without answering her. Without, therefore, asking any more questions, and directing her steps where she was most wanted, she rushed impetuously into the passage, and went groping about as quickly as she could to find the stairs.

The betrothed, still only betrothed, now fell in with Agnese, who arrived weary and out of breath. "Ah! here you are!" said she, scarcely able to speak. "How has it gone? What is the bell ringing for? I thought I heard . . ."

"Home! home!" cried Renzo, "before anybody comes." And they moved forward; but at this moment Menico arrived, running as fast as his legs could carry him; and recognizing them, he threw himself in their way, and still all in a tremble and scarcely able to draw



his breath, exclaimed: "Where are you going? back, back! This way, to the convent."

"Are you? . . . ." began Agnese.

"What is it?" asked Renzo. Lucia stood by, trembling and silent, in utter dismay.

"There are devils in your house," replied Menico, panting. "I saw them myself: they wanted to murder me: Father Cristoforo said so; and even you, Renzo, he said, were to come quickly: and besides, I saw them myself:—it's providential you are all here: I will tell you the rest when we get out of the village."

Renzo, who had more of his senses about him than the rest, remembered that they had better make their escape one way or another before the crowds assembled; and that the best plan would be to do as Menico advised, nay, commanded with the authority of one in terror. When once on their way, and out of the tumult and danger, he could ask a clearer explanation from the boy. "Lead the way," said he to Menico; and addressing the women, said, "Let us go with him." They therefore quickly turned their steps towards the church, crossed the churchyard, where, by the favor of Heaven, there was not yet a living creature, entered a little street that ran between the church and Don Abbondio's house, turned into the first alley they came to, and took the way of the fields.

They had not perhaps gone fifty yards, when the crowd began to collect in the churchyard, and rapidly increased every moment. They looked inquiringly in each other's faces; every one had a question to ask, but no one could return an answer. Those who arrived first, ran to the church-door: it was locked. They then ran to the belfry outside; and one of them, putting his mouth to a very small window, a sort of loop-hole, cried, "What ever is the matter?" As soon as Ambrogio recognized a known voice, he let go of the bell-rope, and being assured by the buzz that many people had assembled, replied: "I'll open the door." Hastily slipping on the apparel he had carried under his arm, he went inside the church, and opened the door.

"What is all this hubbub? What is it? Where is it? Who is it?"

"Why, who is it?" said Ambrogio, laying one hand on the door-post, and with the other holding up the habiliment he had put on in such haste: "What! don't you know? People in the Signor Curate's house. Up, boys: help!" Hearing this, they all turned to the house, looked up, approached it in a body, looked up again, listened: all was quiet. Some ran to the street-door; it was shut and bolted; they glanced upwards: not a window was open, not a whisper was to be heard.

"Who is within? Ho! Hey! Signor Curate! Signor Curate!"

Don Abbondio, who, scarcely aware of the flight of the invaders, had retired from the window, and closed it, and who at this moment was reproaching Perpetua in a low voice for having left him alone in this confusion, was obliged, when he heard himself called upon by the voice of the assembled people, to show himself again at the window; and when he saw the crowds that had come to his aid, he sorely repented having called them.

"What has happened? What have they done to you? Who are they? Where are they?" burst forth from fifty voices at once.

"There's nobody here now; thank you: go home again."

"But who has been here? Where are they gone? What has happened?"

"Bad people, people who go about by night; but they're gone: go home again: there is no longer anything: another time, my children: I thank you for your kindness to me." So saying, he drew back, and shut the window. Some of the crowd began to grumble, some to joke, others to curse; some shrugged their shoulders and took their departure: when one arrived, endeavoring, but scarcely able to speak from want of breath. It was the person who lived in the house opposite Agnese's cottage, who having gone to the window at the noise, had seen in the courtyard the assembly of bravoës, when

Griso was striving to re-unite his scattered troops. On recovering his breath, he cried: "What are you doing here, my good fellows? the devil isn't here; he's down at the end of the village, at Agnese Mondella's house; armed men are within, who seem to be murdering a pilgrim; who knows what the devil is doing!"

"What?—what?—what?" and a tumultuous consultation began. "We must go. We must see. How many are there?—How many are we? Who are we? The constable! the constable!"

"I'm here," replied the constable from the middle of the crowd: "I'm here; but you must help me, you must obey. Quick: where is the sexton? To the bell, to the bell. Quick! Somebody to run to Lecco for help: all of you come here . . . ."

Some ran, some slipped between their fellows and made their escape; and the tumult was at its greatest height, when another runner arrived who had seen Griso and his party going off in such haste, and cried in his turn: "Run, my good fellows: thieves or banditti, who are carrying off a pilgrim: they are already out of the village. On! after them!" At this information, they moved off in a body in great confusion towards the fields, without waiting their general's orders, and as the crowd proceeded, many of the vanguard slackened their pace, to let the others advance, and retired into the body of the battalion, those in the rear pushing eagerly forward, until at last the disorderly multitude reached their place of destination. Traces of the recent invasion were manifest: the door opened, the locks torn off; but the invaders had disappeared. The crowd entered the courtyard, and went to the room door; this, too, was burst open: they called: "Agnese! Lucia! the pilgrim! Where is the pilgrim? Stefano must have been dreaming about the pilgrim. No, no: Carlandrea saw him also. Ho! hey! pilgrim! Agnese! Lucia!" No one replied. "They've run away with them! They've run away with them!" There were then some who raised their voices and proposed to follow the robbers; said it was a heinous crime, and that

it would be a disgrace to the village, if every villain could come and carry off women with impunity, as a kite carries off chickens from a deserted barn-floor. Then rose a fresh and more tumultuous consultation; but somebody (and it was never certainly known who), called out in the crowd that Agnese and Lucia were in safety in a house. The rumor spread rapidly; it gained belief, and no one spoke again of giving chase to the fugitives; the multitude dispersed, and every one went to his own house.

There was a general whispering, a noise, all over the village, a knocking and opening of doors, an appearing and disappearing of lights, a questioning of women from the windows, an answering from the streets. When all outside was deserted and quiet, the conversations continued in the houses, and ended at last in slumber, only to be renewed on the morrow. However, no other events took place, excepting that on the morning of that morrow, the constable was standing in his field, with his chin resting on his hands, his hands on the handle of the spade, which was half stuck into the ground, and one foot on the iron rest affixed to the handle; speculating in his mind, as he thus stood, on the mysteries of the past night, on what would reasonably be expected of him, and on what course it would be best for him to pursue, he saw two men approaching him with very fierce looks, wearing long hair, like the first race of French kings, and otherwise bearing a strong resemblance to the two who, five days before, had confronted Don Abbondio, if, indeed, they were not the same men. These, with still less ceremony than had been used towards the Curate, intimated to the constable that he must take right good care not to make a deposition to the *Podesta* of what had happened, not to tell the truth in case he was questioned, not to gossip, and not to encourage gossiping among the villagers, as he valued his life.

Our fugitives walked a little way at a quick pace in silence, one or other occasionally looking back to see if they were followed, all of them wearied by the fatigue of the flight, by the anxiety and suspense they had en-

duced, by grief at their ill-success, and by confused apprehensions of new and unknown danger. Their terror, too, was increased by the sound of the bell, which still continued to follow them, and seemed to become heavier and more hoarse the further they left it behind them, acquiring every moment something more mournful and ominous in its tone. At last the ringing ceased. Reaching then a deserted field, and not hearing a whisper around, they slackened their pace, and Agnese, taking breath, was the first to break the silence, by asking Renzo how matters had gone, and Menico, what was the demon in their house. Renzo briefly related his melancholy story; and then, all of them turning to the child, he informed them more expressly of the Father's advice, and narrated what he had himself witnessed and the hazards he had run, which too surely confirmed the advice. His auditors, however, understood more of this than did the speaker; they were seized with new horror at the discovery, and for a moment paused in their walk, exchanging mutual looks of fear; then with an unanimous movement they laid their hands, some on the head, others on the shoulders of the boy, as if to caress him, and tacitly to thank him for having been to them a guardian angel; at the same time signifying the compassion they felt for him, and almost apologizing for the terror he had endured and the danger he had undergone on their account. "Now go home, that your family may not be anxious about you any longer," said Agnese; and remembering the two promised *parpagliole*, she took out four, and gave them to him, adding: "That will do; pray the Lord that we may meet again soon; and then . . . ." Renzo gave him a new *berlinga*, and begged him to say nothing of the message he had brought from the Father: Lucia again caressed him, bade him farewell with a sorrowful voice, and the boy, almost overcome, wished them good-bye, and turned back.

The melancholy trio continued their walk, the women taking the lead, and Renzo behind to act as guard. Lucia clung closely to her mother's arm, kindly and dexterously avoiding the proffered assistance of the youth at the diffi-

cult passes of this unfrequented path; feeling ashamed of herself, even in such troubles, for having already been so long and so familiarly alone with him, while expecting in a few moments to be his wife. Now that this vision had been so sorrowfully dispelled, she repented having proceeded thus far; and, amidst so many causes of fear, she feared even for her modesty—not such modesty as arises from the sad knowledge of evil, but for that which is ignorant of its own existence;—like the dread of a child who trembles in the dark, he knows not why.

“And the house?” suddenly exclaimed Agnese. But however important the object might be which extorted this exclamation, no one replied, because no one could do so satisfactorily. They therefore continued their walk in silence, and, in a little while, reached the square before the church of the convent.

Renzo advanced to the door of the church, and gently pushed it open. The moon that entered through the aperture, fell upon the pale face and silvery beard of Father Cristoforo, who was standing here expecting them; and having seen that no one was missing, “God be praised!” said he, beckoning to them to enter. By his side stood another Capuchin, the lay sexton, whom he had persuaded, by prayers and arguments, to keep vigil with him, to leave the door ajar, and to remain there on guard to receive these poor threatened creatures; and it required nothing short of the authority of the Father, and of his fame as a saint, to persuade the layman to so inconvenient, perilous, and irregular a condescension.

When they were inside, Father Cristoforo very softly shut the door. Then the sexton could no longer contain himself, and taking the Father aside, whispered in his ear: “But Father, Father! at night . . . . in church . . . . with women . . . shut . . . . the rule . . . . but Father!” And he shook his head, while thus hesitatingly pronouncing these words. “Just see!” thought Father Cristoforo; “if it were a pursued robber, Friar Fazio would make no difficulty in the world; and a poor innocent escaping from the jaws of a wolf”. . . . *“Omnia*

*riunda mundis*," added he, turning suddenly to Friar Fazio, and forgetting that he did not understand Latin. But this forgetfulness was exactly what produced the right effect. If the Father had begun to dispute and reason, Friar Fazio would not have failed to urge opposing arguments; and no one knows how and when the discussion would have come to an end; but at the sound of these weighty words of a mysterious signification, and so resolutely uttered, it seemed to him that in them must be contained the solution of all his doubts. He acquiesced, saying, "Very well; you know more about it than I do."

"Trust me, then," replied Father Cristoforo; and by the dim light of the lamp burning before the altar, he approached the refugees, who stood waiting in suspense, and said to them, "My children, thank God, who has delivered you from so great a danger! Perhaps at this moment . . . ." and here he began to explain more fully what he had hinted by the little messenger, little suspecting that they knew more than he, and supposing that Menico had found them quiet in their own house, before the arrival of the ruffians. Nobody undeceived him, not even Lucia, whose conscience, however, was all the while secretly reproaching her for practicing such dissimulation with so good a man; but it was a night of embarrassment and dissimulation.

"After this," continued he, "you must feel, my children, that the village is no longer safe for you. It is yours, you were born there, and you have done no wrong to any one; but God wills it so. It is a trial, my children; bear it with patience and faith, without indulging in rancor, and rest assured there will come a day when you will think yourselves happy that this has occurred. I have thought of a refuge for you, for the present. Soon, I hope, you may be able to return in safety to your own house; at any rate, God will provide what is best for you; and I assure you, I will be careful not to prove unworthy of the favor He has bestowed upon me, in choosing me as His minister, in the service of you, His poor, yet loved afflicted ones. You," continued he, turn-

ing to the two women, "can stay at . . . Here you will be far enough from every danger, and at the same time not far from your own home. There seek out our convent, ask for the guardian, and give him this letter; he will be to you another Father Cristoforo. And you, my Renzo, must put yourself in safety from the anger of others, and your own. Carry this letter to Father Bonaventura da Lodi, in our convent of the Porta Orientale, at Milan. He will be a father to you, will give you directions, and find you work, till you can return and live more peaceably. Go to the shore of the lake, near the mouth of the Bione, a river not far from this monastery. Here you will see a boat waiting; say, 'Boat!' it will be asked you 'For whom?' And you must reply, 'San Francesco.' The boat will receive you, and carry you to the other side, where you will find a cart, that will take you straight to . . ."

If any one asks how Father Cristoforo had so quickly at his disposal these means of transport by land and water, it will show that he does not know the influence and power of a Capuchin held in reputation as a saint.

It still remained to decide about the care of the houses. The Father received the keys, pledging himself to deliver them to whomsoever Renzo and Agnese should name. The latter, in delivering up hers, heaved a deep sigh, remembering that, at that moment, the house was open, that the devil had been there, and who knew what remained to be taken care of!

"Before you go," said the Father, "let us pray all together that the Lord may be with you in this your journey, and for ever; and, above all, that He may give you strength, and a spirit of love, to enable you to desire whatever He was willed." So saying, he knelt down in the middle of the church, and they all followed his example. After praying a few moments in silence, with a low but distinct voice he pronounced these words: "We beseech Thee, also, for the unhappy person who has brought us to this state. We should be unworthy of Thy mercy, if we did not, from our hearts, implore it for him; he



needs it, O Lord! We, in our sorrow, have this consolation, that we are in the path where Thou hast placed us; we can offer Thee our griefs, and they may become our gain. But he is Thine enemy! Alas, wretched man! he is striving with Thee! Have mercy on him, O Lord; touch his heart; reconcile him to Thyself, and give him all those good things we could desire for ourselves."

Rising then in haste, he said, "Come, my children, you have no time to lose; God defend you; His angel go with you; farewell!" And while they set off with that emotion which cannot find words, and manifests itself without them, the Father added, in an agitated tone, "My heart tells me we shall meet again soon."

Certainly, the heart, to those who listen to it, has always something to say on what will happen; but what did his heart know? Very little, truly, of what had already happened.

Without waiting a reply, Father Cristoforo retired with hasty steps; the travelers took their departure; and Father Fazio shut the door after them, bidding them farewell with even his voice a little faltering.

The trio slowly made their way to the shore they had been directed to; there they espied the boat, and exchanging the pass-word, stepped in. The waterman, planting one oar on the land, pushed off; then took up the other oar, and rowing with both hands, pulled out and made towards the opposite beach. Not a breath of wind was stirring; the lake lay bright and smooth, and would have appeared motionless but for the tremulous and gentle undulation of the moon-beams, which gleamed upon it from the zenith. No sounds were heard but the muffled and slowly-measured breaking of the surge upon the pebbly shore, the more distant gurgling of the troubled waters dashing among the piles of the bridge, and the even plash of the light skulls, as, rising with a sharp sound of the dripping blade, and quickly plunged again beneath, they cut the azure surface of the lake. The waves, divided by the prow, and re-uniting behind the little bark, tracked out a curling line, which ex-

tended itself to the shore. The silent travelers, with their faces turned backwards, gazed upon the mountains and the country, illumined by the pale light of the moon, and diversified here and there with vast shadows. They could distinguish the villages, the houses, and the little cabins; the palace of Don Rodrigo, with its square tower, rising above the group of huts at the base of the promontory, looked like a savage standing in the dark, and meditating some evil deed, while keeping guard over a company of reclining sleepers. Lucia saw it and shuddered; then drawing her eye along the declivity till she reached her native village, she fixed her gaze on its extremity, sought for her own cottage, traced out the thick head of the fig-tree which towered above the wall of the courtyard, discovered the window of her own room; and, being seated in the bottom of the boat, she leaned her elbow on the edge, laid her forehead on her arm, as if she were sleeping, and wept in secret.

Farewell, ye mountains, rising from the waters, and pointing to the heavens! ye varied summits, familiar to him who has been brought up among you, and impressed upon his mind as clearly as the countenance of his dearest friends! ye torrents, whose murmur he recognizes like the sound of the voices of home! ye villages, scattered and glistening on the declivity, like flocks of grazing sheep! farewell! How mournful is the step of him who, brought up amidst your scenes, is compelled to leave you! Even in the imagination of one who willingly departs, attracted by the hope of making a fortune elsewhere, the dreams of wealth at this moment lose their charms; he wonders he could form such a resolution, and would even now turn back, but for the hope of one day returning with a rich abundance. As he advances into the plain, his eye becomes wearied with its uniform extent; the atmosphere feels heavy and lifeless; he sadly and listlessly enters the busy cities, where houses crowded upon houses, and streets intersecting streets, seem to take away his breath; and, before edifices admired by the stranger, he recalls with restless

longing the fields of his own country, and the cottage he had long ago set his heart upon, and which he resolves to purchase when he returns enriched to his own mountains.

But what must he feel who has never sent a passing wish beyond these mountains, who has arranged among them all his designs for the future, and is driven far away by an adverse power! who, suddenly snatched away from his dearest habits, and thwarted in his dearest hopes, leaves these mountains to go in search of strangers whom he never desired to know, and is unable to look forward to a fixed time of return!

Farewell! native cottage, where, indulging in unconscious thought, one learnt to distinguish from the noise of common footsteps, the approach of a tread expected with mysterious timidity! Farewell! thou cottage, still a stranger, but so often hastily glanced at, not without a blush, in passing, in which the mind took delight to figure to itself the tranquil and lasting home of a wife! Farewell! my church, where the heart was so often soothed while chanting the praises of the Lord; where the preparatory rite of betrothal was performed; where the secret sighing of the heart was solemnly blessed and love was inspired, and one felt a hallowing influence around; farewell! He who imparted to you such gladness is everywhere; and He never disturbs the joy of his children, but to prepare them for one more certain and durable.

Of such a nature, if not exactly these, were the reflections of Lucia; and not very dissimilar were those of the two other wanderers, while the little bark rapidly approached the right bank of the Adda.

Don Rodrigo has sought aid from a man of rank who has been guilty of such murders, robberies and other crimes that he has become a terror to the whole country. In the story he is known only as the Unnamed. By his assistance Lucia has been abducted and imprisoned in his

castle, but in an interview with her the Un-named is so affected by her beauty, purity and grace that he is struck with sudden repentance, promises her his protection, and hastens to visit Cardinal Borromeo of Milan, who has recently arrived in that neighborhood. The account of the affecting interview is as follows:

Cardinal Federigo was employed, according to his usual custom in every leisure interval, in study, until the hour arrived for repairing to the church for the celebration of Divine Service, when the chaplain and cross-bearer entered with a disturbed countenance.

"A strange visitor, my noble Lord, strange indeed!"

"Who?" asked the Cardinal.

"No less a personage than the Signor . . . ." replied the chaplain; and pronouncing the syllables with a very significant tone, he uttered the name which we cannot give to our readers. He then added: "He is here outside in person; and demands nothing less than to be introduced to your illustrious Grace."

"He!" said the Cardinal, with an animated look, shutting his book, and rising from his seat; "let him come in!—let him come in directly!"

"But . . . ." rejoined the chaplain, without attempting to move, "your illustrious Lordship must surely be aware who he is: that outlaw, that famous . . . ."

"And is it not a most happy circumstance for a bishop, that such a man should feel a wish to come and seek an interview with him?"

"But . . . ." insisted the chaplain, "we may never speak of certain things, because my Lord says that it is all nonsense: but, when it comes to the point, I think it is a duty . . . . Zeal makes many enemies, my Lord; and we know positively that more than one ruffian has dared to boast that some day or other . . . ."

"And what have they done?" interrupted the Cardinal.

"I say that this man is a plotter of mischief, a desperate character, who holds correspondence with the most violent desperadoes, and who may be sent . . ."

"Oh, what discipline is this," again interrupted Federigo, smiling, "for the soldiers to exhort their general to cowardice?" Then resuming a grave and thoughtful air, he continued: "Saint Carlo would not have deliberated whether he ought to receive such a man: he would have gone to seek him. Let him be admitted directly; he has already waited too long."

The chaplain moved towards the door, saying in his heart: "There's no remedy: these saints are all obstinate."

Having opened the door, and surveyed the room where the Signor and his companions were, he saw that the latter had crowded together on one side, where they sat whispering and cautiously peeping at their visitor, while he was left alone in one corner. The chaplain advanced towards him, eyeing him guardedly from head to foot, and wondering what weapons he might have hidden under that great coat; thinking, at the same time, that really, before admitting him, he ought at least to have proposed . . . but he could not resolve what to do. He approached him, saying: "His Grace waits for your Lordship. Will you be good enough to come with me?" And as he preceded him through the little crowd, which instantly gave way for him, he kept casting glances on each side, which meant to say: "What could I do? don't you know yourselves that he always has his own way?"

On reaching the apartment, the chaplain opened the door, and introduced the Unnamed. Federigo advanced to meet him with a happy and serene look, and his hand extended, as if to welcome an expected guest, at the same time making a sign to the chaplain to go out, which was immediately obeyed.

When thus left alone, they both stood for a moment silent and in suspense, though from widely different feelings. The Unnamed, who had, as it were, been forci-

bly carried there by an inexplicable compulsion, rather than led by a determinate intention, now stood there, also as it were by compulsion, torn by two contending feelings: on the one side, a desire and confused hope of meeting with some alleviation of his inward torment; on the other, a feeling of self-rebuked shame at having come thither, like a penitent, subdued, and wretched, to confess himself guilty, and to make supplication to a man: he was at a loss for words, and, indeed, scarcely sought for them. Raising his eyes, however, to the Archbishop's face, he became gradually filled with a feeling of veneration, authoritative, and at the same time soothing; which, while it increased his confidence, gently subdued his haughtiness, and, without offending his pride, compelled it to give way, and imposed silence.

The bearing of Federigo was, in fact, one which announced superiority, and, at the same time, excited love. It was naturally sedate, and almost involuntarily commanding, his figure being not in the least bowed or wasted by age; while his solemn, yet sparkling eye, his open and thoughtful forehead, a kind of virginal floridness, which might be distinguished even among gray locks, paleness, and the traces of abstinence, meditation, and labor: in short, all his features indicated that they had once possessed that which is most strictly entitled beauty. The habit of serious and benevolent thought, the inward peace of a long life, the love that he felt towards his fellow-creatures, and the uninterrupted enjoyment of an ineffable hope, had now substituted the beauty (so to say) of old age, which shone forth more attractively from the magnificent simplicity of the purple.

He fixed, for a moment, on the countenance of the Unnamed, a penetrating look, long accustomed to gather from this index what was passing in the mind; and imagining he discovered, under that dark and troubled mien, something every moment more corresponding with the hope he had conceived on the first announcement of such a visit, "Oh!" cried he, in an animated voice, "what

a welcome visit is this! and how thankful I ought to be to you for taking such a step, although it may convey to me a little reproof!"

"Reproof!" exclaimed the Signor, much surprised, but soothed by his words and manner, and glad that the Cardinal had broken the ice, and started some sort of conversation.

"Certainly, it conveys to me a reproof," replied the Archbishop, "for allowing you to be beforehand with me when so often, and for so long a time, I might and ought to have come to you myself."

"You come to me! Do you know who I am? Did they deliver in my name rightly?"

"And the happiness I feel, and which must surely be evident in my countenance, do you think I should feel it at the announcement and visit of a stranger? It is you who make me experience it; you, I say, whom I ought to have sought; you whom I have, at least, loved and wept over, and for whom I have so often prayed; you, among all my children, for each one I love from the bottom of my heart, whom I should most have desired to receive and embrace, if I had thought I might hope for such a thing. But God alone knows how to work wonders, and supplies the weakness and tardiness of His unworthy servants."

The Unnamed stood astonished at this warm reception, in language which corresponded so exactly with that which he had not yet expressed, nor, indeed, had fully determined to express; and, affected, but exceedingly surprised, he remained silent. "Well!" resumed Federigo, still more affectionately, "you have good news to tell me; and you keep me so long expecting it?"

"Good news! I have hell in my heart; and can I tell you any good tidings? Tell me, if you know, what good news you can expect from such as I am?"

"That God has touched your heart, and would make you His own," replied the Cardinal, calmly.

"God! God! God! If I could see Him! If I could hear Him! Where is this God?"

"Do you ask this? you? And who has Him nearer than you? Do you not feel Him in your heart, overcoming, agitating you, never leaving you at ease, and at the same time drawing you forward, presenting to your view a hope of tranquillity and consolation, a consolation which shall be full and boundless, as soon as you recognize Him, acknowledge, and implore Him?"

"Oh, surely! there is something within that oppresses, that consumes me! But God! If this be God, if He be such as they say, what do you suppose He can do with me?"

These words were uttered with an accent of despair, but Federigo, with a solemn tone, as of calm inspiration, replied: "What can God do with you? What would He wish to make of you? A token of His power and goodness: He would acquire through you a glory, such as others could not give Him. The world has long cried out against you, hundreds and thousands of voices have declared their detestation of your deeds . . ." (The Unnamed shuddered, and felt for a moment surprised at hearing such unusual language addressed to him, and still more surprised that he felt no anger, but rather, almost a relief.) "What glory," pursued Federigo, "will thus redound to God! They may be voices of alarm, of self-interest; of justice, perhaps—a justice so easy! so natural! Some perhaps, yea, too many, may be voices of envy of your wretched power; of your hitherto deplorable security of heart. But when you, yourself, rise up to condemn your past life, to become your own accuser, then! then, indeed, God will be glorified! And you ask what God can do with you. Who am I, a poor mortal, that I can tell you what use such a Being may choose henceforth to make of you? how He can employ your impetuous will, your unwavering perseverance, when He shall have animated and invigorated them with love, with hope, with repentance? Who are you, weak man, that you should imagine yourself capable of devising and executing greater deeds of evil, than God can make you will and accomplish in the cause of good?



What can God do with you? Pardon you! save you! finish in you the work of redemption! Are not these things noble and worthy of Him? Oh, just think! if I, an humble and feeble creature, so worthless and full of myself—I, such as I am, long so ardently for your salvation, that, for its sake, I would joyfully give (and He is my witness!) the few days that still remain to me; oh, think what, and how great, must be the love of Him, Who inspires me with this imperfect, but ardent affection; how must He love you, what must He desire for you, Who has bid and enabled me to regard you with a charity that consumes me!”

While these words fell from his lips, his face, his expression, his whole manner, evinced his deep feeling of what he uttered. The countenance of his auditor changed, from a wild and convulsive look, first to astonishment and attention, and then gradually yielded to deeper and less painful emotions; his eyes, which from infancy had been unaccustomed to weep, became suffused; and when the words ceased, he covered his face with his hands, and burst into a flood of tears. It was the only and most evident reply.

“Great and good God!” exclaimed Federigo, raising his hands and eyes to heaven, “what have I ever done, an unprofitable servant, an idle shepherd, that Thou shouldest call me to this banquet of grace! that Thou shouldest make me worthy of being an instrument in so joyful a miracle!” So saying, he extended his hand to take that of the Unnamed.

“No!” cried the penitent nobleman; “no! keep away from me; defile not that innocent and beneficent hand. You don’t know all that the one you would grasp has committed.”

“Suffer me,” said Federigo, taking it with affectionate violence, “suffer me to press the hand which will repair so many wrongs, dispense so many benefits, comfort so many afflicted, and be extended, disarmed, peacefully, and humbly, to so many enemies.”

"It is too much!" said the Unnamed, sobbing, "leave me, my Lord; good Federigo, leave me! A crowded assembly awaits you; so many good people, so many innocent creatures, so many come from a distance, to see you for once, to hear you: and you are staying to talk . . . with whom!"

"We will leave the ninety and nine sheep," replied the Cardinal; "they are in safety, upon the mountain: I wish to remain with that which was lost. Their minds are, perhaps, now more satisfied than if they were seeing their poor bishop. Perhaps God, Who has wrought in you this miracle of mercy, is diffusing in their hearts a joy of which they know not yet the reason. These people are, perhaps, united to us without being aware of it: perchance the Spirit may be instilling into their hearts an undefined feeling of charity, a petition which He will grant for you, an offering of gratitude of which you are, as yet, the unknown object." So saying, he threw his arms round the neck of the Unnamed, who, after attempting to disengage himself, and making a momentary resistance, yielded, completely overcome by this vehement expression of affection, embraced the Cardinal in his turn, and buried in his shoulder his trembling and altered face. His burning tears dropped upon the stainless purple of Federigo, while the guiltless hands of the holy bishop affectionately pressed those members, and touched that garment, which had been accustomed to hold the weapons of violence and treachery.

Disengaging himself, at length, from this embrace, the Unnamed again covered his eyes with his hand, and raising his face to heaven, exclaimed: "God is, indeed, great! God is, indeed, good! I know myself now, now I understand what I am; my sins are present before me, and I shudder at the thought of myself; yet! . . . yet I feel an alleviation, a joy; yes, even a joy, such as I have never before known during the whole of my horrible life!"

"It is a little taste," said Federigo, "which God gives you, to incline you to His service, and encourage you resolutely to enter upon the new course of life which lies

before you, and in which you will have so much to undo, so much to repair, so much to mourn over!"

"Unhappy man that I am!" exclaimed the Signor: "how many, oh, how many . . . things for which I can do nothing besides mourn! But, at least, I have undertakings scarcely set on foot which I can break off in the midst, if nothing more: one there is which I can quickly arrest, which I can easily undo, and repair."

Federigo listened attentively, while the Unnamed briefly related, in terms of, perhaps, deeper execration than we have employed, his attempt upon Lucia, the sufferings and terrors of the unhappy girl, her importunate entreaties, the frenzy that these entreaties had aroused within him, and how she was still in the castle . . . .

"Ah, then! let us lose no time!" exclaimed Federigo, breathless with eagerness and compassion. "You are indeed blessed! This is an earnest of God's forgiveness! He makes you capable of becoming the instrument of safety to one whom you intended to ruin. God bless you! Nay, He has blessed you! Do you know where our unhappy protegee comes from?"

The Signor named Lucia's village.

"It's not far from this," said the Cardinal, "God be praised; and probably . . ." So saying, he went towards a little table, and rang a bell. The cross-bearing chaplain immediately attended the summons with a look of anxiety, and instantly glanced towards the Unnamed. At the sight of his altered countenance, and his eyes still red with weeping, he turned an inquiring gaze upon the Cardinal; and perceiving, amidst the invariable composure of his countenance, a look of solemn pleasure and unusual solicitude, he would have stood with open mouth, in a sort of ecstasy, had not the Cardinal quickly aroused him from his contemplations, by asking whether, among the parish-priests who were assembled in the next room, there were one from . . .

"There is your illustrious Grace," replied the chaplain.

"Let him come in directly," said Federigo, "and with him the priest of this parish."

The chaplain quitted the room, and on entering the hall where the clergy were assembled, all eyes were immediately turned upon him; while, with a look of blank astonishment, and a countenance in which was still depicted the rapture he had felt, he lifted up his hands, and waving them in the air, exclaimed, "Signori! Signori! *haec mutatio dexteræ Excelsi*" (This change is from the right hand of God).

While in the castle of the Unnamed, Lucia made a vow to the Holy Mother to the effect that if she ever escaped she would remain a virgin to the end of her life and devote her services to the Church. To this vow she adheres, in spite of Renzo's persuasions, until after months of separation famine and plague fall upon Milan. Renzo survives an attack of the fell disease, though for a long time he is unable to prosecute his search for Lucia, who has disappeared. When he is fully recovered he visits Milan and traverses the city amid the unbelievable horrors of the pestilence. Finally, in the Lazzeretto, he meets Father Cristoforo, who gives him some hope of finding Lucia, and tells him that his enemy Rodrigo lies even now in the horrors of death from the plague. How Renzo finds his lady is told in the following extract:

Who would ever have told Renzo, a few hours before, that, in the very crisis of his search, at the approach of the moment of greatest suspense which was so soon to be decisive, his heart would have been divided between Lucia and Don Rodrigo? Yet so it was; that figure he

had just beheld, came and mingled itself in all the dear or terrible pictures which either hope or fear alternately brought before him in the course of his walk; the words he had heard at the foot of that bed blended themselves with the conflicting thoughts by which his mind was agitated, and he could not conclude a prayer for the happy issue of this great experiment, without connecting with it that which he had begun there, and which the sound of the bell had abruptly terminated.

The small octagonal temple, which stood elevated from the ground by several steps, in the middle of the Lazzeretto, was, in its original construction, open on every side, without other support than pilasters and columns—a perforated building, so to say. In each front was an arch between two columns; within, a portico ran round that which might more properly be called the church, but which was composed only of eight arches supported by pilasters, surmounted by a small cupola, and corresponding to those on the outside of the arcade; so that the altar, erected in the center, might be seen from the window of each room in the enclosure, and almost from any part of the encampment. Now, the edifice being converted to quite a different use, the spaces of the eight fronts are walled up; but the ancient framework, which still remains uninjured, indicates with sufficient clearness the original condition and destination of the building.

Renzo had scarcely started, when Father Felice made his appearance in the portico of the temple, and advanced towards the arch in the middle of the side which faces the city, in front of which the assembly were arranged at the foot of the steps, and along the course prepared for them; and shortly he perceived by his manner that he had begun the sermon. He therefore went round by some little bypaths, so as to attain the rear of the audience, as had been suggested to him. Arrived there, he stood still very quietly, and ran over the whole with his eye; but he could see nothing from his position, except a mass, I had almost said, a pavement of heads. In the center there were some covered with handker-

chiefs, or veils; and here he fixed his eyes more attentively; but, failing to distinguish anything more clearly, he also raised them to where all the others were directed. He was touched and affected by the venerable figure of the speaker; and, with all the attention he could command in such a moment of expectation, listened to the following portion of his solemn address:

“Let us remember for a moment the thousands and thousands who have gone forth thither;” and raising his finger above his shoulder, he pointed behind him towards the gate which led to the cemetery of San Gregorio, the whole of which was then, we might say, one immense grave: “let us cast an eye around upon the thousands and thousands who are still left here, uncertain, alas! by which way they will go forth; let us look at ourselves, so few in number, who are about to go forth restored. Blessed be the Lord! Blessed be He in His justice, blessed in His mercy! blessed in death, and blessed in life! blessed in the choice He has been pleased to make of us! Oh! why has He so pleased, my brethren, if not to preserve to Himself a little remnant, corrected by affliction, and warmed with gratitude? if not in order that, feeling more vividly than ever how life is His gift, we may esteem it as a gift from His hands deserves, and employ it in such works as we may dare to offer to Him? if not in order that the remembrance of our own sufferings may make us compassionate towards others, and ever ready to relieve them? In the meanwhile, let those in whose company we have suffered, hoped, and feared; among whom we are leaving friends and relatives, and who are all, besides, our brethren; let those among them who will see us pass through the midst of them, not only derive some relief from the thought that others are going out hence in health, but also be edified by our behavior. God forbid that they should behold in us a clamorous festivity, a carnal joy, at having escaped that death against which they are still struggling. Let them see that we depart in thanksgivings for ourselves and prayers for them; and let them be able to say, ‘Even

beyond these walls they will not forget us, they will continue to pray for us poor creatures!' Let us begin from this time, from the first steps we are about to take, a life wholly made up of love. Let those who have regained their former vigor lend a brotherly arm to the feeble; young men, sustain the aged; you who are left without children, look around you how many children are left without parents! be such to them! And this charity, covering the multitude of sins, will also alleviate your own sorrows."

Here a deep murmur of groans and sobs, which had been increasing in the assembly, was suddenly suspended, on seeing the preacher put a rope round his neck, and fall upon his knees; and, in profound silence, they stood awaiting what he was about to say.

"For me," continued he, "and the rest of my companions who, without any merit of our own, have been chosen out for the high privilege of serving Christ in you, I humbly implore your forgiveness, if we have not worthily fulfilled so great a ministry. If slothfulness, if the ungovernableness of the flesh, has rendered us less attentive to your necessities, less ready to answer your calls; if unjust impatience, or blameworthy weariness, has sometimes made us show you a severe and dispirited countenance; if the miserable thought that we were necessary to you, has sometimes induced us to fail in treating you with that humility which became us; if our frailty has led us hastily to commit any action which has been a cause of offense to you; forgive us! And so may God forgive you all your trespasses, and bless you." Then, making the sign of a large cross over the assembly, he rose.

We have succeeded in relating, if not the actual words, at least the sense and burden of those which he really uttered; but the manner in which they were delivered it is impossible to describe. It was the manner of one who called it a privilege to attend upon the infected, because he felt it to be so; who confessed he had not worthily acted up to it, because he was conscious he had not done

so; who besought forgiveness, because he was convinced he stood in need of it. But the people who had beheld these Capuchins as they went about, engaged in nothing but waiting upon them; who had seen so many sink under the duty, and him who was now addressing them ever the foremost in toil, as in authority, except, indeed, when he himself was lying at the point of death; think with what sighs and tears they responded to such an appeal. The admirable friar then took a large cross which stood resting against a pillar, elevated it before him, left his sandals at the edge of the outside portico, and, through the midst of the crowd, which reverently made way for him, proceeded to place himself at their head.

Renzo, no less affected than if he had been one of those from whom this singular forgiveness was requested, also withdrew a little further, and succeeded in placing himself by the side of a cabin. Here he stood waiting, with his body half concealed and his head stretched forward, his eyes wide open, and his heart beating violently, but at the same time with a kind of new and particular confidence, arising, I think, from the tenderness of spirit which the sermon and the spectacle of the general emotion had excited in him.

Father Felice now came up, barefoot, with the rope round his neck, and that tall and heavy cross elevated before him; his face was pale and haggard, inspiring both sorrow and encouragement; he walked with slow, but resolute steps, like one who would spare the weakness of others; and in everything was like a man to whom these supernumerary labors and troubles imparted strength to sustain those which were necessary, and inseparable from his charge. Immediately behind him came the taller children, barefooted for the most part, very few entirely clothed, and some actually in their shirts. Then came the women, almost every one leading a little child by the hand, and alternately chanting the *Miserere*; while the feebleness of their voices, and the paleness and languor of their countenances, were enough



to fill the heart of any one with pity who chanced to be there as a mere spectator. But Renzo was gazing and examining, from rank to rank, from face to face, without passing over one; for which the extremely slow advance of the procession gave him abundant leisure. On and on it goes; he looks and looks, always to no purpose; he keeps glancing rapidly over the crowd which still remains behind, and which is gradually diminishing: now there are very few rows—we are at the last—all are gone by—all were unknown faces. With drooping arms, and head reclining on one shoulder, he suffered his eye still to wander after that little band, while that of the men passed before him.

His attention was again arrested, and a new hope arose in his mind, on seeing some carts appear behind these, bearing those convalescents who were not yet able to walk. Here the women came last; and the train proceeded at so deliberate a pace, that Renzo could with equal ease review all these without one escaping his scrutiny. But what then? he examined the first cart, the second, the third, and so on, one by one, always with the same result, up to the last, behind which followed a solitary Capuchin, with a grave countenance, and a stick in his hand, as the regulator of the cavalcade. It was that Father Michele whom we have mentioned as being appointed coadjutor in the government with Father Felice.

Thus was this soothing hope completely dissipated; and, as it was dissipated, it not only carried away the comfort it had brought along with it, but, as is generally the case, left him in a worse condition than before. Now the happiest alternative was to find Lucia ill. Yet, while increasing fears took the place of the ardor of present hope, he clung with all the powers of his mind to this melancholy and fragile thread, and issuing into the road, pursued his way towards the place the procession had just left. On reaching the foot of the little temple, he went and knelt down upon the lowest step, and there poured forth a prayer to God, or rather a crowd of unconnected expressions, broken sentences, ejaculations,

entreaties, complaints, and promises; one of those addresses which are never made to men, because they have not sufficient quickness to understand them, nor patience to listen to them; they are not great enough to feel compassion without contempt.

He rose somewhat more re-animated; went round the temple, came into the other road which he had not before seen, and which led to the opposite gate, and after going on a little way, saw on both sides the paling the friar had told him of, but full of breaks and gaps, exactly as he had said. He entered through one of these, and found himself in the quarter assigned to the women. Almost at the first step he took, he saw lying on the ground a little bell, such as the *monatti* wore upon their feet, quite perfect, with all its straps and buckles; and it immediately struck him that perhaps such an instrument might serve him as a passport in that place. He therefore picked it up, and, looking round to see if any one were watching him, buckled it on. He then set himself to his search, to that search, which, were it only for the multiplicity of the objects, would have been extremely wearisome, even had those objects been anything but what they were. He began to survey, or rather to contemplate, new scenes of suffering, in part so similar to those he had already witnessed, in part so dissimilar: for, under the same calamity, there was here a different kind of suffering, so to say, a different languor, a different complaining, a different endurance, a different kind of mutual pity and assistance; there was, too, in the spectator, another kind of compassion, so to say, and another feeling of horror. He had now gone I know not how far, without success and without accidents, when he heard behind him a "Hey!" a call, which seemed to be addressed to him. He turned round, and saw at a little distance a commissary, who, with uplifted hand, was beckoning to none other but him, and crying, "There, in those rooms, you're wanted: here we've only just finished clearing away."

Renzo immediately perceived whom he was taken for, and that the little bell was the cause of the mistake; he

called himself a great fool for having thought only of the inconveniences which this token might enable him to avoid, and not of those which it might draw down upon him; and at the same instant devised a plan to free himself from the difficulty. He repeatedly nodded to him in a hurried manner, as if to say that he understood and would obey; and then got out of his sight by slipping aside between the cabins.

When he thought himself far enough off, he began to think about dismissing this cause of offense; and to perform the operation without being observed, he stationed himself in the narrow passage between two little huts, which had their backs turned to each other. Stooping down to unloose the buckles, and in this position resting his head against the straw wall of one of the cabins, a voice reached his ear from it . . . Oh, heavens! is it possible? His whole soul was in that ear; he held his breath . . . Yes, indeed! it is that voice! . . . "Fear of what?" said that gentle voice; "we have passed through much worse than a storm. He who has preserved us hitherto, will preserve us even now."

If Renzo uttered no cry, it was not for fear of being discovered, but because he had no breath to utter it. His knees failed beneath him, his sight became dim; but it was only for the first moment; at the second he was on his feet, more alert, more vigorous than ever; in three bounds he was round the cabin, stood at the doorway, saw her who had been speaking, saw her standing by a bedside, and bending over it. She turned on hearing a noise; looked, fancied she mistook the object, looked again more fixedly, and exclaimed: "Oh, blessed Lord!"

"Lucia! I've found you! I've found you! It's really you! You're living!" exclaimed Renzo, advancing towards her, all in a tremble.

"Oh, blessed Lord!" replied Lucia, trembling far more violently. "You? What is this? What way? Why? The plague!"

"I've had it. And you! . . ."

"Ah! and I, too. And about my mother? . . ."

"I haven't seen her, for she's at Pasturo; I believe, however, she's very well. But you . . . how pale you still are! how weak you seem! You're recovered, however, aren't you?"

"The Lord has been pleased to leave me a little longer below. Ah, Renzo! why are you here?"

"Why?" said Renzo, drawing all the time nearer to her; "do you ask why? Why I should come here! Need I say why? Who is there I ought to think about? Am I no longer Renzo? Are you no longer Lucia?"

"Ah, what are you saying! What are you saying! Didn't my mother write to you? . . ."

"Ay: that indeed she did! Fine things to write to an unfortunate, afflicted, fugitive wretch—to a young fellow who has never offered you a single affront, at least!"

"But Renzo! Renzo! since you knew . . . why come? why?"

"Why come? Oh, Lucia! Why come, do you say? After so many promises! Are we no longer ourselves? Don't you any longer remember? What is wanting?"

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Lucia, piteously, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven, "why hast Thou not granted me the mercy of taking me to Thyself! . . . Oh, Renzo, whatever have you done? See; I was beginning to hope that . . . in time . . . you would have forgotten me . . ."

"A fine hope, indeed! Fine things to tell me to my face!"

"Ah, what have you done? and in this place! among all this misery! among these sights! here, where they do nothing but die, you have! . . ."

"We must pray God for those who die, and hope that they will go to a good place; but it isn't surely fair, even for this reason, that they who live should live in despair . . ."

"But Renzo! Renzo! you don't think what you're saying. A promise to the Madonna!—a vow!"

"And I tell you they are promises that go for nothing."

"Oh, Lord! What do you say? where have you been all this time? whom have you mixed with? how are you talking?"

"I'm talking like a good Christian; and I think better of the Madonna than you do; for I believe she doesn't wish for promises that injure one's fellow-creatures. If the Madonna had spoken, then, indeed! But what has happened? a mere fancy of your own. Don't you know what you ought to promise the Madonna? promise her that the first daughter we have, we'll call her Maria, for that I'm willing to promise too: these are things that do much more honor to the Madonna; these are devotions that have some use in them, and do no harm to any one."

"No, no; don't say so; you don't know what you are saying; you don't know what it is to make a vow; you've never been in such circumstances; you haven't tried. Leave me, leave me, for Heaven's sake!"

And she impetuously rushed from him, and returned towards the bed.

"Lucia!" said he, without stirring, "just tell me this one thing: if there was not this reason . . . would you be the same to me as ever?"

"Heartless man!" replied Lucia, turning round, and with difficulty restraining her tears: "when you've made me say what's quite useless, what would do me harm, and what, perhaps, would be sinful, will you be content then? Go away—oh, do go! think no more of me; we were not intended for each other. We shall meet again above; now we cannot have much longer to stay in this world. Ah, go! try to let my mother know that I'm recovered; that here, too, God has always helped me: and that I've found a kind creature, this good lady, who's like a mother to me; tell her I hope she will be preserved from this disease, and that we shall see each other again, when and how God pleases. Go away, for Heaven's sake, and think no more about me . . . except when you say your prayers."

And, like one who has nothing more to say, and wishes to hear nothing further, like one who would withdraw

herself from danger, she again retreated closer to the bed where lay the lady she had mentioned.

"Listen, Lucia, listen," said Renzo, without, however, attempting to go any nearer.

"No, no; go away, for charity's sake!"

"Listen: Father Cristoforo . . ."

"What?"

"He's here."

"Here! Where? How do you know?"

"I've spoken to him a little while ago; I've been with him for a short time: and a religious man like him, it seems to me . . ."

"He's here! to assist the poor sick, I dare say. But he? has he had the plague?"

"Ah, Lucia! I'm afraid, I'm sadly afraid . . ." And while Renzo was thus hesitating to pronounce the words which were so distressing to himself, and he felt must be equally so to Lucia, she had again left the bedside, and was once more drawing near him: "I'm afraid he has it now!"

"Oh, the poor holy man! But why do I say, Poor man? Poor me! How is he? is he in bed? is he attended?"

"He's up, going about, and attending upon others; but if you could see his looks, and how he totters! One sees so many, that it's too easy . . . to be sure there's no mistake!"

"Oh, and he's here indeed."

"Yes, and only a little way off; very little further than from your house to mine . . . if you remember! . . ."

"Oh, most holy Virgin!"

"Well, very little further. You may think whether we didn't talk about you. He said things to me . . . And if you knew what he showed me! You shall hear; but now I want to tell you what he said to me first, he, with his own lips. He told me I did right to come and look for you, and that the Lord approves of a youth's acting so, and would help me to find you; which has

real'y been the truth: but surely he's a saint. So, you see!"

"But if he said so, it was because he didn't know a word . . ."

"What would you have him know about things you've done out of your own head, without rule, and without the advice of any one? A good man, a man of judgment, as he is, would never think of things of this kind. But oh, what he showed me! . . ." And here he related his visit to the cabin; while Lucia, however her senses and her mind must have been accustomed, in that abode, to the strongest impressions, was completely overwhelmed with horror and compassion.

"And there, too," pursued Renzo, "he spoke like a saint; he said that perhaps the Lord has designed to show mercy to that poor fellow . . . (now I really cannot give him any other name) . . . and waits to take him at the right moment; but wishes that we should pray for him together . . . Together! did you hear?"

"Yes, yes; we will pray for him, each of us where the Lord shall place us; He will know how to unite our prayers."

"But if I tell you his very words! . . ."

"But, Renzo, he doesn't know . . ."

"But don't you see that when it is a saint who speaks, it is the Lord that makes him speak? and that he wouldn't have spoken thus, if it shouldn't really be so . . . And this poor fellow's soul! I have indeed prayed, and will still pray, for him; I've prayed from my heart, just as if it had been for a brother of mine. But how do you wish the poor creature to be, in the other world, if this matter be not settled here below, if the evils he has done be not undone? For, if you'll return to reason, then all will be as at first; what has been, has been; he has had his punishment here. . . ."

"No, Renzo, no; God would not have us do evil that He may show mercy; leave Him to do this; and for us, our duty is to pray to Him. If I had died that night, could not God, then, have forgiven him? . . ."

"And your mother, that poor Agnese, who has always wished me well, and who strove so to see us husband and wife, has she never told you that it was a perverted idea of yours? She, who has made you listen to reason, too, at other times; for, on certain subjects, she thinks more wisely than you . . ."

"My mother! do you think my mother would advise me to break a vow! But, Renzo! you're not in your proper senses."

"Oh, will you have me say so? You women cannot understand these things. Father Cristoforo told me to go back and tell him whether I had found you. I'm going: we'll hear what he says; whatever he thinks . . ."

"Yes, yes; go to that holy man; tell him that I pray for him, and ask him to do so for me, for I need it so much, so very much! But for Heaven's sake, for your own soul's sake, and mine, never come back here, to do me harm, to . . . tempt me. Father Cristoforo will know how to explain things to you, and bring you to your proper senses; he will make you set your heart at rest."

"My heart at rest! Oh, you may drive this idea out of your head. You've already had those abominable words written to me; and I know what I've suffered from them; and now you've the heart to say so to me. I tell you plainly and flatly that I'll never set my heart at rest. You want to forget me; but I don't want to forget you. And I assure you—do you hear?—that if you make me lose my senses, I shall never get them again. Away with my business, away with good rules. Will you condemn me to be a madman all my life? and like a madman I shall be. . . . And that poor fellow! The Lord knows whether I've not forgiven him from my heart; but you . . . Will you make me think, for the rest of my life, that if he had not? . . . Lucia, you have bid me forget you: forget you! How can I? Whom do you think I have thought about for all this time? . . . And after so many things! after so many promises! What have I done to you since we parted? Do you treat me in this way because I've



suffered? because I've had misfortunes? because the world has persecuted me? because I've spent so long a time from home, unhappy, and far from you? because the first moment I could, I came to look for you?"

When Lucia could sufficiently command herself to speak, she exclaimed again, joining her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven, bathed in tears: "O most holy Virgin, do thou help me! Thou knowest that, since that night, I have never passed such a moment as this. Thou didst succor me then; oh, succor me also now!"

"Yes, Lucia, you do right to invoke the Madonna; but why will you believe that she, who is so kind, the mother of mercy, can have pleasure in making us suffer . . . me, at any rate . . . for a word that escaped you at a moment when you knew not what you were saying? Will you believe that she helped you then, to bring us into trouble afterwards? . . . If, after all, this is only an excuse;—if the truth is, that I have become hateful to you . . . tell me so . . . speak plainly."

"For pity's sake, Renzo, for pity's sake, for the sake of your poor dead, have done, have done, don't kill me quite! . . . That would not be a good conclusion. Go to Father Cristoforo, commend me to him; and don't come back here, don't come back here."

"I go; but you may fancy whether I shall return or not! I'd come back if I was at the end of the world; that I would." And he disappeared.

Lucia went and sat down, or rather suffered herself to sink upon the ground, by the side of the bed; and resting her head against it, continued to weep bitterly. The lady, who until now had been attentively watching and listening, but had not spoken a word, asked what was the meaning of this apparition, this meeting, these tears. But perhaps the reader, in his turn, may ask who this person was; we will endeavor to satisfy him in a few words.

She was a wealthy tradeswoman, of about thirty years of age. In the course of a few days she had witnessed the death of her husband, in his own house, and

every one of her children; and being herself attacked shortly afterwards with the common malady, and conveyed to the Lazzeretto, she had been accommodated in this little cabin, at the time that Lucia, after having unconsciously surmounted the virulence of the disease, and, equally unconsciously, changed her companions several times, was beginning to recover and regain her senses, which she had lost since the first commencement of her attack in Don Ferrante's house. The hut could only contain two patients: and an intimacy and affection had very soon sprung up between these associates in sickness, bereavement, and depression, alone as they were in the midst of so great a multitude, such as could scarcely have arisen from long intercourse under other circumstances. Lucia was soon in a condition to lend her services to her companion, who rapidly became worse. Now that she, too, had passed the crisis, they served as companions, encouragement, and guards to each other, had made a promise not to leave the Lazzeretto except together, and had, besides, concerted other measures to prevent their separation after having quitted it.

The merchant-woman, who, having left her dwelling, warehouse, and coffers, all well furnished, under the care of one of her brothers, a commissioner of health, was about to become sole and mournful mistress of much more than she required to live comfortably, wished to keep Lucia with her, like a daughter or sister; and to this Lucia had acceded, with what gratitude to her benefactress and to Providence the reader may imagine; but only until she could hear some tidings of her mother, and learn, as she hoped, what was her will. With her usual reserve, however, she had never breathed a syllable about her intended marriage, nor of her other remarkable adventures. But now, in such agitation of feelings, she had at least as much need to give vent to them, as the other a wish to listen to them. And, clasping the right hand of her friend in both hers, she immediately began to satisfy her inquiries, without further obstacles than

those which her sobs presented to the melancholy recital.

Renzo, meanwhile, trudged off in great haste towards the quarters of the good friar. With a little care, and not without some steps thrown away, he at length succeeded in reaching them. He found the cabin: its occupant, however, was not there; but, rambling and peeping about in its vicinity, he discovered him in a tent, stooping towards the ground, or, indeed, almost lying upon his face, administering consolation to a dying person. He drew back, and waited in silence. In a few moments he saw him close the poor creature's eyes, raise himself upon his knees, and after a short prayer, get up. He then went forward, and advanced to meet him.

"Oh!" said the friar, seeing him approach: "Well?"

"She's there: I've found her!"

"In what state?"

"Recovered, or at least out of her bed."

"The Lord be praised!"

"But . . ." said Renzo, when he came near enough to be able to speak in an undertone, "there's another difficulty."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that . . . You know already what a good creature this young girl is; but she's sometimes rather positive in her opinions. After so many promises, after all you know of, now she actually tells me she can't marry me, because she says,—how can I express it?—in that night of terror, her brain became heated—that is to say, she made a vow to the Madonna. Things without any foundation, aren't they? Good enough for those who have knowledge, and grounds for doing them; but for us common people, that don't well know what we ought to do . . . aren't they things that won't hold good?"

"Is she very far from here?"

"Oh, no: a few yards beyond the church."

"Wait here for me a moment," said the friar, "and then we'll go together."

"Do you mean that you'll give her to understand . . ."

"I know nothing about it, my son; I must first hear what she has to say to me."

"I understand," said Renzo; and he was left, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his arms crossed on his breast, to ruminate in still-unallayed suspense. The friar again went in search of Father Vittore, begged him once more to supply his place, went into his cabin, came forth with a basket on his arm, and returning to his expectant companion, said: "Let us go." He then went forward, leading the way to that same cabin which, a little while before, they had entered together. This time he left Renzo outside; he himself entered, and reappeared in a moment or two, saying: "Nothing! We must pray; we must pray. Now," added he, "you must be my guide."

And they set off without further words. The weather had been for some time gradually becoming worse, and now plainly announced a not very distant storm. Frequent flashes of lightning broke in upon the increasing obscurity, and illuminated with momentary brilliancy the long, long roofs and arches of the porticoes, the cupola of the temple, and the more humble roofs of the cabins; while the claps of thunder, bursting forth in sudden peals, rolled rumbling along from one quarter of the heavens to the other. The young man went forward intent upon his way, and his heart full of uneasy expectations, as he compelled himself to slacken his pace, to accommodate it to the strength of his follower; who, wearied by his labors, suffering under the pressure of the malady, and oppressed by the sultry heat, walked on with difficulty, occasionally raising his pale face to heaven, as if to seek for freer respiration.

When they came in sight of the little cabin, Renzo stopped, turned round, and said with a trembling voice, "There she is."

They enter . . . "See: they're there!" exclaimed the lady from her bed. Lucia turned, sprang up precipi-

tately, and advanced to meet the aged man, crying: "Oh, whom do I see? Oh, Father Cristoforo!"

"Well, Lucia! from how many troubles has the Lord delivered you! You must indeed rejoice that you have always trusted in Him."

"Oh, yes, indeed! But you, Father? Poor me, how you are altered! How are you? tell me, how are you?"

"As God wills, and as, by His grace, I will also," replied the friar, with a placid look. And drawing her on one side, he added; "Listen: I can only stay here a few moments. Are you inclined to confide in me, as you have done hitherto?"

"Oh! are you not always my Father?"

"Then, my daughter, what is this vow that Renzo has been telling me about?"

"It's a vow that I made to the Madonna not to marry."

"But did you recollect at the time, that you were already bound by another promise?"

"When it related to the Lord and the Madonna! . . . No; I didn't think about it."

"My daughter, the Lord approves of sacrifices and offerings when we make them of our own. It is the heart that He desires—the will; but you could not offer him the will of another, to whom you had already pledged yourself."

"Have I done wrong?"

"No, my poor child, don't think so: I believe, rather, that the holy Virgin will have accepted the intention of your afflicted heart, and have presented it to God for you. But tell me: have you never consulted with any one on this subject?"

"I didn't think it was a sin I ought to confess; and what little good one does, one has no need to tell."

"Have you no other motive that hinders you from fulfilling the promise you have made to Renzo?"

"As to this . . . for me . . . what motive? . . . I cannot say . . . nothing else," replied Lucia, with a hesitation so expressed that it announced anything but

uncertainty of thought; and her cheeks, still pale from illness, suddenly glowed with the deepest crimson.

"Do you believe," resumed the old man, lowering his eyes, "that God has given to His Church authority to remit and retain, according as it proves best, the debts and obligations that men may have contracted to Him?"

"Yes, indeed I do."

"Know, then, that we who are charged with the care of the souls in this place, have, for all those who apply to us, the most ample powers of the Church; and consequently, that I can, when you request it, free you from the obligation, whatever it may be, that you may have contracted by this your vow."

"But is it not a sin to turn back, and to repent of a promise made to the Madonna? I made it at the time with my whole heart . . ." said Lucia, violently agitated by the assault of so unexpected a hope, for so I must call it, and by the uprising, on the other hand, of a terror, fortified by all the thoughts which had so long been the principal occupation of her mind.

"A sin, my daughter?" said the Father, "a sin to have recourse to the Church, and to ask her minister to make use of the authority which he has received from her, and she has received from God? I have seen how you two have been led to unite yourselves; and, assuredly, if ever it would seem that two were joined together by God, you were—you are those two; nor do I now see that God may wish you to be put asunder. And I bless Him that He has given me, unworthy as I am, the power of speaking in His name, and returning to you your plighted word. And if you request me to declare you absolved from this vow, I shall not hesitate to do it; nay, I wish you may request me."

"Then! . . . then! . . . I do request you," said Lucia, with a countenance no longer agitated, except by modesty.

The friar beckoned to the youth, who was standing in the furthest corner, intently watching (since he could do nothing else) the dialogue in which he was so much

interested ; and, on his drawing near, pronounced, in an explicit voice, to Lucia, "By the authority I have received from the Church, I declare you absolved from the vow of virginity, annulling what may have been unadvised in it, and freeing you from every obligation you may thereby have contracted."

2. "*Marco Visconti*." Manzoni's writings were pure and contained nothing to be regretted, and the same statement might be made with truthfulness of the writings of Tommaso Grossi, his friend and pupil. For fifteen years Grossi actually resided in the house of Manzoni, and the influence of the latter is seen in *Marco Visconti*, the masterpiece of its author. It is a romance of the thirteenth century, plainly modeled on the *I Promessi Sposi*, but inferior in most respects. The story lacks unity, and consists rather of a series of historic incidents or episodes, which are hung together by a romantic tale of disappointment in love. The chief value of the work rests in its vivid pictures of Italian life at Milan and on its neighboring hills during the Middle Ages. So clever are the descriptions and so bright and entertaining the episodes that the reader is led happily on to the end. We have already quoted at considerable length from this book in a previous chapter of this work. We cannot refrain, however, from calling attention to the descriptive power of the writer and to show it in two contrasting views of the lake from Limonta, the scene of the story:

Gigantic clouds, hurried on by the wind, seemed to be whirled and twisted about and changed into a thousand

fantastic forms, tinged with a fiery red. The light, as it disappeared behind the mountains, fled from the face of the different objects, which from one moment to another, beginning at the most distant ones, and thence advancing by degrees, appeared to grow fainter and more misty, until as they lost their outline and took all sorts of uncertain forms, they vacillated, so to speak, before the eye, and at last vanished altogether.

In the immediate vicinity of the sunset the sky was still red, but if you cast your eyes from the highest peaks down the mountain slopes to the verge of the lake, neither trees nor houses could be distinguished. Valleys and eminences looked alike; the whole mountain range seemed one uniform gigantic shadow standing up against the sky, and even that shadow soon grew confused and uncertain, and at last was completely blotted out. The darkness became more intense every moment, and the shipwrecked party at last were scarcely able to see one another. On the fluctuating surface of the lake, however, dark as it was, they could discern at a certain distance the furious billows, with threatening white crests, tumbling over and over and pursuing each other in turn, till they lashed against the rock, as if intending to swallow it up, and recover the prey that had been wrested from them.

The lake was quite calm, and bright as a mirror. Some little fish might be seen from time to time to leap from the clear water like a flash of silvery light, and then fall back again, leaving a circular curl on the smooth and placid surface.

The sky was a brilliant azure color, and the air clear and soft. Every cottage, house, and little church, as well on the high mountain ranges as on the slopes that came down to the water's edge, stood clearly out to the view. The fresh and dewy verdure of the plants, brambles, and bushes, received continually a new and splendid coloring from the rays of the rising sun, and from the manifold vagaries of the light, now broken by



giant vaporous shadows, now diminishing and dying away in all sorts of indescribable combinations.

It is unfair to leave Grossi without mentioning the fact that he was a poet of considerable power who made himself popular by his patriotic tales in verse. Most acceptable of these stories was his *Ildegonda*, a heart-breaking story of a gentle little girl, who, in the Middle Ages, was shut up in a convent by her cruel father because she would not marry the man he had selected for her, while she was deeply in love with another.

By the order of her family, the wicked abbess and nuns in the convent try to compel her to take the veil, but she resists cold, starvation, reproach and persuasion alike, upheld by her own dislike of the convent and the encouragement of a friendly nun. In attempting to rescue her by means of a vault beneath the convent, her lover is discovered with her and is attacked by armed men. *Ildegonda* is dragged back to her dungeon, and her lover, who has already been accused of heresy, is convicted and burned at the stake. When the poor miss learns of the martyrdom of her lover, her brain becomes addled, she sees her lover in torment, and, flying from the dreaded appearance, falls and strikes her head upon a stone. When she recovers, she is in the arms of the nun who always befriended her. The cruel persecutions cease, she begs her father's pardon, is forgiven, and dies peacefully. It may be said that *Marco Visconti* and almost all the tales and poems

of Grossi deal with love affairs which end tragically.

3. We have not space to speak of the later novelists and their works. None has equaled Manzoni, and few have eclipsed Grossi, yet among our contemporaries are a number who are entitled to a high rank in the world of letters.

II. LEOPARDI AS A PHILOSOPHER. In the previous chapter we have given a sketch of Leopardi's life and discussed his poetry. The pessimism which grew out of his illness and the unfortunate conditions that surrounded him in childhood tinge his whole philosophy. It is regrettable that perhaps the greatest Italian genius of modern times should have done so little to help his people and should have contributed so much to strengthen the dark view of life which continued misfortunes and ill health are apt to instigate. A wise consideration will place Leopardi rather as the representative figure of his country during that long, distracting period when she was alternately the prey of one foreign domination after another. Racked and dismembered by opposing forces, her people suffering oppression and bodily ills without number, Italy herself bears the strongest resemblance to the sickly poet. But the selections which we shall make from his satirical prose are the best commentary on their nature.

First, let us quote from *The Wager of Prometheus*. The gods in council have offered a

prize for the most valuable invention or discovery; and the work of three competitors was agreed to be equal, namely, the discovery of wine by Bacchus, the discovery of oil by Minerva, and the invention by Vulcan of an economic saucepan, by means of which food could be quickly cooked and with little fire. Prometheus, who had created man and claimed him to be the best and most perfect work, alone dissented. One day, while discussing the matter with Momus, Prometheus invited the former to go down to earth, visit its five divisions one after another, and find evidence to prove that man was the most perfect creation in the universe. Leopardi proceeds:

Thereupon a wager was made between them, Momus, of course, taking the opposite side to Prometheus. The amount of the wager having been settled, they began without delay to descend towards the earth, directing their course to the New World, partly because of its name, and partly because none of the immortals had yet set foot in it, so that it more particularly stimulated their curiosity. They first alighted in the northern part of the kingdom of Popaia, not far from the river Cauca, in a place where many signs of human habitation appeared, such as vestiges of cultivation in the plains, numerous roads, which were, however, impassable or obstructed in many places; trees lopped and felled, and more particularly what seemed like graves, while here and there human bones were scattered about. But the two celestials were not able anywhere to discover a trace of any living human beings, though they looked all around them and listened for their voices. They went on, partly walking, partly flying, for several miles; passing hills and rivers, and finding everywhere the same signs and the same solitude. "How is it that these districts, which

were evidently once inhabited, are now deserted?" said Momus to Prometheus. The latter mentioned as probable causes of the desolation which they beheld, the inundations of the sea, the earthquakes, the tempests, the floods of rain, which are common in tropical regions; and, indeed, at that very time they heard from all the neighboring woods the noise of raindrops continually falling from the branches of trees as the wind agitated them. But Momus could not comprehend how that district could be subject to inundations from the sea, which was so far from where they were that it could nowhere be seen; and still less could he understand how it was that the earthquakes, tempests and floods could have destroyed the men of the country while sparing the jaguars, monkeys, ants, eagles, and a hundred other wild animals of the earth and air which they saw around them. At last, descending into an immense valley, they discovered a small group of houses, or rather wooden huts, covered with palm-leaves, each one of which was encompassed by a stockade-like fence. In front of one of these cabins many people were gathered, some sitting, some standing, around an earthen vessel which was suspended over a great fire. The two celestials, having taken the human form, approached the group, and Prometheus, after courteously saluting all, turned to the one who seemed to be the chief, and inquired what they were doing.

*Savage.* We are eating, as you see.

*Prom.* What good food have you?

*Sav.* Only this piece of meat.

*Prom.* Is it the flesh of a wild or domestic animal?

*Sav.* Domestic, since it is the flesh of my son.

*Prom.* Had you a calf for a son, like Pasiphae?

*Sav.* Not a calf, but a boy, such as others have.

*Prom.* Are you really serious? Do you eat your own flesh?

*Sav.* Not my own flesh, but certainly his, since it was for this very purpose I engendered him, and have nourished him.

*Prom.* What! In order to eat him?

*Sav.* Yes. Why do you wonder at that? And his mother, too, as soon as she ceases to bear children.

*Momus.* As one eats a hen after having eaten all her eggs.

*Sav.* And I will eat my other women, too, when they become useless for child-bearing. And my slaves, whom you see here, do you think I would keep them alive if they did not every now and then give birth to children for me to eat?

*Prom.* Tell me, are these slaves of your own nation or of some other?

*Sav.* Of another.

*Prom.* Far from here?

*Sav.* So far that a rivulet runs between their habitations and ours.

Then, pointing to a hillock, he added, "They used to live there, but our people have destroyed them and their dwellings."

At this moment it struck Prometheus that the savages were regarding him with the sort of loving look that a cat bestows upon a mouse; and so, to avoid being eaten by those whom he had created, he suddenly rose in flight, and with him Momus also. . . .

Prometheus, much dissatisfied with the New World, directed his course towards the more ancient—that is to say, to Asia; and having traversed almost in an instant the space between the new and the ancient Indies, the celestials descended near Agra in a field full of innumerable people gathered around a trench full of wood, on one side of which were a number of men with torches ready to set fire to the fuel; and on a platform on the other side was a young woman clothed with sumptuous raiments, ornamented with all sorts of barbaric ornaments, who was dancing and shouting and showing every sign of the most extravagant joy. Prometheus, on seeing her, imagined she must be a new Lucretia or Virginia, or some emulator of the daughters of Erechtheus, or of Iphigenia, Codrus, Menecius, Cur-



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CATHEDRAL AND LEANING TOWER  
PISA, ITALY

THE TOWER SERVES AS THE BELL-TOWER FOR THE CATHEDRAL.  
IT IS NEARLY 600 YEARS OLD.



tius, or Decius, who, in obedience to the command of some oracle, was about to render up herself for a sacrifice in order to save her country. But being told that the woman was about to be burned in consequence of her husband's death, he thought that she, like Alcestis, was about to immolate herself in order to restore her husband to life. Being, however, further informed that she only consented to the sacrifice because ancient custom compelled all widows of her caste to make it, and that, so far from loving her husband, she had always hated him; while her manifestations of joy were due to the influence of strong drink, and moreover that there was so little idea of resuscitating the husband that his body was to be burned in the same fire with her, he at once turned his back upon the scene and set out for Europe. While proceeding thither, he held the following colloquy with his companion:

*Momus.* Did you think when, with so much risk to yourself, you stole fire from heaven to communicate it to men, that they would employ your gift, some to cook their fellows in pots, and others to burn themselves voluntarily to death?

*Prom.* Certainly not. But consider, dear Momus, that those whom we have as yet seen are barbarians, and human nature ought not to be judged from them, but from the civilized peoples to whose kingdoms we are now traveling. Among them I am convinced that we shall see and hear things that will be not only praiseworthy but astonishing.

*Momus.* For my part, I cannot see why men should need to be civilized out of burning themselves to death, or eating their own children, if they are the most perfect creatures in the universe. None of the other animals are civilized, and yet they do not burn themselves, although the phoenix has been fabled to do so; very rarely do any of them eat their own kind, and more rarely still do they feed on their own offspring, and then only through some strange accident, and not because they had generated them for that purpose. Remark, also, that of the five



divisions of the world, one only, and that the smallest, and not even all of that, is endowed with the civilization which you extol; except, indeed, some petty portions of another. And I don't think even you will assert that this civilization is so perfect at the present day that the men of Paris or Philadelphia have reached the highest standard of which the race is capable. Yet in order that they might reach their present state of civilization, for how many ages have the people worked and suffered? From their very origin down to the present day. And almost all the inventions which were necessary or conducive to the attainment of a civilized state have had their origin rather from chance than design; so that civilization is rather the result of accident than of natural development; and where no such chance discoveries have taken place the people are still barbarians, although they are just as ancient as the civilized races. From these facts I infer that if uncivilized men are in many points inferior to all other animals; if civilization, which is the opposite of barbarism, is only possessed, even at the present day, by a small portion of the human race, and if that portion has only been able to attain this state after the lapse of innumerable ages, and more by chance than by any other cause; and lastly, if this state is far from being perfect: considering, I say, all these things, ought not your judgment on the human race to be that though it is indeed supreme over all other kinds of animals, it is supreme rather in imperfection than in perfection? It is true that men themselves, in speaking and judging, are continually misled by the ambiguity of these terms; but that is because they found their opinions upon certain preconceived ideas, which they consider to be undoubted truths. All other creatures, it is certain, have been from their first creation in a state of perfection. And even if it were not clear that man in the savage state, considered with respect to other animals, is the least perfect of them, I cannot persuade myself that the fact of his being imperfect in his own nature, as it cannot be denied that he is, gives him a claim to be accounted superior

to all other creatures. In addition to this, it is to be observed that human civilization, so difficult to establish, and perhaps impossible to render perfect, is not so stable that it cannot fall into decay; and we find, in fact, that it has frequently so fallen among various peoples who had in great measure obtained it. In sum, I conclude that if your brother Epimetheus had brought before the judges the model from which he formed the first ass or the first frog, he would have had a better chance of winning the first prize than you had. However, I will willingly concede to you that man is quite perfect, if you will allow that his perfection resembles that which Plotinus attributes to the world. The world, said he, is absolutely perfect, but to constitute a perfect world it is necessary that it should have, among other things, every possible evil; and, in fact, such is its condition. And from this point of view I might perhaps agree with Leibnitz that this present world is the best of all possible worlds.

No doubt Prometheus had a ready answer, clear, precise, and logical, to all these arguments; but it is equally certain that he did not give utterance to it; for they had now reached the city of London, where they descended. Seeing a multitude of people gathered around the door of a private house, they joined the crowd and entered the dwelling. There they saw upon a bed a man lying on his back, a pistol in his hand, and a wound in his breast. He was dead; and beside him lay two little children, also dead. There were in the room several inmates of the house, and some officials, who were interrogating them, while a clerk wrote down their replies.

*Prom.* Who are these unfortunates?

*A Servant.* My master and his children.

*Prom.* Who has slain them?

*Serv.* My master.

*Prom.* Do you really mean that he has killed his children and himself?

*Serv.* Yes, indeed!

*Prm.* What caused him to commit so great a crime? Had some terrible calamity befallen him?

*Serv.* Not that I know of.

*Prom.* But perhaps he was poor, or despised by all, or disappointed in love, or out of favor at Court?

*Serv.* On the contrary he was very rich, and generally esteemed: love did not trouble him, and he was a great favorite at Court.

*Prom.* What, then, induced him to commit so desperate an act?

*Serv.* He was weary of living—so he says in the letter which he has left behind him.

*Prom.* And what are these officials doing?

*Serv.* They are inquiring as to my master's sanity; for if he was not mad, his property falls to the Crown; and, indeed, it will certainly do so.

*Prom.* But tell me, had he no friend or relative to whom he could have committed the care of these children, instead of killing them?

*Serv.* Yes, he had; and among others one with whom he was very intimate, and to whom he has commended his dog.

Here Momus was beginning to congratulate Prometheus upon the good effects of civilization, and upon the happiness which it confers upon human life; and would further have reminded him that no other animal but man kills itself voluntarily, or murders its offspring: but Prometheus stopped him, admitted that he had lost the wager, and paid it to him; leaving the two remaining parts of the world unvisited.

*The Dialogue Between Nature and a Soul* is as follows:

*Nature.* Go, my darling child, for such you shall be accounted and called through a long series of ages. Live, and be great and unhappy.

*Soul.* What evil have I wrought before living, that you condemn me to this punishment?

*N.* What punishment, my child?

*S.* Do you not ordain me to be unhappy?

*N.* Only in so far as I would have you be great; and you cannot be this without being that. Moreover, you are destined to vivify a human body; and all mankind necessarily are born and live unhappy.

*S.* But, on the contrary, it would be better were you so to arrange that they should be necessarily happy; or, if unable to do this, it would become you to abstain from sending them into the world.

*N.* Neither the one nor the other is in my power, for I am subject to Fate, which ordains otherwise, whatever be the cause, for neither you nor I can understand it. Now as you have been created and prepared to inform a human body, there is no power either in me or in any one else mighty enough to save you from the unhappiness common to all men. But in addition to this you will have to sustain an unhappiness peculiar to yourself, and much greater, through the excellence with which I have endowed you.

*S.* I have not yet learned anything, just now commencing to live, and this must be the reason that I do not understand you. But tell me, are excellence and extraordinary unhappiness in substance the same thing? or if they are two things, could you not sever the one from the other?

*N.* In the souls of men, and proportionately in those of all kinds of animals, it may be affirmed that the one and the other are almost the very same thing: because the excellence of the souls involves greater intensity of life; and this involves a greater sense of their unhappiness; which is as much as to say, greater unhappiness. Similarly, the greater vitality of the mind includes greater strength of self-love, whatever may be the manner in which it is manifested: which superiority of self-love implies greater desire for felicity, and therefore greater discontent and anguish in the privation of it, and greater suffering in all adversities. All this is included in the original and perpetual system of created things which I cannot alter. And besides this, the

subtlety of your own intellect and the vivacity of your imagination will exclude you in a very great measure from mastership over yourself. The lower animals easily use every faculty and force they possess toward the ends at which they aim. But men very seldom employ all their force; being usually hindered by reason and imagination; which create a thousand doubts in the meditation and a thousand obstacles in the execution. Those least apt or least used to ponder and examine themselves, are the most prompt in resolution, and the most vigorous in action. But those like you, continually self-involved, and as it were overpowered by the very greatness of their own faculties, and thus weakened by themselves, are nearly always subject to irresolution both in deliberating and in acting: and this is one of the greatest torments that afflict human life. Add that while, by the excellence of your nature, you will easily and in little time surpass almost all the others of your species in the most weighty studies and most arduous disciplines; you will nevertheless always find it impossible or supremely difficult either to learn or to put in practice a multitude of things, most trivial in themselves, but most necessary in commerce with other men; things which you will at the same time see performed perfectly and mastered without trouble by innumerable minds not only inferior to yours, but altogether contemptible. These and other infinite difficulties and miseries occupy and encompass great minds. But they are abundantly recompensed by the fame, the eulogies and the honors, which the greatness of these eminent spirits wins for them; and by the enduring remembrance they leave of themselves to posterity.

*S.* But those praises and honors you mention, I shall have them from heaven, or from yourself, or from whom else?

*N.* From men: because none else than men can give them to you.

*S.* See now, I was thinking that not knowing how to do the things most necessary, as you say, to social commerce with men, and which are quite facile to even

the poorest minds; so far from being honored, I should be scorned and shunned by these same men; or certainly should live ignored by nearly all of them, as unfit for human society.

*N.* It is not given me to foresee the future; nor, therefore, to predict to you infallibly how men will act and think with regard to you while you are on earth. It is indeed true that from the experience of the past I infer that most probably they will persecute you with envy; which is another calamity commonly encountered by eminent spirits; or that they will try to crush you with disdain and indifference. And moreover, even fortune and chance are generally inimical to such as you. But immediately after death, as occurred with one called Camoens, or at latest some few years after, as happened with another called Milton, you will be celebrated and extolled to heaven, I do not say by all, but at any rate by the small number of men of good judgment. And perchance the ashes of the body in which you have dwelt will repose in a magnificent sepulcher; and its features, imitated in various manners, will circulate among men; and the accidents of its life will be described by several, and by others committed to memory with studious care; and at least the whole civilized world will be full of its name. Always excepting that by the malignity of fortune, or by the very superabundance of your faculties, you should be perpetually hindered from showing men any proportionate sign of your worth; of which in truth there have not lacked many examples, known to me only and to Fate.

*S.* My dear mother, although I am as yet void of further knowledge, I feel that the greatest, or rather the sole desire which you have given me is for happiness. And granted that I am capable of the desire for glory, I certainly cannot long for this (good or ill, I know not which to term it), except solely as happiness, or as useful towards the acquisition of happiness. Now, by what you have said, the excellence with which you have endowed me may indeed be necessary or profitable to the ac-

quisition of glory; but it does not therefore tend to felicity, or rather it tends strongly to infelicity. Nor even to glory will it probably conduct me before death: and when death has arrived, what use or pleasure can reach me from the greatest boons in the world? And lastly, it may easily occur, as you say, that this crabbed glory, the recompense for so much suffering, will not be attained by me at all, not even after death. So, from your own words, I conclude that instead of loving me specially as you affirmed at the beginning, you rather hate me with more anger and malevolence than I shall experience from mankind and from fortune while in the world; since you have not hesitated to bestow upon me a gift so calamitous as this vaunted excellence which will be one of the chief obstacles hindering me from attaining my sole intent, that is felicity.

*N.* My dear child, all the souls of men, as I have said to you, are assigned in prey to unhappiness, without my fault. But in the universal misery of the human state, and in the infinite vanity of all its pleasures and advantages, glory is esteemed by the better part of mankind the greatest good vouchsafed to mortals, and the most worthy prize that can be proposed for their cares and efforts. Whence, not in hate, but in the genuine benevolence I feel for you, I thought to give you for the attainment of this end all the assistance in my power.

*S.* Tell me, among the other animals, which you mentioned, does it happen that any are furnished with less vitality and feeling than man?

*N.* Beginning from those that are little more than plants, all are in this respect, some more and some less, inferior to man, who has more fullness of life and more feeling than any other animal, as being of all living creatures the most perfect.

*S.* Then place me, if you love me, in the most imperfect: or if you cannot do this, take away the calamitous gifts that ennoble me, and make me conformable to the most stupid and stolid human spirit that you ever at any time produced.

N. In this last thing I can please you; and I am about to do so; since you refuse the immortality towards which I had prepared your way.

S. And in exchange for the immortality, I beseech you to accelerate my death as much as possible.

N. As to this I will confer with Destiny.

In the *Canticle of the Wild Cock* Leopardi avers that according to Hebrew writers there lives somewhere between heaven and earth a wild cock, whose feet rest on the earth while his crest and beak touch heaven. Among other accomplishments of this gigantic fowl is that of articulate speech, and it is said that on certain mornings he chants the following lay, which Leopardi asserts with no semblance of truth he translated from an ancient manuscript in Hebrew characters:

Awake, mortals, and rise! The day returns: truth comes back to earth, and vain dreams depart. Arise: take up again the burden of life; forsake the world of dreams for the world of reality.

Now is the time when men collect and review in their minds all the thoughts of their present life; recall to memory their designs, studies, and affairs, and foresee the delights and troubles that the new day may bring them. And now all would fain have their minds filled with pleasant thoughts and joyous anticipations. But to few are their desires granted: for all it is an evil to awaken. The unfortunate are no sooner aroused than they awaken to a sense of their misery. Sweetest of all things is that sleep which joy and hope have combined to procure, and to bless with happy dreams: but their influence, though it may last until the morning, fails or declines with the coming of day.

If the sleep of mortals were perpetual, and if to live were to sleep; if under the daystar all living things



remained tranced in perfect rest, and no man went forth to toil; if no oxen lowed in the meadows, and no wild beasts roared in the forests; if no birds sang in the air, and there was no murmuring or buzzing of butterflies and bees; if all things on earth were soundless and motionless, save the waters, the winds, and the tempests; then indeed the universe would be useless, but would there be less happiness or more misery in it than there now is? I ask of thee, O Sun, author of day and guardian of our vigils; hast thou in the course of the many ages which have been measured out by thy rising and setting ever seen a single human being who was truly happy? Of the innumerable works of men which thou hast seen, dost thou know of even one which has ever fulfilled its object, namely, the satisfaction, durable or transient, of its producer? Dost thou now see, or hast thou ever seen, happiness anywhere upon earth? Where dwells it? In what field, wood, or valley, or on what mountain; in what region inhabited or desert; or in what planet of the many which are illumined and warmed by thy flames? Does it perchance hide from thy view in the depths of caverns, or in the secret places of the earth or sea? What animated thing, what plant, what being vivified by thee, what creature, provided or unprovided with vegetative or animal life, partakes of it? And thou thyself, that like an indefatigable giant, careerest day and night, without sleep or repose, over the immeasurable path prescribed to thee; art thou happy or unhappy?

Mortal, awaken! Not yet are you free from life. A time will come when no external force, no inward impulse, will arouse you from the quietude of sleep; and then you shall repose insatiably and for ever. But not yet is death accorded to you: only from time to time a semblance of it is granted you for a little while; because without such interruptions of its activities life could not sustain itself. Privation of sleep is a deadly evil, a cause of the sleep eternal. So poor a thing is life, that to preserve it it is necessary every night to lay it down for a

time in order to recruit its powers; to restore it, as it were, by giving it a taste of death.

It appears that all things exist only that they may die. That which exists not cannot die, and yet all that exists has sprung from nothingness. It is certain that the ultimate object of existence is not happiness, for nothing is happy. It is true that animated creatures propose this end to themselves in all their actions, but they obtain it from none; and in their whole existence, always toiling, striving, and enduring, the sole result of their labors and sufferings is to attain that which seems to be Nature's only object, namely, death.

The early morning hours, though they are not indeed happy, are at least the most endurable of the day. Few on awaking find their minds occupied by pleasant and cheering thoughts, but nearly all proceed to create them; because though they may have no cause for joy, they are then inclined towards it; and they are then, also, more disposed to endure patiently their misfortunes. Even he who was a prey to despair before sleep overcame him, when he awakes begins once more to hope, however little reason he may have for his hopefulness. At that time many real misfortunes and troubles, many causes of fear and affliction, appear much less formidable than they did the evening before. Often too the sufferings of the previous day are contemned, and almost derided as delusions and vain imaginations. While the evening may be compared to old age, the morning, on the contrary, resembles youth, being for the most part cheerful and confident; while the evening is sad, discouraged, and inclined to anticipate evil. But this youth which mortals experience each day is the image of the youth of their lives, brief and fugitive; as life hastens to its end, so the day hastens towards night.

Youth, though the best thing that life can bestow, is yet but a wretched gift. And this poor thing fails in so short a time, that when, by many indications, men become aware of their failing vitality, they have hardly realized their possession of it, or been able to make any

us; of those powers which they feel are now deserting them. For all mortals the greater part of life is a process of decay. So much, in all her works, does Nature tend towards dissolution and death! For no other reason does old age prevail so manifestly and for so long a time in life and the world. Every part of the universe hastens indefatigably to death, with wonderful solicitude and celerity. Only the world itself appears exempt from decay and destruction; since, though in autumn and winter it appears to be old and sick, yet in the spring it rejuvenates itself. But just as mortals every morning seem to recover some portion of their youth, yet grow old as the day advances, so also the world, though it appears to grow young again at the beginning of each new year, is not less surely and continuously growing old. The time will come when this universe and Nature herself shall be destroyed. And as of many great and marvelous empires which formerly existed, no traces or records are now left, so of the whole world, and the infinite vicissitudes and calamities of all created things no vestige will remain, but a naked silence and a most profound stillness will fill the immensity of space. Thus this wonderful and terrible mystery of universal existence, before it can be revealed or understood, shall dissolve and perish.

The *Dialogue Between a Vendor of Almanacs and a Passer-by* is as follows:

*Vendor.* Almanacs, new almanacs; new calendars. Want any almanacs, sir?

*Passer-by.* Almanacs for the new year?

*V.* Yes, sir.

*P.* Do you believe that this new year will be a happy one?

*V.* Oh, your honor, yes, certainly.

*P.* As the past year?

*V.* More, much more.

*P.* As the previous one?

*V.* More, more, your honor.

*P.* As what other, then? Would it not please you to have the new year like some one of these last years?

*V.* No, sir, it would not please me.

*P.* How many new years have passed since you began to sell almanacs?

*V.* Twenty years, your honor.

*P.* Which of these twenty years would you like the coming year to resemble?

*V.* I? I don't know.

*P.* Do you remember no one year in particular that seemed to you happy?

*V.* No, in truth, your honor.

*P.* And yet life is a fine thing. Is not this true?

*V.* That we all know.

*P.* Would you not return to live those twenty years, and indeed all the past time, commencing from your birth?

*V.* Ah, my dear sir, would to God that I could.

*P.* But if you had to live again the life you have lived neither more nor less, with all the pleasures and pains you have passed through?

*V.* That I would not wish.

*P.* Oh, what other life would you live again? the life I have lived, or that of the prince, or of whom else? Or do you not believe that I or the prince or any one else would answer exactly like you; and that having to live again the very same life he had lived, no one would wish to turn back?

*V.* That I believe.

*P.* Nor would you turn back with this condition, not being able otherwise?

*V.* No, sir, indeed, I would not return.

*P.* Oh, what life would you wish then?

*V.* I would wish such a life as God might send me, without other conditions.

*P.* A life of chance, of which you know nothing else beforehand, as you know nothing of the new year?

*V.* Exactly.

P. I would wish the same, too, if I had to live again, and so would all. But this is a sign that always up to the new year chance has treated all badly. And it is clear that every one is of opinion that the evil he has met with has been more or of more weight than the good; if on the condition of living again the former life with all its evil and all its good, no one would wish to be born again. That life which is a fine thing, is not the life we know, but the life we know not; not the past life, but the future. With the new year, chance will commence to treat well you and me and all the others, and the happy life will begin. Is not this true?

V. Let us hope so.

P. Then show me the finest almanac you have.

V. Here it is, your honor. That is worth fifteen pence.

P. Here are fifteen pence.

V. Thanks, your honor: may we meet again. Almanacs, new almanacs; new calendars.

From among his detached *Thoughts* we take the following:

One of the grave errors into which men daily fall is that of imagining that their secrets are kept by others; not only those secrets which they reveal in confidence to their friends, but also those which, against their will, or despite their efforts, may happen to become known to their acquaintances. Men err, I say, always when, aware that something concerning them is known to any one else, they fancy that it is not known to the public, no matter what injury or shame the general knowledge of it may cause them. Men restrain themselves with great difficulty, by the consideration of their own interest, from revealing their secrets; but with regard to the secrets of another no one keeps silent. If you doubt this, examine yourself and see how many times the thought of discomfort, injury, or shame which might be brought on another has restrained you from revealing a thing you knew; revealing it, I say, if not to many, at

least to this or the other friend, which comes to the same thing. In social life no need is more urgent than that of gossiping, the chief means of passing the time, which is one of the first necessities of life. And no subject of gossip is more delightful than one which rouses curiosity and drives away tedium, and such is anything in the nature of a secret or a mystery. Therefore make this a rule: things you would not have it known that you have done, do not merely refrain from speaking of, but do not perform. As for those things which it is not within your power to control, be certain that they will become known, even though you may not perceive it.

. . . . .

Some young men are apt to fancy that they render themselves interesting to others by an affectation of melancholy. And possibly this feigned melancholy may please for a time, especially women. But genuine melancholy is shunned by every one; and in the long run only cheerfulness pleases and is well received in society; for, when all is said, and whatever may be thought by the young men I have mentioned, the world, wisely enough, prefers rather to laugh than to weep.

. . . . .

Death is not an evil, for it liberates from all evils, and if it deprives man of any good thing it also takes away his desire for it. Old age is the supreme evil, for it deprives man of all pleasures, while leaving him appetites for them; and brings with it all sufferings. Nevertheless, men fear death and desire old age.

. . . . .

As the human race is wont, blaming present things, to extol things past, so most travelers, while traveling, are in love with their native land, and prefer it with a sort of anger to those in which they find themselves. Returned to their native place, they with the same anger rank it inferior to all the other countries in which they have traveled.

. . . . .

It is curious to remark that nearly all men of sterling worth are simple in their manners; and yet nearly always simple manners are taken as a sign of little worth.

A habit of keeping silence amidst a company of talkers pleases, and is praised when it is known that the silent one can speak well and to the purpose whenever speech is required.

No human quality is more intolerable in ordinary life, nor is, in fact, less tolerated than intolerance.

Nothing is rarer in the world than a person who is at all times endurable to us.

III. MAZZINI. Inseparably connected with the struggle for Italian liberty was Giuseppe Mazzini, the seer, the prophet, the inspired writer on human liberty. He was born in Genoa in 1808, studied and practiced law in his native city, and in 1827 published his first essays, which attracted the attention of all Italy and brought upon him the disfavor of the authorities because of the revolutionary sentiments of his writings. In fact, he was arrested, and though the government could prove nothing definite against him, he was considered too dangerous a man to live at large and was compelled to choose between internment in a small village or banishment from the country. The only explanation the governor of Genoa would give to Giuseppe's father was that his son "was gifted with some talent, and too fond of walking by himself at night absorbed in thought. What on earth has he at

his age to think about? We don't like young people thinking without our knowing the subject of their thoughts." Mazzini chose exile and went to Paris, the center of revolutionary ideas. It seems natural that he should have been attracted to that city.

Mazzini began as a lawyer, but adopted literature as his real profession, and might never have felt the call to the crusade for freedom but for an incident which happened when at sixteen he and his mother were accosted by "a tall, black-bearded man, with a severe and energetic countenance, and a fiery glance that I have never since forgotten. He held out a white handkerchief toward us, merely saying, 'For the refugees of Italy.' My mother and friend dropped some money into the handkerchief, and he turned from us to put the same request to others." The man mentioned was one of a crowd of revolutionists who had flocked to Genoa to escape the revenge of the Austrians on quelling some petty insurrection. The effect upon Mazzini has been told in his own words: "In the midst of the noisy, tumultuous life of the scholars around me, I was somber and absorbed, and appeared like one suddenly grown old. I childishly determined to dress always in black, fancying myself in mourning for my country."

From his early banishment Mazzini addressed to Charles Albert of Savoy that famous letter which caused the writer to be condemned to perpetual banishment, but estab-



lished him as the prophet of a later generation. From that letter come these stirring sentences:

There is a crown more brilliant and sublime than that of Piedmont, a crown that waits the man who dares to think of it, who dedicates his life to winning it, and scorns to dull the splendor with thoughts of petty tyranny. Sire, have you ever cast an eagle glance upon this Italy, so fair with nature's smile, crowned by twenty centuries of noble memory, the land of genius, strong in the infinite resources that only want a common purpose, girt round with barriers so impregnable, that it needs but a firm will and a few brave breasts to shelter it from foreign insult? Place yourself at the head of the nation; write on your flag, "Union, Liberty, Independence." Free Italy from the barbarian, build up the future, be the Napoleon of Italian freedom. Do this and we will gather round you, we will give our lives for you, we will bring the little states of Italy under your flag. Your safety lies on the sword's point; draw it, and throw away the scabbard. But remember, if you do it not, others will do it without you and against you.

Mazzini had become identified with the Carbonari, but, discovering the pettiness of their accomplishment and the absurdity of their ritual, he undertook the organization of the new liberal league, "Young Italy," of which we have written in our chapter on the history of the country. The success of the new organization was immediate, with its watchwords of liberty, equality, and humanity; its symbol, the book and the cypress; and its flag of white, red and green, the tri-color which is now the flag of the new Italian nation.

Overestimating the power of his society in Italy, he planned an invasion of Savoy from

Switzerland, but the enterprise was an utter failure, and its leader was compelled to fly. This time he chose London as his place of refuge, and there with others of his own type he began a long propaganda of his doctrines. Of the young men who labored with him at that time, Mazzini wrote in after years:

We had no office, no helpers. All day, and a great part of the night, we were buried in our work, writing articles and letters, getting information from travelers, enlisting seamen, folding papers, fastening envelopes, dividing our time between literary and manual work. La Cecilia was compositor; Lamberti corrected the proofs, another of us made himself literally porter, to save the expense of distributing papers. We lived as equals and brothers; we had but one thought, one hope, one ideal to reverence. The foreign republican loved and admired us for our tenacity and unflagging industry; we were often in real want, but we were light-hearted in a way, and smiling because we believed in the future.

We have not space to follow all the abortive attempts which Mazzini made to liberate Italy. As a practical director of affairs he was not a success, and his enthusiasm led him straight forward without regard to diplomacy and those statesmanlike wiles which made Cavour the real organizer of the Italian nation. In one of Mazzini's attempts the Republic of Rome was founded, and Mazzini was elected the triumvir. As its executive Mazzini ruled wisely during its brief life, and it must have been a heartbreaking experience when his ideal government was overthrown.

Throughout the struggle for unity and almost to the time of his death we find Mazzini laboring for the Italy he loved beyond all other earthly things, but never quite achieving his dreams. In fact, he was so irrepressible, so unpolitic and open-faced in his acts, that even those who admired him most were frequently obliged to admonish him or even request a change in his tactics. All this worked upon his feverish imagination and made him less fitted to accomplish what he wished. Thus, his influence in the regeneration of Italy lay in his writings rather than in his acts, and that power extended far beyond the boundaries of his native land. Probably no man in Europe was in his days more universally loved and admired than Mazzini, and well he seems to have deserved his position. In London he made many friends, among them Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh Carlyle, both of whom speak of him again and again in glowing terms. The deep affection with which he was regarded by them had some recompense in two noble letters, of which we quote the second:

*July 15th, 1846.*

*To JANE WELSH CARLYLE, Seaforth.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I could not write yesterday, as I intended, on account of the death of Scipioni Petrucci's wife. . . . Yes; "sad at death, but not basely sad." That is what you must be, what I want you to be, and what a single moment of truly earnest thought and faith will cause you to be. Pain and joy, deception and fulfilled hopes are just, as I often said, the rain and the sunshine that must

meet the traveler on his way. Bless the Almighty if He has thought proper to send the latter to you. Button or wrap your cloak around you against the first, but do not think a single moment that the one or the other have anything to do with the *end* of your journey. You know that; but you want the *faith* that would give you strength to fulfill the task shown by the intellect. These powers will give you that too, if you properly apply to them—affection, a religious belief, and the dead. You have affection for me, as I have for you: you would not shake mine? You would not add yourself to the temptations haunting me to wreck and despair? You would not make me worse than I am by your example, by your showing yourself selfish and materialist? You believe in God; don't you think, after all, that this is nothing but an ephemeral trial, and that He will shelter you at the journey's end under the wide wing of His paternal love? You had, have, though invisible to the eyes of the body, your mother, your father, too. Can't you commune with them? I know that a single moment of true fervent love for them will do more for you than all my talking! Were they now what you call living, would you not fly to them, hide your head in their bosom and be comforted, and feel that you owe to them to be strong—that they may never feel ashamed of their own Jane? Why can you think them to be *dead*, gone for ever, their loving immortal soul annihilated? Can you think that this vanishing for a time has made you less responsible to them? *Can you, in a word, love them less because they are far from sight?* I have often thought that the arrangement by which loved and loving beings are to pass through death is nothing but the last experiment appointed by God to human love; and often, as you know from me, I have felt that a moment of true soul-communing with my dead friend was opening a source of strength for me un-hoped for, down here. Did we not often agree about these glimpses of the link between ours and the superior life? Shall we now begin to disagree? Be strong, then, and true to those you loved, and proud, nobly proud in

the eyes of those you love or esteem. Some of them are deeply, silently suffering, but needing strength too, needing it perhaps from you. Get up and work; do not set yourself apart from us. When the Evil One wanted to tempt Jesus, he led Him into a solitude.

Believe me, my dear friend, ever yours,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Thomas Carlyle's rough nature made him totally unable to sympathize with the ideas of Mazzini, but he admired the man immensely, and when the London *Times* spoke slightly of the Italian, Carlyle wrote to the editors as follows:

Whatever I may think of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs, I can with great freedom testify to all men that he, if I have ever seen such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity and nobleness of mind, one of those rare men, numerable, unfortunately, but as units in this world, who are worthy to be called martyr souls; who in silence, piously in their daily life, understand and practice what is meant by that.

In many respects Mazzini resembled Lincoln. Both loved mankind, sympathized with the oppressed and sought the freedom of the enslaved, and both felt the suffering of the misunderstood. Self-sacrifice, discomfort, privation, all were part of the personal life of the prophet, who, at the end, saw a united Italy, but one united in a monarchy when his only ideal was a republic. But he was never discouraged and never gave up the fight. Toward the end, while in failing health, he wrote to a friend, "I hear you are unwell.

Don't. It is absurd to be ill while nations are struggling for liberty." In his last message to the working men of Italy before he died, early in March, 1872, he bade them "love and work for this great, unhappy country of ours, called to high destinies, but stayed upon the road by those who cannot, will not, know the road. This is the best way you can have of loving me."

Mazzini's sympathy for humanity was not an idle one. While in London he discovered that Italian children in that great city were being taught to beg and steal and were growing up in ignorance. Accordingly, he opened an evening school for boys and continued it for seven years. He says of these boys:

They used to come between nine and ten o'clock at night, bringing their organs with them. We taught them reading, writing, arithmetic, simple geography and the elements of drawing. On the Sunday evenings we gathered all our scholars together to listen to an hour's lecture upon Italian history, the lives of our great men, the outlines of natural philosophy—any subject in short that appeared to us calculated to elevate those unformed minds, darkened by poverty and their state of abject subjection to the will of others. Nearly every Sunday evening for two years, I lectured to them upon Italian history or elementary astronomy; a subject eminently religious, and calculated to purify the mind, which—reduced to popular phraseology and form—should be among the first subjects chosen for the education of the young.

Another anecdote, this time of his childhood, shows how ingrained was his love of humanity:

Mazzini as a child was very delicate. When he was about six years old he was taken for his first walk. For the first time he saw a beggar, a venerable old man. He stood transfixed, then broke from his mother, threw his arms round the beggar's neck and kissed him, crying, "Give him something, mother, give him something." "Love him well, lady," said the aged man; "he is one who will love the people."

His mature feelings with respect to the people he has expressed as follows:

I see the people pass before my eyes in the livery of wretchedness and political subjection, ragged and hungry, painfully gathering the crumbs that wealth tosses insultingly to it, or lost and wandering in riot and the intoxication of a brutish, angry, savage joy; and I remember that these brutalized faces bear the finger-print of God, the mark of the same mission as my own. I lift myself to the vision of the future and behold the people rising in its majesty, brothers in one faith, one bond of equality and love, one ideal of citizen virtue that ever grows in beauty and might; the people of the future, unspoilt by luxury, ungoaded by wretchedness, awed by the consciousness of its rights and duties, and in the presence of that vision my heart beats with anguish for the present and glorying for the future.

Mazzini's face and figure were well known throughout Europe, and a contemporary describes him as follows:

About 5 feet 8 inches high, and slightly made; he was dressed in black Genoa velvet, with a large "republican" hat; his long, curling black hair, which fell upon his shoulders, the extreme freshness of his clear olive complexion, the chiseled delicacy of his regular and beautiful features, aided by his very youthful look and sweetness and openness of expression, would have made his appearance almost too feminine, if it had not been

for his noble forehead, the power of firmness and decision that was mingled with their gayety and sweetness in the bright flashes of his dark eyes and in the varying expression of his mouth, together with his small and beautiful mustachios and beard. Altogether he was at that time the most beautiful being, male or female, that I had ever seen, and I have not since seen his equal.

This somewhat disjointed sketch will have failed in its purpose if it does not convince the reader that Mazzini was more than a conspirator and more than a patriot. He was the apostle of liberty, the prophet of freedom to come. Swinburne ranks Mazzini after Dante and Michelangelo only, and wrote as follows respecting that rank:

And the third prophet standing by her grave,  
    Stretched forth his hand and touched her, and her eyes  
    Opened as sudden suns in heaven might rise,  
And her soul caught from his the faith to save :  
Faith above creeds, faith beyond records, born  
Of the pure, naked, fruitful, awful morn.

In the literary world his position is high, for he knew the literature of other countries and opened new fields for his brother Italians to cultivate. The breadth of his reading—German, English and Slavic—elevated his thought and centered his attention upon human rights and duties. Democratic in his tendencies, he was never an extremist, and felt that his followers should think more of their duties than of their rights. When stirred by the subject on which he wrote, his eloquence has rarely been equaled, and critics have placed beside



Lincoln's masterly Gettysburg Oration as the only document of the century fit to compare with it Mazzini's letter to the members of the Oecumenical Council of 1869. It must be remembered that the struggle for united Italy meant a struggle against the Pope and the established Church, and while Mazzini's nature was essentially religious, he fought unceasingly against the abuses which he thought had crept into the Church, and the letter we have just alluded to partakes of all the prejudices of an enthusiast. We give but one brief selection, the following paragraph:

I am no materialist. Young men of narrow intellect and superficial education, but warm-hearted and irritated to excess against a dead past which still would dominate the present; whose vanity is flattered by an idea of intellectual daring; who lack capacity to discover in that which has been, the law of that which shall be, are led to confound the negation of a worn-out form of religion, with denial of that eternal religion which is innate in the human soul; and in them materialism assumes the aspect of a generous rebellion, and is often accompanied by power of sacrifice and sincere reverence for liberty. But when diffused among the peoples, materialism slowly but infallibly extinguishes the fire of high and noble thought, as well as every spark of free life, through the exclusive worship of material well-being, and finally prostrates them before successful violence, before the despotism of the *fait accompli*. Materialism extinguished every spark of Italian life amongst us three centuries ago; as, eighteen centuries earlier, it had extinguished all republican virtue in Rome; as it would—should it again be infused among our multitudes—extinguish every germ of future greatness in our newborn Italy.

Mazzini's doctrine may be summed up by saying that he believed in duties rather than rights, and in the good of a collective humanity rather than of an individual. In his clear vision monarchical tyranny had been overthrown by persistent assertion of the rights of the individual, and the resulting condition was little better than its predecessor. What must take the place of this condition was the appreciation of the duty of collective humanity and the fact that personal power and aggrandizement must give way to universal good. In such a manner only could a true republic be established. The *Duties of Man*, published in 1858, is in reality a lecture to the Italian working class, a message from a teacher to his pupils. Its didactic nature and extreme length make it oppressive to the ordinary reader, who cannot look upon Mazzini as did the laborers of Italy and see in him a person little less than divine. The purpose of the work is sufficiently indicated in the first paragraph:

I want to speak to you of your duties. I want to speak to you, as my heart dictates to me, of the most sacred things which we know—of God, of Humanity, of the Fatherland, of the Family. Listen to me with love, even as I shall speak to you with love. My words are words of conviction matured by long years of sorrow and of observation and of study. The duties which I am going to point out to you I strive and shall strive as long as I live to fulfill, to the utmost of my power. I may make mistakes, but my heart is true. I may deceive myself, but I will not deceive you. Hear me therefore as a brother; judge freely among yourselves, whether it seems

to you that I speak the truth; abandon me if you think that I preach what is false; but follow me and do according to my teaching if you find me an apostle of truth. To be mistaken is a misfortune to be pitied; but to know the truth and not to conform one's actions to it is a crime which Heaven and Earth condemn.

The essay is divided into sections which treat of God; the law; the duties of the working man to humanity, to his country, his family, himself; liberty and education; progress, and the economic question. In the chapter on God he has this to say:

God exists. I do not need nor do I wish to prove it to you; to try to do so would seem to me blasphemy, as to deny it would seem foolishness. God exists, because we exist. God lives in our conscience, in the conscience of Humanity, in the universe which surrounds us. Our conscience invokes Him in the most solemn moments of grief and of joy. Humanity has been able to transform, to pollute, but never to suppress His holy name. The Universe manifests Him in the order, the harmony, the intelligence of its motions and of its laws. There are no atheists among you; if there were, they would deserve not curses, but tears. He who can deny God on a starry night, or beside the graves of his dearest ones, or in the presence of martyrdom, is greatly unhappy or greatly wicked. The first atheist was doubtless a man who had hidden a crime from all other men and sought by denying God to rid himself of the only witness from whom he could not hide it, and to suffocate the remorse which tormented him. Perhaps he was a tyrant who had stolen half the soul of his brothers from them with their freedom, and who tried to substitute the worship of brute force for faith in duty and in Eternal Right. After him there came now and again, from century to century, men whom philosophical aberration led to insinuate atheistic doctrines; but they were very few,

and much ashamed. Then in days not long ago there came a multitude who, irritated by a false and stupid idea of God which some caste or tyrannic power had set up for its own advantage, denied God Himself; but it was for an instant only, and during that instant their need of a divinity was so great that they had to worship the goddess Reason, the goddess Nature. To-day there are men who abhor all religion because they see the corruption in actual creeds, and do not divine the purity of those of the future; but not one among them dares to call himself an atheist. There are priests who prostitute the name of God to venal calculations, or to fear of the powerful; there are tyrants who blaspheme it by invoking it as the protector of their tyranny. But because the light of the sun comes to us often dimmed and clouded by foul vapors, shall we deny the existence of the sun and the vivifying power of its rays upon the universe? Because out of liberty wicked men sometimes produce anarchy, shall we curse liberty? Faith in God burns with an immortal light through all the lies and corruption with which men have darkened His name. Lies and corruption pass away, as tyrannies pass away: God remains, and the People remains, God's image upon earth. Even as the People, through slavery, suffering, and poverty, conquers, step by step, conscience, strength, emancipation, so out of the ruins of corrupt systems of religion the holy name of God arises resplendent, surrounded by a purer, a more fervent, and more rational worship.

And a few pages later, this:

Without God there is no other sovereign than Fact; Fact before which the materialists ever bow themselves, whether its name be Revolution or Buonaparte; Fact, which the materialists of to-day also, in Italy and everywhere, use as a justification for inactivity even when they agree in theory with our principles. Now, how shall we demand of them self-sacrifice, martyrdom, in the name of our individual opinions? Shall we transform

theory into practice and abstract principle into action, on the strength of our interests alone? Do not be deceived. As long as we speak as individuals in the name of whatever theory our individual intellect suggests to us, we shall have what we have to-day, adherence in words, not in deeds. The cry which rang out in all the great revolutions—the cry of the Crusades, *God wills it! God wills it!*—alone can rouse the inert to action, give courage to the fearful, enthusiasm of self-sacrifice to the calculating, faith to those who reject with distrust all merely human ideas. Prove to men that the work of emancipation and of progressive development to which you call them is part of God's design, and none will rebel. Prove to them that the work which has to be accomplished here on earth is an essential portion of their immortal life, and all the calculations of the moment will vanish before the importance of the future. Without God you can command, not persuade; you can be tyrants in your turn, never educators and apostles.

In another chapter he thus describes the native land of the Italians:

To you, who have been born in Italy, God has allotted, as if favoring you specially, the best-defined country in Europe. In other lands, marked by more uncertain or more interrupted limits, questions may arise which the pacific vote of all will one day solve, but which have cost, and will yet perhaps cost, tears and blood; in yours, no. God has stretched round you sublime and indisputable boundaries; on one side the highest mountains of Europe, the Alps; on the other the sea, the immeasurable sea. Take a map of Europe and place one point of a pair of compasses in the north of Italy on Parma; point the other to the mouth of the Var, and describe a semicircle with it in the direction of the Alps; this point, which will fall, when the semicircle is completed, upon the mouth of the Isonzo, will have marked the frontier which God has given you. As far as this frontier your language is spoken and understood; beyond

this you have no rights. Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and the smaller islands between them and the mainland of Italy belong undeniably to you. Brute force may for a little while contest these frontiers with you, but they have been recognized from of old by the tacit general consent of the peoples; and the day when, rising with one accord for the final trial, you plant your tricolored flag upon that frontier, the whole of Europe will acclaim re-risen Italy, and receive her into the community of the nations. To this final trial all your efforts must be directed.

Without Country you have neither name, token, voice, nor rights, no admission as brothers into the fellowship of the Peoples. You are the bastards of Humanity. Soldiers without a banner, Israelites among the nations, you will find neither faith nor protection; none will be sureties for you. Do not beguile yourselves with the hope of emancipation from unjust social conditions if you do not first conquer a Country for yourselves; where there is no Country there is no common agreement to which you can appeal; the egoism of self-interest rules alone, and he who has the upper hand keeps it, since there is no common safeguard for the interests of all. Do not be led away by the idea of improving your material conditions without first solving the national question. You cannot do it. Your industrial associations and mutual help societies are useful as a means of educating and disciplining yourselves; as an economic fact they will remain barren until you have an Italy. The economic problem demands, first and foremost, an increase of capital and production; and while your Country is dismembered into separate fragments—while shut off by the barrier of customs and artificial difficulties of every sort, you have only restricted markets open to you—you cannot hope for this increase. To-day—do not delude yourselves—you are not the working-class of Italy; you are only fractions of that class; powerless, unequal to the great task which you propose to yourselves. Your emancipation can have no practical

beginning until a National Government, understanding the signs of the times, shall, seated in Rome, formulate a Declaration of Principles to be the guide for Italian progress, and shall insert into it these words, *Labor is sacred, and is the source of the wealth of Italy.*

Do not be led astray, then, by hopes of material progress which in your present conditions can only be illusions. Your Country alone, the vast and rich Italian Country, which stretches from the Alps to the farthest limit of Sicily, can fulfill these hopes. You cannot obtain your *rights* except by obeying the commands of *Duty*. Be worthy of them, and you will have them. O my Brothers! love your Country. Our Country is our home, the home which God has given us, placing therein a numerous family which we love and are loved by, and with which we have a more intimate and quicker communion of feeling and thought than with others; a family which by its concentration upon a given spot, and by the homogeneous nature of its elements, is destined for a special kind of activity. Our Country is our field of labor; the products of our activity must go forth from it for the benefit of the whole earth; but the instruments of labor which we can use best and most effectively exist in it, and we may not reject them without being unfaithful to God's purpose and diminishing our own strength. In laboring according to true principles for our Country we are laboring for Humanity; our Country is the fulcrum of the lever which we have to wield for the common good.

In discussing the duties of man to the family, he takes this high position in regard to woman-kind:

Love and respect Woman. Do not seek only consolation in her, but strength, inspiration, a redoubling of your intellectual and moral faculties. Blot out of your mind any idea of superiority to her; you have none whatever. The prejudice of ages has created through

unequal education and the perennial oppression of the laws that *apparent* intellectual inferiority which you use to-day as an argument for maintaining the oppression. But does not the history of all oppression teach you that those who oppress rely always for their justification upon a fact created by themselves? The feudal classes withheld education from you sons of the people almost up to our own day, and then from your want of education they drew, and still to-day draw, their arguments for excluding you from the sanctuary of the city, from the place where the laws are made, from that right to vote which initiates your social mission. The owners of the negroes in America declare the race radically inferior and incapable of education and yet persecute whoever seeks to educate it. For half a century the supporters of the reigning families have affirmed that we Italians are ill-fitted for liberty, and meanwhile by laws and by the brute force of mercenary armies they keep every way closed by which, if the disability did really exist, we might overcome it for ourselves—as if tyranny could ever be an education for liberty.

Now, we have all been, and still are, guilty of a like offense towards Woman. Put far from you even the shadow of this offense, since there is no graver offense in God's sight than that which divides the human family into two classes and imposes or allows the subjection of one to the other. Before the one God and Father there is neither *man* nor *woman*, but the *human being*, the being in whom, under the aspect of man or of woman, those characters exist which distinguish *humanity* from the order of the animals; namely, social tendency, capacity of learning, and the faculty of progressing. Wherever these characters reveal themselves, there human nature exists, and in consequence equality of rights and of duties. Like two distinct branches springing out of the same trunk, man and woman spring in differing forms from a common base, which is *humanity*. No inequality exists between them, but, as often happens with two men, a difference of tendencies, of special vocations.



Are two notes of the same musical chord unequal or of different nature? Man and Woman are the two notes without which the *human* chord is not possible. Take two Peoples, one called by its peculiar gifts or by its conditions of life to spread the idea of human association by means of colonies, the other to preach it by the production of universally admired masterpieces in art and literature; are their general duties and rights different? Both these Peoples are apostles, consciously or unconsciously, of the same divine conception and are equals and brothers in their mission. Man and Woman, like those two Peoples, have distinct functions in Humanity, but these functions are equally sacred and necessary to the common development and are both representations of the Thought which God has put like a soul into the universe. Hold Woman, then, as the companion and partaker not only of your joys and your sorrows, but of your aspirations, your thoughts, your studies, and your efforts for social amelioration. Hold her as your equal in civil and political life. Be together, you and she, the two wings of the *human* soul, lifting it towards the ideal which we must attain, The Mosaic Bible has said, *God created the man, and the woman from the man*; but your Bible, the Bible of the future, shall say, *God created Humanity, manifested in the woman and in the man.*

In the same connection and in view of the tendencies of contemporary thought, the concluding words of his essay are of decided interest:

And I will point out to you, in bidding you farewell, another Duty, not less solemn than that which obliges us to found a Free and United Nation.

Your emancipation can only be founded on the triumph of one principle, the unity of the Human Family. To-day, half of the human family, the half from which we seek inspiration and consolation, the half to which is entrusted the first education of our children, is, by a

singular contradiction, declared civilly, politically, and socially unequal, and is excluded from this unity. It is for you who seek your emancipation, in the name of religious truth, to protest in every way and upon every occasion against this negation of unity.

The *emancipation of woman* should be always coupled by you with the *emancipation of the working-man*. It will give your work the consecration of a universal truth.

Mazzini's admiration for Byron was almost unbounded, and it arose probably quite as much from the devotion which Byron showed to the cause of Italy as from any keen appreciation of the English poet's work. The following passage, taken from *Young Italy*, draws a remarkable parallel between Bonaparte and Byron:

The future is humanity. The world of individuality, the world of the Middle Ages, is exhausted and consumed. The modern era of the social world is now in the dawn of its development; and genius is possessed by the consciousness of this coming world.

Napoleon and Byron represented, summed up and concluded the epoch of individuality: the one the monarch of the kingdom of battle, the other the monarch of the realm of imagination; the poetry of action, the poetry of thought.

Created by nature deeply to feel, and identify himself with the first sublime image offered to his sight, Byron gazed around upon the world and found it not.

Religion was no more. An altar was yet standing, but broken and profaned: a temple silent and destitute of all noble and elevating emotion, and converted into a fortress of despotism; in it a neglected cross. Around him a world given up to materialism, which had descended from the rank of philosophical opinion to the need of practical egotism, and the relics of a superstition which

had become deformed and ridiculous since the progress of civilization had forbidden it to be cruel. Cant was all that was left in England, frivolity in France, and inertia in Italy. No generous sympathy, no pure enthusiasm, no religion, no earnest desire, no aspiration visible in the masses.

Whence could the soul of Byron draw inspiration? where find a symbol for the immense poetry that burned within him? Despairing of the world around him, he took refuge in his own heart, and dived into the inmost depths of his own soul. It was indeed a whole world, a volcano, a chaos of raging and tumultuous passions,—a cry of war against society such as tyranny had made it; against religion such as the Pope and the craft of priests had made it; and against mankind as he saw them,—isolated, degraded, and deformed.

The result was a form of poetry purely individual,—all of individual sensation and images; a poetry having no basis in humanity, nor in any universal faith; a poetry over which, with all its infinity of accessories drawn from nature and the material world, there broods the image of Prometheus bound down to earth and cursing the earth, an image of individual will striving to substitute itself by violence for the universal will and universal right.

Napoleon fell; Byron fell. The tombs of St. Helena and Missolonghi contain the relics of an entire world.

IV. GIOBERTI. As a workman with Mazzini in the deliverance and regeneration of his country, Vincenzo Gioberti must be considered by every student of Italian history. Though both were imprisoned and banished, the former as a member of the Carbonari and the latter by the Jesuits, they differed in character and beliefs. Mazzini stirred the feelings of the common people and on his mission to England

accomplished much, but he misled his friends and stirred up futile revolts that destroyed them. On the other hand, Gioberti acquired fame throughout Europe as a philosopher, and awakened the scholarly and educated citizens of Italy from the deep lethargy that had lasted for centuries and set them to working out the problem of Italy's regeneration.

Gioberti was born in Turin, educated in the Church, and ordained to the priesthood. Subsequently he became professor of theology in Turin University, and on the succession of Charles Albert was selected as chaplain, an office which he held until 1833. His liberal ideas had already attracted the unfavorable attention of the Jesuits, and so great was their power that even the prominent young chaplain was suddenly arrested and placed in prison. No legal trial was given him, but there seems to have been no popular demonstration against the act, and after four months Gioberti was conducted to the frontier and at the same time his name was stricken from the rolls of the college of Turin. He took refuge in Brussels and remained there until 1845, a period of eleven years, during which time his most important philosophical works were written and appeared at short intervals. The liberal policy with which Pius IX began his reign delighted Gioberti, who returned to Italy and was received with ovations from all classes of people, and was elected to Parliament by several towns. Successively, he became Senator, Pres-

ident of the Chamber of Deputies, and Prime Minister; but as a statesman he was not a success, and after two months was forced to resign. Dispatched on some unimportant mission to Paris, Gioberti remained there until his death, in 1852.

As a patriot and politician he sought the glory and aggrandizement of his native land, but without that farsighted policy which governed Cavour and some of his associates. Yet the depth and range of his thought and the fervor of his convictions give him high standing among Italian writers.

His most important book is *Del Primato Morale Civile degli Italiani* (*Concerning the Moral and Political Primacy of the Italians*), published in 1845, which derided the method of conspiracy and preached a spiritual unity as the only proper preparation for political unity. It advocated a confederacy among the Italian states, an idea that was utterly irreconcilable with unity and impossible to realize because of the enmity which existed between those states. Yet it was the book of a thinker, and at first was favorably received by all classes. The literary men of that time were many of them fervid Catholics and felt themselves torn by conflicting opinions when they tried to reconcile the Church with temporal power. The Pope as the head of the Church was entitled to the profoundest veneration, but they could not forget that he was held in his place by Austrian arms. Gioberti suggested

the idea that he be promoted from that undignified and uninfluential place to become the spiritual king of an Italian confederacy organized under his auspices. Under practical tests the suggestion and the theory broke down completely, but Gioberti had sowed seed that subsequently bore fruit in freedom.

In the *Primato* he in one place makes the following patriotic appeal to his countrymen to think of Italy's place among the nations of the world:

While to the north there is a people numbering only twenty-four millions who rule the sea, make Europe tremble, own India, vanquish China and occupy the best parts of Asia, Africa, America and Oceania, what great things have we Italians done? What are our manual and intellectual exploits? Where are our fleets and our colonies? What rank do our legates hold; what force do they wield; what wise or authoritative influence do they exert in foreign courts? What weight attaches to the Italian name in the balance of European power? Foreigners, indeed, know and still visit our country, but only for the purpose of enjoying the changeless beauty of our skies and of looking upon the ruins of our past. But what profits it to speak of glory, riches and power? Can Italy say she has a place in the world? Can she boast of a life of her own and of a political autonomy, when she is awed by the first insolent and ambitious upstart who tramples her under foot and galls her with his yoke? Who is there who shudders not when he reflects that, disunited as we are, we must be the prey of any assailant whatever, and that we owe even that wretched fraction of independence which charters and protocols still allow us to the compassion of our neighbors? . . . Although all this has come upon us through our own fault nevertheless, by the exercise of a little strength of will and determina-

tion, without upheavals or revolutions and without perpetrating injustice, we can still be one of the first races in the world.

The following paragraph is condensed from the same work:

I intend to show that Italy alone has the qualities required to become the chief of nations, and that although to-day she has almost completely lost that chiefship, it is in her power to recover it, and I will state the most important conditions of that renovation. An infant civilization was born between two rivers, so renewed and adult civilization arose between two seas; the former in fertile Mesopotamia, whence it easily spread over Asia, Africa and the west; the latter in Italy, which divides the Tyrrhene and Adriatic seas, thus forming the central promontory of Europe and placed in a position to dominate the rest of the hemisphere. In the Church there is neither Greek nor Barbarian, and all nations form a cosmopolitan society, as all the tribes of Israel a single nation. But as, in the Jewish nation, genealogy determined the tenure of the hierarchy, and the sons of Levi received the custody of the Law and the service of the Temple, so in the Christian commonwealth the division of the nations is in a manner involved in the order of the Catholic Church. And, the Church having a supreme head, we must recognize a moral preëminence where Heaven has established its seat, and where nearer, quicker, more immediate and more uninterrupted are the inbreathings of its voice. This preëminence certainly does not transgress the natural order of divine intentions, real and efficient in their working and in the obligations they impose. So that the Italians, humanly speaking, are the Levites of Christianity, having been chosen by Providence to keep the Christian Pontificate, and to protect with love, with veneration, and if necessary by arms, the ark of the new covenant. Let the nations, then, turn their eyes to Italy, their ancient and loving mother, who holds the seeds of their regeneration.

Italy is the organ of the supreme reason and the royal and ideal word; the fountain, rule and guardian of every other reason and eloquence; for there resides the Head that rules, the Arm that moves, the Tongue that commands and the Heart that animates Christianity at large. As Rome is the seat of Christian wisdom, Piedmont is to-day the principal home of Italian military strength. Seated on the slopes of the Alps, as a wedge between Austria and France, and as a guard to the peninsula, of which it is the vestibule and peristyle, it is destined to watch from its mountains, and crush in its ravines, every foreign aggressor, compelling its powerful neighbors to respect the common independence of Italy.

V. MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WORKS. In spite of the political upheavals, the wars of oppression and struggles for independence, Italy produced a large number of writers who distinguished themselves in the domain of philosophy, philology, criticism and history; but while many of their works are well deserving the attention of the student, a discussion of them scarcely comes within the scope of this undertaking. Little would be gained by giving a catalogue of names, even though it was accompanied by a few words of critical estimate.

In philosophy the Italians produced nothing startlingly original, although they kept pace with all but the great leaders in a few other countries, and the general trend of their thought was away from the sensualism of the seventeenth century and toward the rationalistic schools of Germany and France. Philology and criticism began to flourish at the

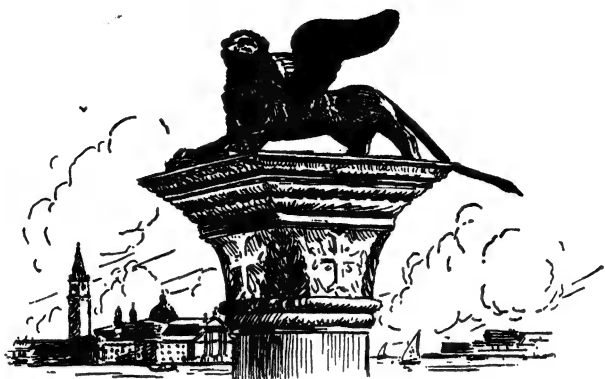


close of the seventeenth century, and have always found their devoted adherents.

The Italian language, however, has not been transformed by scientific study, but remains practically in the condition in which it was first elaborated by the great writers whose works we have quoted. The language of the country still abounds in dialects which are very different in various parts of the country, and in many instances depart widely from the literary language; but this condition perhaps is no worse relatively than in many other countries, and if Italy's present political union should continue and the nation settle into a peaceful security, there will develop in them a unity of language as firm as that which binds the political divisions.

In history Italy has had some authors who have handled their subjects in masterly manner and who have written in excellent style. They have covered almost every period; many have used scientific methods in collecting and judging material, while others have treated those materials after the philosophical methods which now prevail among the best historians in other countries.

After all, however, the great work which Italy has performed in the domain of universal literature has been the result of the vivid imagination, fiery disposition and poetic temperament of her people. The poetry of France, of England and of Germany all show the influence of Italian models.



## CHAPTER XXI

### CHRONOLOGY

**T**HE following list does not contain quite all the writers who are considered in the preceding chapters, but the number is sufficient for practical purposes. On the whole, the dates are exact, but in the first period there are a few that are approximate only.

1100-1475—First Period.

1182(?)—1242—St. Francis of Assisi.

1230(?)—1300(?)—Rustico di Filippo.

1230(?)—1294—GUITTONE D' AREZZO.

1250-1300—Guido Cavalcanti.

1265-1321—DANTE ALIGHIERI.

1270(?)—1337—Cino da Pistoia.

1240(?)—1302(?)—Guido Guinicelli.

1304-1374—FRANCESCO PETRARCA (PETRARCH).

1310(?)—1368—Fazio degli Uberti.

1313-1375—GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

1330(?)-1400(?)—FRANCO SACCHETTI.

1389-1464—COSIMO DE' MEDICI.

1476-1675—Second Period.

1432-1484—LUIGI PULCI.

1434-1494—MATTEO MARIA BOIARDO.

1449-1492—LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

1454-1494—ANGELO AMBROGINI (POLITIAN).

1456-1530—JACOPO SANNAZARO.

1469-1527—NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI.

1474-1533—LUDOVICO GIOVANNI ARIOSTO.

1475-1564—MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI  
(MICHELANGELO).

1478-1529—BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.

1483-1520—RAPHAEL SANTI.

1483-1540—FRANCESCO GUICCIARDINI.

1492-1547—VITTORIA COLONNA.

1500-1570—BENVENUTO CELLINI.

1544-1595—TORQUATO TASSO.

1564-1642—GALILEO GALILEI.

1675 to the present. Third Period.

1538-1612—GIOVANNI BATTISTA GUARINI.

1552-1638—GABRIELLO CHIABRERA.

1565-1635—ALESSANDRO TASSONI.

1569-1625—GIAN BATTISTA MARINO.

1615-1673—SALVATOR ROSA.

1626-1698—FRANCESCO REDI.

1642-1707—VINCENZO FILICAJA.

1646-1704—BENEDETTO MENZINI.

1675-1755—SCIPIONE MAFFEI.

1698-1782—PIETRO BONAVENTURA TRAPASSI  
(METASTASIO).

1707-1793—CARLO GOLDONI.

- 1720-1806—Carlo Gozzi.  
1749-1803—VITTORIO ALFIERI.  
1753-1828—Ippolito Pindemonti.  
1754-1828—Vincenzo Monti.  
1778-1827—Ugo Foscolo.  
1782-1861—Giovanni Battista Niccolini.  
1785-1873—ALESSANDRO MANZONI.  
1790-1853—Tommaso Grossi.  
1798-1837—GIACOMO LEOPARDI.  
1805-1872—GIUSEPPI MAZZINI.  
1809-1850—GIUSEPPI GIUSTI.



GRAND CANAL, VENICE







